





MADAME MARIE RÔZE.

A Prima Donna's Scrap-Book.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

Illustrated from Photographs, and by Autograph Letters from Longfellow, Mr. Gladstone, Miss Ellen Terry and Madame Christine Nilsson.

AT Madame Marie Rôze's *atelier* in Rue Joubert, Paris, in the cosy rooms where the great singer is enjoying semi-retirement, there is, perhaps, amid its many souvenirs of her brilliant career nothing so interesting as her scrap-book. In these portly volumes she has preserved but a tithe of the miscellaneous papers, etc., which testify to the triumphs she has achieved in the world of song and the friendly intercourse she has enjoyed with the famous men and women of her time in France, England and America. All the rest has disappeared, but the residuum is sufficient to evoke one's keenest interest and to throw a vivid light on the prima donna's life.

One of the first things to arrest my attention is a copy of the programme of the last Court Concert given in the Tuileries just before the outbreak of the disastrous war in 1870, and the downfall of the French Empire. The singer was then only just out of her teens, but she had already made a great reputation in her own country. Her songs on the occasion included selections from the "Premier Jour de Bonheur," which Auber had written specially for her, after the composer had overcome the Puritanical objection of his friend Rôze père to his daughter's début in

opera. Of a date only a few months later is a little note from Madame Bernhardt written on behalf of the Ambulance of the Odeon Theatre and testifying to the young singer's services as a hospital nurse.

"Dear, charming artiste," writes the "Divine Sara;" "thanks in the name of all the wounded. If ever you need me count on my ready assistance," signing herself, "your admirer."

In no less appreciative although in more formal language, reads the letter of the director of the Ambulance of the Palais Royal, conferring on Marie Rôze

the diploma of the Republic, signed by Thiers and MacMahon, in recognition of her bravery and devotion during "l'année-terrible."

Three letters from Longfellow bring to Madame Rôze's mind much pleasanter, although almost as touching recollections, the memory not only of a highly successful visit to the United States, but also the tribute which the poet paid to her beauty and talent in the melodious verses which thus conclude:—

In vain to try the double spell
By which thou would'st en-
snare;
Alas! thou singest all too well,
Or else art all too fair.

For we who listen to thy voice
Forget thy face to view,
And we who in thy face rejoice
Forget to listen too.

The first letter dated



IN "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."

Cambridge, Oct. 29
1880

Dear Madam, Mapleson,

I was much pleased
to receive your letter, and
regretted only that it did
not reach me sooner, so
that I might have had
the pleasure of seeing
you before you left.

Love

I count the last visit
among the good things

that might have happened
to me, but did not. When
you return, it shall be
among the good things
that do happen.

Meanwhile I thank
you for your kind offer
of a Box for the night
of November. I hardly
need say how delighted
I shall be to see you
and hear you again,
be it in English Opera
or Italian.

With my best regards
to Mr. Mapleson.

Yours very truly
Henry W. Longfellow

"Camb., April 16th, 1878"—the abbreviation is, of course, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where the author of "The Golden Legend" had his home—reads as follows:—

"I received this morning your kind invitation and fully expected to be able to attend your reception this evening, but I have been much occupied all day and now find myself too ill and tired to go to town, which I very much regret. On Thursday I will take better care of myself so as not to lose the great pleasure of seeing and hearing you. With many thanks to Mr. Mapleson for his kindness in sending the ticket for the box and pleasant anticipations of the musical festival I am to enjoy, I am, your very truly, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

The second letter, written by Longfellow some time later, is likewise one of regret:—

"DEAR MADAME RÔZE,
—I am extremely sorry that I should lose the pleasure of hearing you, but have been confined to the house all the week by a bad cold, and could not venture out, and you on account of bad weather have not been able to come to Cambridge,

which I equally regret or more. Pepys in his diary says that in England, in January, 1662, it was so hot that Parliament ordered a fast day "to pray for more seasonable weather," fearing that a pestilence might follow. Our Government might be the same, in a counter sense, praying for heat instead of cold. But I am glad you are coming back in the autumn, and then I hope to be more fortunate. With kind regards and best wishes, faithfully yours,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."



AS MARGUERITE ("FAUST").

The note of which we give a facsimile above indicates that in the autumn the venerable poet did have the pleasure of hearing the prima donna once again.

The letters which, with Longfellow's, Madame Rôze probably treasures most are those she has received from Mr. Gladstone. In days not very long gone by the Prime Minister used to keenly enjoy the opera, and he was particularly fond of going to Drury Lane or Covent Garden, when Marie Rôze was to sing Carmen, Elsa in "Lohengrin," Marguerite in "Faust," or other of her favourite parts. Mr. Gladstone could not always reconcile, however, his operatic tastes with his Parliamentary

duties, as witness the following letter, dated "10, Downing Street, Whitehall, April 4, 1883":—

"I have retained your kind note for a day or two without reply, in the hope of being able to reconcile an acceptance of your invitation with my Parliamentary duties. But I much regret to find that this cannot be contrived on Tuesday, when the debate in the House of Commons will require my particular attention, and I must therefore regard the prospect offered to me as a pleasure deferred. My evenings, like your own, are much engaged; but if I could have the honour of your company and Mr. Mapleson's at breakfast on Thursday, the 19th, or the 26th (at 10 o'clock), it would give Mrs. Gladstone and myself much pleasure to see you.—I remain, dear Madam, your very faithful and obedient,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

It is interesting to learn that this invitation and its acceptance had a curious little sequel. April 19, 1883, on which Madame Rôze went to Mr. Gladstone's was the first anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield; quite unthinkingly she went arrayed in primroses! It was only when they sat down to breakfast that she realised, with a blush, the political significance which had been given to the flowers on that day.

In the scrap-book there has also been preserved one of the prima donna's letters from Mrs. Gladstone. It reads as follows:—

10 Downing Street.

Whitehall.

Apr. 4. 1883

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I remain dear Madame
your very faithful

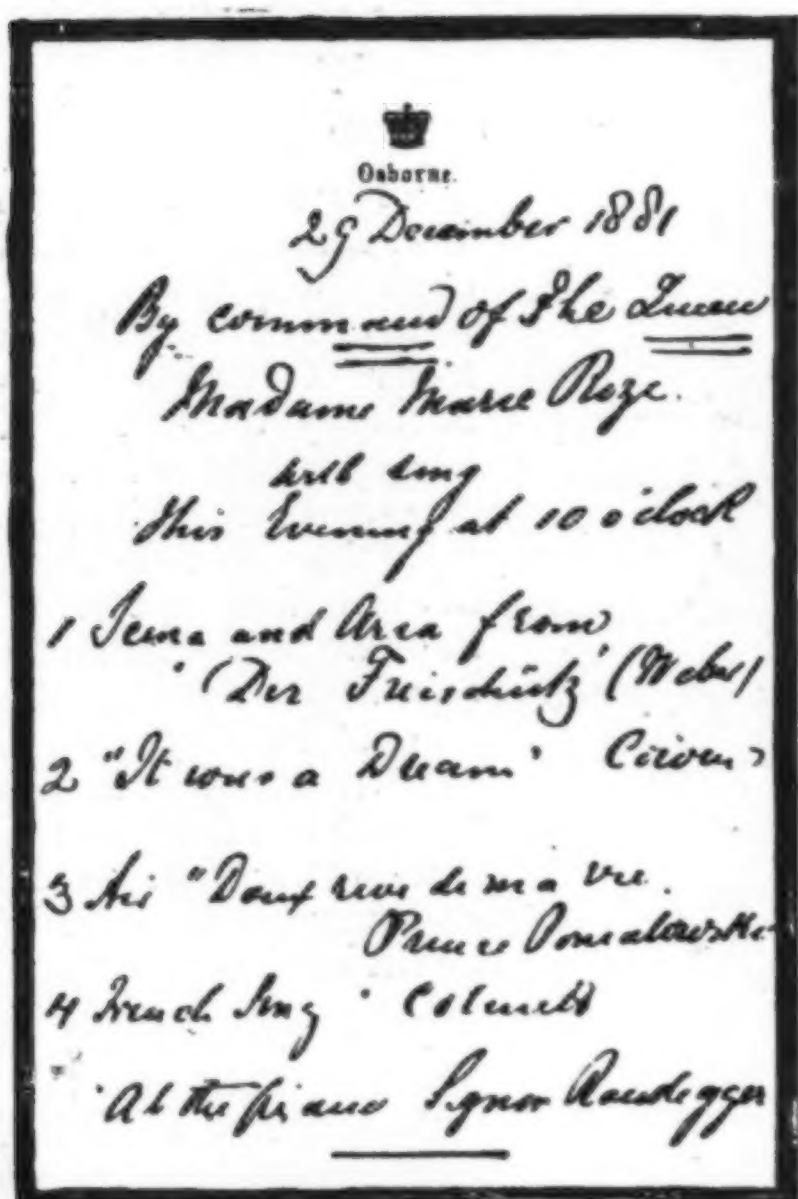
W. Gladstone

Madame M. Rôze Mapleson

"10, Downing Street,
"Whitehall,
"30th April, 1884.

"DEAR MADAME RÔZE-MAPLESON,—Mr. Gladstone will have much pleasure in coming to hear "Carmen" next Saturday, if that day will be convenient to Mr. Carl Rosa, who has kindly invited him to hear one of his English operas. I hope we shall accompany him and have the pleasure of hearing you. I have received your photograph and beg to accept it with best thanks.—Believe me, yours faithfully, CATHERINE GLADSTONE."

Of much interest to some of those who have looked through Mdme. Rôze's scrap-book, is the correspondence relating to a State Concert or other Royal engagements. She first sang before Her Majesty on Dec. 29, 1881. The first letter referring to this event was sent by Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's private secretary, on Dec. 9, to ask whether the prima donna could sing at Osborne. The reply being in the affirmative, Sir Henry writes again, on the 21st, fixing the date. On the 23rd he sends a letter to inform Mdme. Rôze that "the accompaniments are to be played on the piano, and that it would be well if you brought your own accompanist. It is rather difficult to say which music the Queen likes best. But I return your programme to you with three pieces marked. Does Madame sing any French songs? I am also to ask if she sings Latin words, which, I presume, means selections from oratorios.



Perhaps you could send me a further list, with the three I have marked at the top. The rest are not excluded, but these three preferred." On Boxing-day, Sir Henry Ponsonby has to write two letters about the business—the first to inform the singer that "there will be no violin here, so it would be well to omit anything that requires a violin;" the second as follows, "If you arrive on Wednesday evening, perhaps you could call on me here on Thursday—say at 11.30 in the morning—and see the piano-forte, etc. I will have the tuner here at that hour in case he should be needed. The other arrangements you propose will, I think, suit very well."

Here is a fac-

simile of the programme, in Sir Henry's own handwriting, of the performance which entailed such elaborate and well-considered preparation.

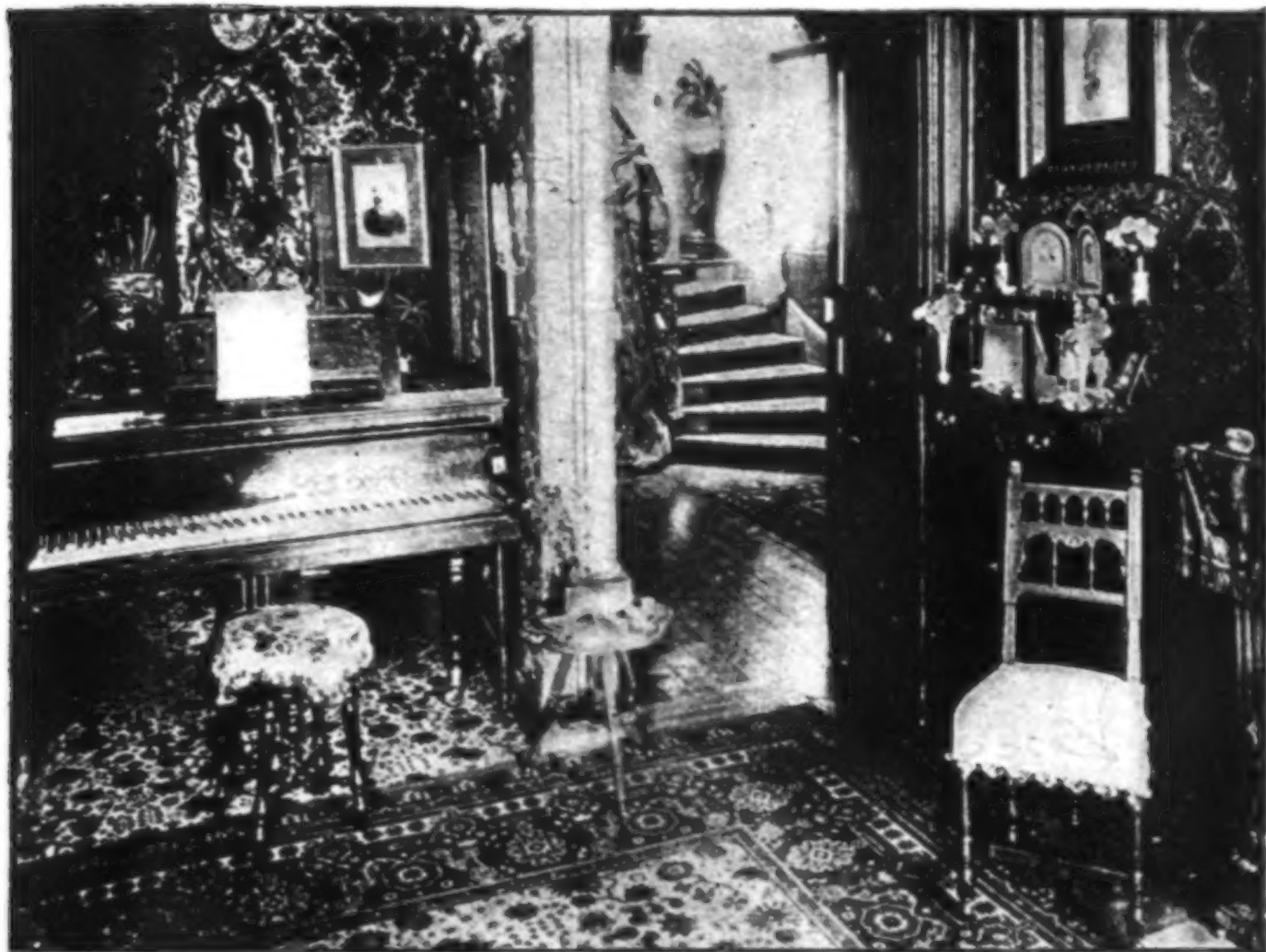
As a rule, the artistes who are honoured by the commands of the Queen never receive any fee for their services. Her Majesty usually acknowledges them, however, in the shape of a present of jewelry. On Jan. 31, 1882, Sir Henry Ponsonby accordingly writes again to Mdme. Marie Rôze, stating that he is "commanded by the Queen to send you the accompanying bracelet in remembrance of the pleasure you gave Her Majesty when you sang before the Queen at Osborne."

It is an erroneous impression, however, to suppose that when the Royal box at the opera is occupied by members of the Royal Family payment is not made for it. I learn from Mdme. Rôze's scrap-book that the Queen's box was occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales on June 14, 1886, and that on July 1 a cheque in payment thereof was sent to her husband, Col. Mapleson (who was then carrying on an opera season at Drury Lane), from the Privy Purse Office, Buckingham Palace. It appears from other letters that it is usual for notice to be given to the manager of a theatre whenever any member of the Royal Family intends to pay it a visit.

On some occasions, of course, a request



MADAME MARIE RÔZE'S DRAWING-ROOM.



MADAME MARIE RÔZE'S MUSIC-ROOM.

is made, on behalf of the Royal visitors, for some modification of the programme. For instance, Sir Francis Knollys writes to Col. Mapleson to ask that the hour for the beginning of the performance may be changed—if the change does not cause inconvenience—from 8 o'clock to 8.15. In other cases the Royal visitor is given his or her choice of the opera. From these letters it would seem that "Carmen" is as much a favourite with the Royal Family as with most opera-goers.

A letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby in June, 1887, is in explanation of a breach of this custom:—"I don't think that the Duke of Edinburgh told anyone he was going to the opera on Saturday. Indeed, from what I heard, he did not intend to visit Drury Lane when he left the Palace." The Duke of Edinburgh would seem not to be over-formal, however, or excessively ceremonious in his social arrangements. Here is a telegram from H.R.H., handed in at the West Strand office, and sent to Mdme. Rôze, then residing at Finchley Road:—"I shall have much pleasure in being present at the performance of 'Manon' tomorrow evening." When on a cruise in H.M.S. *Minotaur* in 1884, the Duke heard that Mdme. Marie Rôze was singing in Cork; so he wires from Queenstown, asking her and her husband to lunch, and explaining that a boat would be waiting at the landing-stage to convey them to the ship.

On another occasion, at a concert given by the Amateur Orchestral Society, at the Albert Hall, in May, 1882, His Royal Highness accompanied Mdme. Marie Rôze in her singing on his violin. As a souvenir of this concert, the Duke sends the singer a copy of his photograph with his signature attached.

The French prima donna sang again before our Queen in November, 1885, and there is in

the scrap-book another batch of letters and telegrams relating to the visit to Balmoral. Perhaps the most interesting of these missives is as follows:—

"In reply to your letter, which would be the most convenient day, Friday or Saturday? I am afraid the nearest hotel is seven miles off (Ballater). You could drive over in less than an hour. Would 10 p.m. be a suitable hour, or would you prefer coming in the afternoon? I think the Queen would like 10 best. Would Madame bring her accompanist with her? Could you let me have a programme to show Her Majesty? I know the Queen admires a song very much in 'Carmen' which I think Madame sang before."

In his final letter a day after the concert, Sir Henry Ponsonby writes:—

"I am commanded by the Queen to again express to you the very great pleasure you gave Her Majesty by your singing last evening. The Queen never remembers having derived greater pleasure by the singing of any artiste, and Her Majesty desires me to tell you so."

It was on this occasion that Madame Rôze, being invited by the Queen to subscribe her name in Her Majesty's birthday book, had the misfortune in doing so to blot out the greater part of the signature of the late Emperor of Germany,

Jeudi

110 Belgrave Road S.W.

Cher Madame

*À mon grand
regret j'ai dû
passer à Londres
d'un week-end
et ne puis donc
avoir le plaisir
d'accepter votre*

an incident which might have had its ominous meaning if the singer, notwithstanding a vivid and patriotic memory of the events of '70 and '71, did not disclaim the bitter hatred too many of her countrymen have for the Teuton.

It is a common impression that the members of the musical profession are filled with a consuming jealousy for one another, and that the prima donna is most afflicted with this fault. The evidence in Madame Marie Rôze's scrap-book is of a contrary purport. There has evidently been the most charming interchange of compliments and courtesies between her and the other reigning queens of song. Madame Titiens' portrait, Adelina Patti's card, Christine Nilsson's charming letters, *par exemple*.

In one of the letters from Madame Nilsson, with whom Madame Rôze of course always corresponds in French, I come across this sentence:—

"If you know the date on which you will reappear in 'Carmen,' I shall try to so arrange my engagements so as to secure for myself the pleasure of hearing you

amable invitation

*traviller agréer,
Cher Madame,*

*pour vous et
votre mari*

*l'expression de
mes meilleurs sentiments*

Christine Nilsson

in a part so peculiarly your own. . . . In the meantime, dear and charming friend, be assured of my deep affection."

Joseph Maas, whose premature death Madame Rôze, in common with the rest of the musical world, greatly lamented, sends her a letter full of contrition for having been the innocent cause of the prima donna attending an unnecessary rehearsal of some performance in which they were both engaged as members for the time being of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

With the most famous French and English composers of the last quarter of a century, Madame Marie Rôze has, of course, been on the most cordial terms, and the autograph portraits given in these pages of Gounod, Rossini,

Auber and Ambroise Thomas each testify in their several ways to this fact. Auber, of course, wrote more than one opera for her; Bizet wrote for her the famous "Carmen," Flotow "L'Ombre." Gounod "coached" her as a girl in the part of Marguerite in his "Faust," while Massenet sent to her the following telegram



Tout à vous

Ch

Gounod

on the occasion of her performance of "Manon" in 1886: — "Vraiment désolé absent première Manon; envoie regrets et remerciements, bons souhaits à Madame; espère venir prochainement."

As illustrating the relations of the prima donna with the composer, this letter from the late Sir Julius Benedict is of considerable interest:—

"Your letter has been a source of great satisfaction to me, and you may depend on my earnest de-

sire to write a work worthy of such an eminent artiste and kind friend as Madame Marie Rôze. I shall be happy to make any change in the music she will suggest, as

my principal object must necessarily be to write a part worthy of her and which she would like to sing."

One or two letters from Sir Michael Costa, written in 1881 from Eccleston Square, have a similarly kind spirit. The hand is shaky, but the sentiment it expresses is strong and healthy.

The scrap-book further tells one of the pleasant friendships the prima donna has enjoyed among her brothers and sisters of the acting art. What can be more charm-



*Souvenir de Reconnaissance offert
à Marie Rôze une des plus
vaillantes et plus charmantes
interprètes de ma musique.*
G. Rossini

of all things and all people for more than a month, when I returned well to my work. Can you ever forgive me and excuse me? I fear I can do nothing now, but I am so sorry."

This letter came to be written in consequence of the admiration Madame Rôze felt when witnessing the performance of "Faust" at the Lyceum Theatre, for the costumes worn by Miss Terry in the character of the heroine. She resolved, if possible, to have duplicates made when

ing than this letter of apology from Miss Ellen Terry, in the insight it gives one into the pleasanter amenities of the dramatic profession?

"Until your telegram arrived last evening, I intensely regret to say all recollection had flown of having promised to send you details of my Margaret dresses. I am so much ashamed of myself, and can only explain my negligent conduct thus: I think I had to send for your address to write to you, and I was just starting for Paris,

prostrated from neuralgia in ~~the~~ my head, when the address arrived; then I imagine (for my memory is defective) I must have lost it, and agony from that moment put out all thoughts

33 Longridge Road

Earls Court Jan 21.

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your address to write to you, & I was just starting for Paris prostrated from neuralgia in my head when the address arrived, then I imagine — for my memory is terribly defective — I must have lost it, & agony from that moment put out all thoughts of all things & all people for more than a month when I returned well to my work — Can you ever forgive

me, & excuse me?

I fear I can do nothing now, but I am so sorry — so sorry — It is very kind of you to say you will accept a photograph of me — I will forward you one in a few days. I beg you to believe me with many apologies,
Your sincere admirer,
Ellen Terry

she was next engaged to appear in the opera. Here, by the way, is a note from Mr. Irving in reference to the prima donna's visit to the Lyceum:

"DEAR MADAME MARIE RÔZE,—Greetings and congratulations! It will be a delight to welcome you on Friday. — Believe me, ever sincerely,

"H. IRVING.

"12th June, 1889."

A letter in French from Madame Modjeska, after thanking Madame Rôze

"with all her heart for her kind intentions," respecting a charitable performance, congratulates her on having appeared at a State Concert.

A letter from

"Meadow Bank, Twickenham," expresses Mrs. Langtry's admiration for the prima donna's interpretation of "Carmen," which, she declared, was different from any other she had witnessed.

The late Dion Boucicault was one of Madame Rôze's friends, and here is a chatty little note received by her husband from him on his return from one of his American trips.

"I arrived this morning," writes the dramatist from Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster, "having skipped at Queenstown and slid across Ireland. Here I find your kind note. I wish I had been with you on Sunday. Give my very affectionate regards to your wife. I have a rehearsal to-morrow at 11, after



which I will take my chance of finding you both at home. If not, I shall later in the day, as we are neighbours. —Ever yours,

"DION BOUCICAULT."

"This time last year we were at San Francisco."

Madame Rôze has some pleasant recollections of M. Sarcy, the French dramatist, when she was beginning her great career at the Opera Comique in Paris, where she made her debüt in an opera called "Marie," at the age

of eighteen. One day, in the green-room of this theatre, the distinguished dramatist wrote the following impromptu in honour of the young artiste:

*Souvenir de l'anniversaire
offert à Mademoiselle
Marie Rôze
Ambroise Thomas
21 x 62*

*Je voudrais la louer, la chanter, et je
n'ose,
Que dire que son nom ne dise encore
bien mieux!
Marie, est ce qu'on voit de plus beaux
dans les cieux,
Et sur terre est-il rien de plus doux
que la Rose!*

Although Marie Rôze has always been *une Parisienne* in her feeling and sentiment, no less than in her verve and vivacity, she has, since first coming here early in the 'seventies, had a fondness for England and English life. Although she has once again made her home in her native country, ever and anon she crosses the "silver streak" to

exchange greetings with her many English friends; and my selections from her scrap-book may well finish with an interesting passage from the letter of one of these English friends, Sir Spencer Wells:—



*A Mademoiselle Marie Rôze
l'été dans le jardin
Huber*

"I am delighted," writes the famous physician, "to hear of your success in Dublin. When I was a student at Trinity College it was the great holiday treat of my life to go on Saturday night to the theatre, although the shillings were not very plentiful then, and I had to regulate my dinner so as to permit myself the treat.

The only singers I remember were Balfe, who used to sing between the acts, and Mrs. Wood."

In this little picture of the poor student refreshing himself, after his mental labour, with a draught of good music, there is surely a very pretty compliment to the art in which Marie Rôze has won such great and well-merited distinction.

The prima donna is now engaged on a farewell tour of the provinces. The farewell, however, is not to professional life altogether, only to provincial touring.

Three months in the year, Madame Rôze intends spending in London, fulfilling occasional engagements and renewing old friendships. The rest of her time is to be given to the teaching of the art she loves so well, so that, in the years to come, her great talent may be perpetuated in the voice of some gifted pupil. Madame Rôze has fixed her terms, it may be of

interest to mention, at 250 francs (£10) per month for three lessons a week, of one hour's duration, or 20 francs for a lesson of one hour and 12 francs for a lesson of half an hour. With the true artiste's feeling, however, Madame Rôze does not intend any question of money to stand in the way of a student for the operatic

stage gifted with a fine voice. In furtherance of her teaching plans, she has obtained the privilege of introducing pupils to Lafayette House, a residence for American girls studying in Paris, where, thanks to the kindness of a well-known physician, the cost of living is as small as the accommodation is cosy, and the companionship delightful. In Grosset, of the Paris Conservatoire, in Enrico Della Ledia, who instructed her in Italian opera, in Wartel, under whom she studied French opera, to say nothing of the eminent



AS CARMEN.

composers who have "coached" her in their own works, Marie Rôze had herself the best of teaching, and, as might be expected, she has acquired very definite and resolute views on the subject. To the fame of a great singer, therefore, it may well be that she is destined to add the fame of a great teacher.



THE POOL

IN THE

KHOORD KHYBER

By
Walter Wood

Tales of the Service.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT WALL sat on his camp-bed in his quarters at Fort Dakka, his long legs stretched out in front of him and his long arms hanging listlessly by his side. His beardless chin was buried in the folds of his Khaki jacket, and his half-closed eyes rested drowsily on the tips of his far-away boots. Far away they were in reality, as distances measured by human bodies go, but to his dreamy senses they stretched into the infinite. The flies hummed around his head; the dhoolie-bearer, who had been told off to him for punkah-coolie duty, worked monotonously at an extemporised punkah; dull murmurs of subdued talking floated into the room from the men's huts, and Wall's head fell deeper upon his chest, and his eyelids came slowly together. While yet on the verge of sleep, he dreamt that he saw a scorpion crawling upon the matting near his boots; the little reptile edged away, and he watched it sidle along. It went directly from him and seemed to disappear in endless space; his boots followed it, and he wondered vaguely how many miles off they were, and whether they would fall over the edge of the world. His eyelids closed at last, the punkah creaked distantly, the flies buzzed faintly, the murmur of the soldiers' voices died away, darkness fell upon his senses and the subaltern slept.

The punkah-coolie sighed; his pulling ceased gently, a shadowy smile of happiness overspread his dusky face; his eyes closed as his mouth opened, and he slept. And while the one dreamed of gorse, heather and cool breezes in distant England, and in imagination performed again mighty deeds on Twelfth and First, the other was happy in true Eastern forgetfulness.

A swarm of flies settled on the close-cropped head and smooth brown face of Wall; heather, gorse and breezes vanished; the *charpoy* creaked loudly, as he jumped to his feet under the tickling annoyance, and the native awoke with a start and resumed his task with silent rapidity, looking innocently into his master's face, and moving never a muscle of his own as he said "*Sakib* slept." The subaltern muttered "*Soor!*" yawned, and went to the door of the hut, and looked languidly upon his surroundings. Horses picketed within the walls stood motionless with drooping heads; the still white tents seemed to smoulder, and the round huts were cracked and wrinkled in a thousand places by the fierce heat. The dreary rocky plain without the walls of the fort showed not a sign of life or animation, and the barren hills stood sharply out against a coppery sky. In a word, Fort Dakka baked, and, as he looked upon the scene, Wall thought with a sad heart of the dream that had passed away.

While he stood listlessly at the door of his hut the strains of a song came towards him. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it's Horton. Why on earth does *he* try to sing? I can do as well as he can, and heaven knows that isn't saying much." He listened, curiously enough, to a voice which, in subdued and somewhat quavering accents, sang:

"A globe of flame hangs in the sky,
All seems as molten brass on high;
And gasping here below, I sigh
For some cool, shady corner."

"By George!" exclaimed Wall, with sudden energy, "Horton's turned poet and composer!"

The voice continued:

"But sighs are vain; and, gasping still,
I turn to thoughts of pool and rill,
Of purple heather, vale and hill
In far-away, dear England!"

"Just what I've been thinking!" murmured the astonished junior; "only *I* thought in prose, and then I was dreaming. Horton's sipping his peg and puffing his weed. I wonder," he added thoughtfully, "if that's how he gets inspiration? It never inspired me, though. There he goes again." And once more the voice struck upon the still, hot air with:

"God send the day may soon come round
When reed and brass will gaily sound,
And we are either homeward bound
Or gone in search of glory."

"And I don't care a damn which," added the voice in prose, "so long as we get out of this dusty oven."

"He means, I suppose," said Wall reflectively, "that he hopes it won't be long before there's an end of guarding lines of communication and escorting convoys up and down the Khoord Khyber. 'Homeward bound,' he says; 'gone in search of glory'—a trooper slashing towards England in the teeth of a Biscay gale—Afghan knives and *jazails*, and your bones bleaching in these hellish regions—Lord! what

different pictures. And still that's the plain English of it."

Wall turned and looked into his quarters. The native was very still, for the song had acted as a lullaby, and he again slept. The subaltern smiled, tripped softly into the room, and, having emptied the contents of his wash basin over the silent figure, strolled into Horton's hut.

"Where in the world do you find energy enough to croak, weather like this?" he asked. "And where did you bag the poetry?"

"Such expressions as 'croak,' and 'bag the poetry' are hardly suitable to such a performance as mine," said Horton, just a trifle hurt.

"They're forcible," returned the visitor, "and rather fitting, to my fancy."



EMPTIED THE CONTENTS
OVER HIM.

"The poetry," said Horton, with dignity, "is original."

"You invented it?"

"I composed it."

"I don't see any difference, Horton. Bumble, the beadle, invented the name of Oliver Twist."

"Confound it, Wall, haven't you rather more feeling than to compare my production with the work of a beastly, low parochial officer?" said Horton, greatly offended.

"Awfully sorry if I hurt your feelings, old chap—didn't mean to, I assure you," observed Wall. "Rum thing, by-the-way, that I should be dreaming about what you've been singing at the very moment

when you were racking your brains to sling the verses out."

"Were you?" asked Horton.

"Rather. I was thinking of pools and brooks and heather when I heard you begin to sing. I'd give my life almost for a shady nook where I could get the blaze of this scorching sun out of my eyes, and the heat of it out of my body."

"So would I," replied Horton. "They say there is such a spot within an hour's climb of the Fort—an hour, did I say? I mean within forty minutes. A little recess in the Pass yonder, where there's a pool as clear as crystal, where you can lie in the shade and watch the sun scorch everything into nothing, so to speak; where you can hear the trickle of the water which falls into the pool from heaven knows where, and goes out in the same queer fashion; where the rocky walls send a delicious coolness through your system, and where——"

"Stop, Horton!" burst in Wall; "it isn't kind to me to draw such a picture; it's as bad as holding water within an inch of the nose of a dog dying of thirst."

"I was on the point of saying," added Horton, disregarding his friend's appeal, "for the benefit of your sporting tastes, that the pool simply *swarms* with fish."

"Fish!" exclaimed Wall, starting eagerly forward. "Let's improvise some tackle at once, old fellow, and go—we're both off duty, you know."

"Not for worlds," returned Horton; "why, man, you don't know what you're saying: you musn't touch the creatures—they're sacred."

"Sacred—musn't touch them?" queried Wall; "what the devil do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say," answered Horton calmly. "They do say," he went on carelessly, but watching his companion closely, and with the suspicion of a smile, "that these things are as big as salmon-trout and as frisky as kittens; and I've heard it said that they'd offer magnificent sport, if one only dare catch them."

"Dare catch them!" echoed Wall, stamping his foot. "I dare catch them, and will, if you'll tell me where the pool is."

"Couldn't think of it," observed Horton blandly. "I don't want to murder you or cause you to be murdered. Besides, the place is too distant to venture upon without an escort, and we're not allowed to get out of sight of the Fort, as you know."

"Look here, old fellow," pleaded Wall, "I'm sick to death of the monotony of this



"I DARE CATCH THEM, AND WILL."

place. As for the pool being out of bounds, I'm ready to risk a wiggling for the sake of the sport. We've been roasting here for heaven knows how long. I want a change, and I'll have it, and if you don't tell me where the pool is, I'll start off alone and find it, and, by Jove! if I see the fish I'll have some, if I've to use a pin and a string for a hook and line, and a snake for bait."

"Hill tribe wicked men, sahib," broke in Horton's *khitmutghar*, who had brought in a peg for the visitor and had heard his threat; "and if Saviour of Life and Nourisher of Poor Persons catch *Mahseer* he follow butcher pig in sahib's country." Saying this, the speaker drew an imaginary knife across his throat.

Horton laughed. "Ali Sayed Khan speaks truth—by George! you're one of them, aren't you?" he asked.

The native nodded.

"Then clear out," said Horton. "I'd rather *he* didn't hear anything about this business, Wall. Now that he's gone we'll continue. Don't you see from that fellow's conduct alone what a risky business it would be to go on a fishing expedition such as yours? Why, he looked as black as thunder. And do you know why? Because that Pathan has relatives and friends in the very tribe who feed these fish."

"I don't see it at all; and as for that black-faced liar of a *khitmutghar*, I don't care *that* for him or all his tribe. Of course, if *you're* afraid, Horton, either of the colonel or the hill men, the matter's different." Wall muttered the first sentence hotly, and snapped his fingers; and the second was spoken with a slight sneer.

"Afraid?" said Horton, nettled. "You know I'm no more afraid than you are, Wall. It wouldn't be wise—we should run the risk of being court-martialled and of losing our medals."

"What long heads we're getting all at once," said Wall sarcastically. "If you don't care for the additional pleasure of risking your skin in trying to get some jolly good fun, I shall go by myself, that's all, and you can stick here—writing poetry, if you like. Ta, ta."

"Wait a minute," said Horton; "don't be a fool. Let me tell you what the thing really is. You've heard of idols, haven't you?"

"Rather," replied Wall gaily. "In fact, I've run off with one, and, *entre nous*, have it hidden away to take home."

"More fool you," retorted Horton

frankly. "That's always a dangerous game. These fish are called *Mahseer*, and they're most carefully nourished by the tribe just up the Pass. Though they're not exactly idols, the natives say prayers by the side of the pool, and give the creatures all sorts of delicacies. In every sense the finny objects are sacred."

"Funny beggars! Why on earth do they do all that?" demanded Wall, who was intensely amused.

"Because," answered Horton, "the tribe believe that these fish contain the souls of their ancestors—grandfathers, grandmothers, aunts and cousins, and all that sort of thing, I suppose."

Wall laughed aloud. "By jove!" he exclaimed, slapping his friend on the shoulder, "that's one of the funniest things I ever heard. I say, old fellow, you don't mean to tell me you're not going *now*?"

"What do you mean—why now more than a minute ago?" asked Horton in surprise.

"Because," cried Wall, "it would be one of the finest strokes of business ever performed by one of our's. Just fancy hauling up one of these whoppers, and seeing the souls of the grandfathers and grandmothers gasp out of them; and imagine the departed spirits watching their tenements of flesh figure on the end of the cook's fork, and appear respectably laid out on the mess-table. By George! Horton, it makes my blood dance only to think of the sport. We *must* go and get some of the fish. What a joke it would be to bring a dozen back, and have one cooked for dinner, and give the rest to the men. Why, even if the spot *were* out of bounds, old Bryan would forgive us if we brought some good fish—you know how fond he is of it, and how little he gets here—and kept the thing dark."

Horton laughed heartily at the brilliance of Wall's idea. He was only a junior subaltern, after all. "It certainly would be a heavenly achievement," he admitted, "and one that you could tell to a sister or cousin, you know, which, of course, isn't the case with everything a fellow does."

"You could tell it from the very pulpit," said Wall enthusiastically; in fact, what better place could you have, for isn't it a blow at superstition and a whack at idolatry generally? I'll strike a heavy blow on my own hook—my mother asked me to do my best to show the heathen the errors of his way."

"After all, we might venture," said Horton, rising. "The tribe are pretty friendly, and we can take our revolvers—though, goodness knows, I wouldn't like the colonel to hear of it. He's awfully suspicious of the tribe, and says they're to be trusted only as far as you can see them."

"Why, as for that, Horton, if the



THE OFFICERS DISAPPEAR.

pool's such a short distance from the Fort we shall hardly lose sight of the sentries. We sha'n't," added Wall, going to the door and glancing in the direction of the road leading up the Pass, "we sha'n't get more than a couple of miles from here, as far as I can make out. And even if we do lose sight of the Fort, the convoy from Busawah will be on the march, and within hail, if we want them."

"I'd forgotten that," replied Horton; "it certainly does improve matters. And, after all, two miles isn't a long distance. The pool's just off the road, and I'm told it can't possibly be missed. But no more words—let's get some tackle, and go as quietly as we can—mind you, not more than once at this game. It won't do to be had up with squared heels before old Bryan for this sort of thing."

"As you've met me, I'll meet you," said Wall readily. "Only once let it be.

Now I'll slip into my quarters, and hunt out a stray pin and some string; and I'll get a piece of bacon for bait. Then we shall be ready for active service, and able to manage beautifully."

Ten minutes later Horton and Wall left the fort with revolvers in their holsters, the pin and string carefully pocketed, and the piece of bacon, which had risen to a priceless value, tenderly wrapped in paper.

The sentry on the main guard, who watched the Kabul gate, facing the Pass, saw the officers disappear, and killed time by wondering where they were going. "Some sort o' devilment I 'xpect," he muttered; "it's like subs. But it's their affair, not mine." With this, he dismissed them from his consideration and thought of the girl he left behind him five years before.

II.

HORTON and Wall journeyed slowly up the Pass, laughing and talking cheerfully. They had got out of the glare of the sun, and away from the choking dust, and that alone was an immense relief. They did not notice, as they stumbled over the rough ground, that from behind a rock higher up, a pair of glistening eyes from a turban-mounted face watched every movement, and that, as they approached, the spy disappeared. When they had passed, he crept stealthily from his retreat and resumed his noiseless and rapid journey. Shortly afterwards he re-entered the Fort in the person of Ali Sayed Khan.

"Here we are," said Horton suddenly, as he stopped before a little footpath branching off the road. "Let's scramble up and reconnoitre." They scrambled up accordingly, and stood in a recess in the hill. With a joint exclamation of delight,



THE SENTRY SAW.

the two stepped into the shade, and gazed upon what to them seemed one of the sweetest corners of the earth.

They were in a wide, cave-like opening, where not a beam of sunshine entered. At their feet was a beautiful little pool that stretched towards high, arching walls of rock at the further end, and was there hidden in gloom. Only on the side nearest the pass was there level rock on which they could stand; and on this point the light descended and showed that the water was as clear as crystal.

Wall threw himself down in ecstasy on the bank, and bathed his hands and face. Horton did the same, and together they looked over the brink at the reflection of their faces, and laughed aloud in the sense



WALL LEANED OVER.

of pleasure which the adventure gave them.

"By Jove! look!" exclaimed Wall; "I'd forgotten them just for a moment. Look at the fish; they swarm."

The water in truth was alive with the creatures, some of which swam under the very noses of the subalterns, and stared vacantly with dull eyes. Wall suddenly rose and produced from his pockets his pin, which he bent, and the string, to which he fastened it. Then he unwrapped the bacon, cut a little strip from it, and stuck the bait upon the end of the primitive hook.

"Now, Horton," said he, "how shall we work, for we've only one pin and string? It'll have to be turn and turn about, a Box and Cox arrangement, old fellow."

"Lie down again, and I'll show you," answered Horton.

Wall did so, and Horton, seizing his legs, lying down also, but farther away from the pool. "Now," said Horton, "while I hold your legs, you bend over the water and put in the bait. The things swarm, and they'll bite like hungry rats at cheese."

The idea was delightful. Wall leaned over until his body was in danger of disappearing. He gave a kick which almost knocked Horton out of the recess, and with a snake-like movement got away from the brink, hauling after him a wriggling fish. He carefully took out the hook, saying as he did so, "the greedy beggar bit like a vice. This is simply princely, Horton," he added, preparing for another cast; "I'll run up half-a-dozen, and then you shall have a turn with the patent fish producer, old fellow. This pool's as deep as a well."

The half-dozen were caught not speedily but with lingering fondness, for the subalterns were not disposed to spoil the sport by hauling in too often, and the fish were christened as they were unhooked.

One was called "Grandfather," another "Grandmamma;" others "Mary Jane," "Mother-in-law," and "Hamlet's Pater's Ghost."

"And now," said Wall, in a perfect frenzy of enjoyment, "it's your turn, Horton. Your legs are not so long as mine, so don't kick hard, or we shall both go neck and crop into the pool, and then these goggle-eyed objects might, after all, get human spirits into them."

III.

WHEN the sentry who had muttered "Devilment" came off his beat at the end of two hours he had nothing to report except that he had seen the two young officers go up the Pass. There was not much to talk about just then, so it happened that when the orderly officer turned out the guard he heard a good deal of what by this time was known as the "disappearance of the 'Boots.'" He asked nothing, but walked to Horton's quarters.

Ali Sayed Khan was leaving, and his raiment was uncommonly bulky.

The officer inquired of the native where his master was, but the *khitmutghar* shook his head gravely and, with a lowly reverence, went his way. His path lay up the Khoord Khyber, and once in the path he skipped along like an antelope.

"You don't know," said the puzzled officer to himself, stroking his chin. "That's funny. I must see the colonel."

All that he could tell the colonel was what he had heard in the guard-room—that the subalterns had been seen going up the Pass, and that the sentry who saw them also heard laughing remarks about somebody or something called "Munseer."

"Munseer, munseer?" repeated the colonel doubtfully.

"That's the word they used in the guard-room, sir," said the officer.

"I have it!" exclaimed the colonel, "Mahseer, the sacred fish. Fetch Mr. Jackson instantly."

Major Jackson was summoned, and he came growling, having been called from a dreamless sleep.

"Jackson," said the excited senior, "you know the sacred pool, about two miles up the Pass, towards Busawah?"

"Know it well, sir," said the major. "Lovely spot for a day like this."

"I fear that Wall and Horton have gone up there after the fish," continued the chief, in much agitation.

"Then the sooner they're fetched back the better, sir," said the major promptly.

"You're right, Jackson," returned the colonel, "that's why I sent for you. The picket would be a long time in reaching the spot, and I want you and a few of the other officers who have tats to ride as hard as you can and bring the youngsters back. Take your swords and revolvers and go at once."

Major Jackson withdrew, not over pleased with his mission. "No one but waspish subs would have done a trick like this," he muttered, "placed as we're placed in this wretched hole. But it's

too serious a matter for delay. We must have the ponies out like shots and be off."

The ponies were saddled, the little party mounted them and were soon riding up the Pass. The sinewy little beasts, goaded on by their riders, stumbled along the rugged path snorting and gasping. "It's a shame to thrash them," said the major, as he gave his pony a smart cut across the neck with his riding-crop, "but needs must when the devil drives."

The officer who was leading the way suddenly reined up, exclaiming, "What's that?"

The party stopped and gazed ahead for a moment.

Not more than a quarter of a mile above them they saw a figure bound upwards like a cat and disappear as if into the mountain side.

"Hurry on!" said the major, hoarsely; and without another word he lashed his pony with the energy of desperation. The figure reappeared, accompanied by a dozen of his fellows. They hurried off, partly dragging and partly carrying two wounded men.

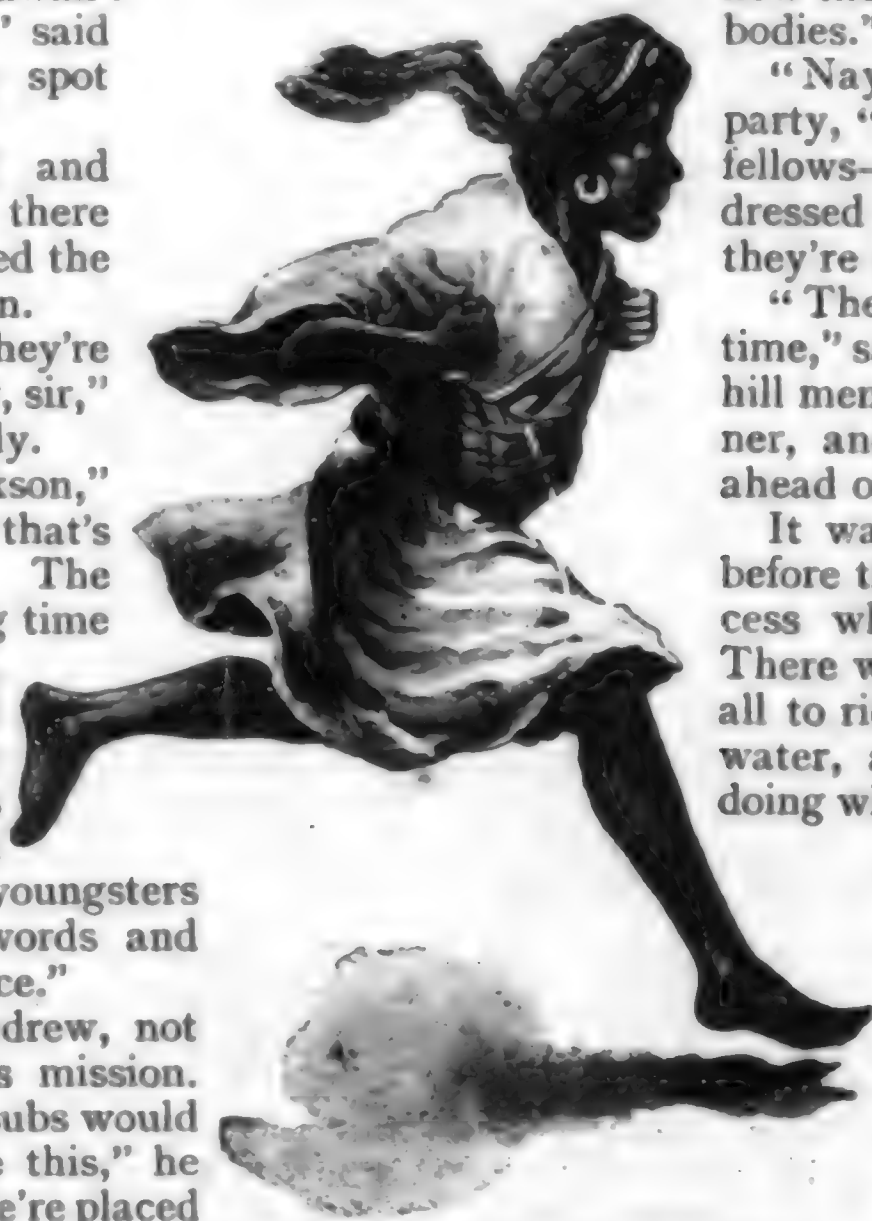
"My God!" exclaimed the major, "we're too late! See, those devils have come down and murdered the lads, and now they're dragging off the bodies."

"Nay, sir," said one of the party, "thank heaven those fellows—dead or alive—are dressed like the others—they're natives."

"Then we may yet be in time," said the major, as the hill men turned a rocky corner, and the party pushed ahead once more.

It was but a little while before they came to the recess where the pool lay. There was room enough for all to ride to the edge of the water, and this they were doing when the major reined in his pony with a cry of horror.

Fresh from the light of the open pass, he had not seen, in the gloom of the recess, what had happened; now that his eyes were accustomed to the



SKIPPED ALONG LIKE AN ANTELOPE.

change he saw that almost at his pony's feet the body of Horton lay, and that near it were a revolver and a pile of dead fish.

"And Wall?" he said huskily, "where is he? Wall! Wall!" he cried; "speak, for God's sake, if you're here!"

The answer was a curious splashing in the water, and looking towards the spot from which it came, they saw the subaltern swimming painfully towards them. One or two of the officers dismounted and springing forward pulled him to the bank.

"Do you, Haste," said the major, turning towards a captain of the party, "ride back to the Fort and ——"

"I think I know the rest, sir," answered Haste in a low voice, and he left the recess and hurried back to send the dhoolie bearers.

Meanwhile Horton was covered with his jacket, and the major kindly led the survivor from the spot, so that he might not see it. "Now, tell us Wall," he said gently, "how it all happened."

Wall, seated upon a rock, and his beating head held between his hands, told the story in broken accents.

They were, he said, hauling in the fish, and laughing in the luxury of the sport and the delicious coolness of the recess, when they heard strange and angry voices. Looking towards the opening, they saw a dozen or more of the hill men, armed only with their long knives. Instinctively fearing trouble, they seized their own weapons and stood with their backs to the rock. "All I remember," stammered Wall, "is that they sprang at us like tigers, their eyes gleaming and flashing fire. We both shot twice, and two of their men went down; then I heard Horton say, 'steady, old fellow, and rush with me, and we shall soon be out of this hole.' We rushed towards the pass, and as we did so

Horton's revolver missed fire. He flung it like a madman full in the face of one of the hill men, and the fellow went down like a log. I shot again, but before the smoke had cleared, the weapon was struck from my hand and a pair of arms went round me like an iron band. I don't know how it happened, but we stumbled into the pool. The hold relaxed, and I gripped at the man's throat in turn like a vice, and while I held my own breath, knew that his was going fast. I threw him off, and he sank without ever reaching the surface again. He's there still, for I've seen his eyes staring stonily at me—the eyes of Horton's *khitmutghar*—the man who gave the alarm."

Wall shuddered as he resumed. "It was all so sudden that I hadn't noticed him as we struggled together. When I rose, I swam to the further side, and got into the narrow cleft there. They couldn't see me, and if they had, couldn't have reached me, without swimming, for the sides are smooth as glass and steep and high as a house. But they thought I was drowned, and left me. Then they—they—I saw their knives gleam and heard poor Horton groan.

Burying his head in his hands as if to shut out the recollection of his comrade's fate, the subaltern gave way to his grief, saying only, "And I'm to blame—it was all my doing, God help me."

"That'll do; we know the rest," said the major, who felt a curious lump rising in his own throat. It's an awful thing to interfere with the religion of these poor wild devils. Ah! here they come," he added, glad to find something to take his thoughts from the pool and its tragedy. And the party turned away while the bearers took up the body of the subaltern and began the descent of the Pass for the re-entry into Fort Dakka.



Pens and Pencils of the Press.

By JOSEPH HATTON,

Author of "*Journalistic London*," "*By Order of the Czar*," "*Under the Great Seal*," &c., &c.

MR. J. S. WOOD, OF THE "*GENTLEWOMAN*."

IF any class of journalism is entitled to the term "new" in these days, it is surely that which is now provided for women. Not many years ago a man proposing to start a new paper for ladies would have been regarded as not less mad than if he had projected a new sixpenny magazine. Yet recent adventures in each of these directions have proved eminently successful. The lady's newspaper is the latest as it is the newest thing in weekly journalism. It may be said in our time to date from the *Queen*, which for many years was a comparatively struggling journal, eventually, however, taking rank with the most profitable of newspapers. So worthily did it fill the ground it had taken up, so firm was its position, that for a time even the most daring rivals went down against it as if they had struck a rock; but the very novelties which the conductors of the *Queen* introduced into its pages at last made other publications not only possible but necessary. Patterns for dresses, introduced by the *Queen*, eventually resulted in regular businesses, which are now established trades. Eventually almost every phase of woman's life and work was represented in the *Queen's* columns; and women, who are very practical, took to the new kind of publication that gave them useful information, and at the same time plenty of varied and entertaining reading. If they had hitherto not supported ladies' newspapers so-called, it was evidently because there were none worthy of their serious attention. The *Queen* is now only one of several and sundry high-class journals devoted to the requirements and interests of women; and one of the most notable appears to be the

Gentlewoman, the design, in part, of a journalist whose career of work presents many points of interest.

Mr. Wood is a Londoner born and bred, young and enthusiastic in his business. Venturing upon the paper which he edits with remarkable skill, he risked all he possessed of money and journalistic reputation. His editorial offices in Arundel Street are models of good arrangement—furnished with taste, and with each department in immediate communication with his own room by means of a new kind of speaking-tube, which, for this purpose, seems to be better than the telephone. You will find Mr. Wood every day at his desk, surrounded with manuscripts, letters and drawings, and, like Cave, the originator of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, if he looks out of his window you may be sure it is in search of something to the advantage of his publication. To give variety to these LUDGATE papers, not only in subject but in treatment, I propose to let Mr. Wood tell me his own story by means of that convenient, if occasionally absurd, arrangement known as an Interview.

"I first heard of you," I remark, as we sit chatting after dinner in a corner of my host's pleasant club, the National Conservative, in Pall Mall, "in connection with certain London charities; but let us begin at the beginning. You were born ——"

"In London," he replied; "to be shoppy, let me say 'first published,' and, like many a journal, had a weakly existence for several years, so that my studies at Dr. Cheshire's—a private school in the West End—were alternated with frequent periods of illness. A doctor of medicine had me physically and a doctor of laws mentally in charge for about equal terms during my school life. After the age of sixteen, however, my 'circulation' in-



MR. J. S. WOOD IN HIS OFFICE.

creased rapidly, to speak again in journalistic, and I learnt more from study and observation of men and manners after that age than I acquired at school.' "

"And what led you into journalism?" I asked.

"I believe that every man who has a natural bent will find himself following it in spite of every obstacle. To have a newspaper was my earliest and most

ardent desire. My business years have been divided into three somewhat diverse epochs. The first period was philanthropic. The second as an *entrepreneur*, gave me much useful experience to be applied when I gave myself solely to the third, the profession of journalism. But long before this I had contributed to the *World* and *Morning Post*. Eighteen years ago I had the temerity to start a journal which—to quote its

sub-title—as “a Record of Industrial and Social Progress” was to improve things in general. At the end of two years I retired from my first proprietorship with little kudos and less cash. One of my first literary efforts, I remember, was copied into *Public Opinion*. A candid friend, whom I casually met in Piccadilly, accused me of the authorship. ‘Why?’ I inquired. ‘Because,’ said he, ‘it is your style.’ I had started to feel proud of having a style, and said so, when he replied. ‘Yes, but there are good styles and *bad* styles,’ with an irritating emphasis. With my first journal I also embarked in another venture, and now, after eighteen years of married life, I am conscious that when I dipped into the matrimonial lottery I drew first prize, for my ‘Home Journal’ makes quite pleasant reading, and there are four bulky volumes aged respectively 17, 16, 14 and 13, to bear me witness.”

“Did you start any other journal?”

“Oh yes. Seven years afterwards I began a monthly periodical and edited it for five years, only selling it when the *Gentlewoman* appeared, and to-day it is a flourishing and useful little paper.”

“How did you come to take up philanthropic work?”

“I fancy, looking back, that it was my own delicate health in early life which made me sensitive to the sufferings of others, and my eight-and-a-half years Secretaryship of the Chelsea Hospital for Women was most congenially employed. I found a small and worthy institution in a rented house with eight beds and an income from annual subscriptions of only £224, and left it in a freehold building with sixty beds and an annual subscription list of £2,400, besides property and donations. During this time I was for five years Honorary Secretary of the Bolingbroke Hospital, which I aided Canon Erskine Clarke to found, and thus first introduced the principle of patients partially paying for their treatment in a public hospital. I was, also, for a time, one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Hospitals Association, and still am a governor or vice-president of three London hospitals, and a member of the Board of Management of three institutions.”

“What do you calculate you have helped to raise for charity?”

“Some £95,000. Over £8,000 we gathered in six days by ‘Ye Olde Englishe Fayre,’ in 1881, and ‘The Shakspea-

rean Show,’ in 1884, which I originated and organised at the Albert Hall. You may remember that the first event created some excitement in the season, when nearly two hundred of the youth and beauty of London appeared in 18th century costumes. I remember we scoured the town for old sedan chairs, and could find five only, which, carried through the streets by bearers in correct costume, contained the ladies in full dress of the period. It was a delightful revival of a century-old custom, and the good cause made this pleasant fooling profitable and therefore pardonable.”

“How did you become an *entrepreneur*?”

“I imagine that it was my success in organising fêtes that induced the late Sir John Humphreys, the vice-chairman of Olympia—to which I gave its name, by-the-way—to offer me the general manager-ship of that mammoth mistake. The late General Burnaby started the scheme in a fit of dudgeon, and when I was introduced to it the building was not finished—though the funds were—and yet the opening day was announced. A fair start was made, however, with the Paris Hippodrome. One night, over cigars and coffee following a dinner at Mr. Edmund Tattersall’s, I learnt of the great Wild West Show then exciting New York. I urged my directors to let me start for America to see Colonel Cody, and, had we secured him, Olympia, in my humble judgment, would have been saved. But my policy and that of the directors did not generally agree, and so in this case, with the result that when several months later they consented and I left London at a day’s notice, I reached New York just in time to find Buffalo Bill gone into the wilds of the West, and to learn afterwards that arrangements for London were all fixed. It was then that I first met Mr. P. T. Barnum, and opened negotiations which subsequently led to his visiting England with his ‘Greatest Show on Earth.’ When the inevitable Official Liquidator appeared at Olympia I was the only person he contracted with to aid him in administering the property.”

“Will you tell me the story of the starting of the *Gentlewoman*?”

“Well, it was all owing to my meeting a man in a cab. It was in the winter of 1890 that I found myself with leisure and a resolve to attempt a big effort in newspapers. My first thoughts did not

turn to a ladies' paper. I had planned one on different lines, and spent many precious weeks in dallying with two business men who proposed to entertain my ideas. It chanced one day, while walking in Pall Mall, that my old friend and present partner, Mr. Warden, hailed me from his hansom. The journey was given up, and we lunched together at the club close by, and that was the birthplace of the *Gentlewoman*. It is odd that he, too, had been parleying with another man who could not make up his mind to start a ladies' paper. My plan for a newspaper still lies in the tin box waiting an opportunity. For four months Mr. Warden and I sat all day and every day at my rooms in Prince's Mansions, and worked out every department of the paper in the minutest detail, after settling such momentous matters as the title and colour of cover."

"But were there not enough ladies' papers?"

"Apparently not; and the croakers predicted we were going to lose our money. True, several ladies' papers have been born and died since we began. But the *Gentlewoman* is not like its contemporaries; and even now I studiously refrain from reading other ladies' papers, to avoid growing like them."

"What would it cost to start a paper like yours?"

"If anyone should risk it, they won't find £100,000 sufficient, for the public has been taught to expect so much for their money. Why, every paper we sell to the trade for fourpence-halfpenny costs in production nearly double that amount. The paper alone in each number costs threepence. The public owes much, you see, to that often maligned man, the advertiser; for without him we could not afford to give ninepence for fourpence-halfpenny."

"Why are there more advertisements in ladies' than in other weekly papers?"

"The answer is simple. It is the wife, the sister or the daughter who selects what to buy for the home and the family, and visits the shop she likes best. It is the womenfolk who settle the clothes, food, furniture, amusements and holidays. It is the man's proud prerogative to pay."

"If we are not getting too confidential, looking too closely into business and editorial mysteries, do you mind telling me to what you attribute the success of the *Gentlewoman*? I don't ask you to show

me all your trump cards, but there is an optimistic flavour, not to say a frankness in your information that tempts me to invite you to make a clean breast of the whole business."

"Oh, I have nothing to conceal," he replied, laughing; "and I like talking about the *Gentlewoman*. Our combination of working proprietors is altogether exceptional, and accounts in the main for our extraordinary success; and I doubt the existence of the bold man who would start another similar paper. Well, in the first place, we regard woman as an intelligent creature, with a soul above *chiffons* merely. Though we, of course, treat fashions practically and exhaustively, we provide her with an illustrated paper of current information up to the moment of going to press on every subject about which a gentlewoman should be able to converse. We rigidly exclude all advertisements from the reading pages—a boon for which the ladies are really grateful. Then, although a Society Journal we never have descended to publish unpleasant personalities. You, as an experienced journalist know what value to place on the original features we have introduced. Again, our serial stories are by such writers as Miss Braddon, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Hungerford and Mrs. Oliphant. You remember, also, my perpetrating 'the literary crime,' as George Moore called it, of getting twenty well-known novelists—of which you were one—to write one novel—'The Fate of Fenella.' But all this would not go for much if we had not made constant and organised efforts to develop and popularise the paper, and but for this our epitaph would have been written long ago. Our very success had its drawbacks, for so rapidly did the circulation increase that our weekly losses were appalling at first—the high-water mark in one week being £600. Perhaps the all-important factor in our having turned the corner so soon is that the active workers were also proprietors. There are no two better men to be found than my partners, Mr. Warden and Mr. Browne. Harmony in work, identity of interest and singleness of purpose make success in any undertaking."

"The Royal Family seem rather to favour you."

"That is one of the facts of which we are most proud, for the *Gentlewoman* is the devoted adherent of the Queen and her

family. Most of the lady members have appeared in our series of 'Gentlewomen at Home,' and Princess Beatrice, who said she had no independent house to illustrate, was so gracious as to paint a picture to accompany an article about herself. Her Majesty, you perhaps remember, permitted us to go into that storehouse of historic wealth, the gold pantry at Windsor Castle, and illustrate the private services of gold plate. There are few lady members of the Royal Families of Europe who are not among our subscribers."

Then, taking from his pocket a packet of papers, he handed me, among others, telegrams in French from the Czarina of Russia and the Grand Duchess Olga, directing their copies of the *Gentlewoman* to be posted to various cities through which they were travelling.

"What are your chief editorial troubles?"

"Want of space. We give eighty columns of letterpress each week, and what I can't get in would make a juvenile weekly journal. An editor controls a paper, but 'space' controls an editor. Want of time to see everyone who wants to see the editor is another trouble. But, though that is impossible, I can conscientiously say that whatever is submitted to me, whether literary or pictorial, I fully consider. Periodically I suffer from a paroxysm of poetry and palmistry. One half the world seems to be poets and the other palmists. I steadfastly decline to give a hand to palmists."

"An interesting question of the day is the position of women in journalism. An authority in press work claims to have discovered a type of femininity in sufficient number to completely equip a London daily newspaper. The editor of the *Chicago Times* is cruel enough to say that he is glad that the discovery has been made on the English side of the Atlantic. Now you must have had considerable experience of women as journalists. What is your opinion of them?"

"The majority of my contributors are gentlewomen, and it naturally must be so. I appreciate their loyalty, punctuality and zeal—in this respect I believe they are superior to men. But though I regard her as a most able lieutenant, the woman journalist is not a good leader. She lacks, as a rule, organising skill and initiative. There is not a ladies' paper but has a man at the helm. Oh, yes, there are exceptions, but I

speak of the majority. The women are sadly over-doing the market. Every day's post brings me letters enclosing first efforts, asking for an opinion thereon, and ending by saying that the writer means to start professionally. Some do specially well, and I have in mind two ladies who began with the *Gentlewoman* who are now earning—one £800 and the other £1,100 a year. Quite a fair number of them are receiving from £250 to £400 from our own and other journals."

"How many persons have you on your staff?"

"In the office twenty, only four being ladies, but outside contributors, literary and artistic, number thirty-two, and I have representatives in the chief cities of most European countries. You would be a little surprised to see their names, if I was at liberty to show them, but we never say who are our contributors. Many distinguished members of society do not think it *infra dig.* to indulge in a little regular journalism."

"Do you get much free copy?"

"We pay for everything; scissors and paste are unknown implements in our office. But we get 'free' copy sometimes, in the form of self-laudatory paragraphs, which are consigned to the limbo of the W.P.B. Our 'little bird' might have 'overheard,' for example, that Mrs. Blank Blank was the most beautiful woman of the London season. Mrs. Blank Blank did not deliver this personally, but trusted to the post, or I might have been prepared to give an opinion upon her claims to distinction."

By this time we are both tired of "shop," as applied to that particular corner of it in which Mr. Wood is quite naturally most interested; but to the reader who comes fresh to the subject of these pages, the young and successful journalist's story should be of singular interest. I hope I have not made too free with his answers. He was sufficiently alert to see the drift of my questions, and it was pleasant to sit and smoke and hear him talk. I don't think he is much of an orator, but yet if he were rung up to deliver an impromptu lecture upon his favourite paper, he would not be at a loss for well chosen words and apt phraseology; and so I take my leave of Mr. J. S. Wood, having in an agreeable chat added to a somewhat varied knowledge of the world of newspapers.

MR. W. E. ADAMS.

THE *Newcastle Chronicle* is notable in politics as the organ of Mr. Joseph Cowen, one of the celebrities of the North, and an Englishman of world-wide distinction. Among the men with whom he has surrounded himself in the work of journalism are several whose names are especially honoured in Newcastle, and others who have made their mark on the social and political history of the century.

While the *Daily Chronicle* is a power in the North, it is the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* that has given to Newcastle journalism a universal fame. There is hardly an English-speaking corner of the world where the *Weekly Chronicle* is not known; its circulation is unique for a paper published outside the Metropolis. It has maintained its price of two-pence, and succeeded in its aim of producing a weekly journal that combines the best features of a literary magazine with the current interest of a newspaper largely devoted to the interpretation of Northern thought and the discussion of subjects of topographical, antiquarian, and personal interest more particularly having reference to Tyneside. With the inventive genius of its editor and the constant and sympathetic aid of its proprietor, the *Weekly Chronicle* may be said to have originated more ideas for other people to work out than any other paper in the country—notably local records and traditions, biographies of local worthies, lawyers', doctors',

ladies', and children's corners, each under the editorship of an expert; notes and queries on popular subjects; local anecdotes; science studies by practical scientists; and serial novels by almost every leading writer of the time. But the feature on which Mr. W. E. Adams, the editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, most prides himself in connection with journalism is the organisation of "Uncle Toby's Dicky Bird Society," which, in the interest of kindness to birds and animals, one

is glad to know, has been imitated all over the world. Mr. Adams is the founder and the "Uncle Toby" of the Society, and his post-bag contains letters from everywhere, many of which are published week by week, while all kinds of subjects relating to the bird kingdom are treated in the Dicky Bird department of the paper.

Each member of this "Dicky Bird Society" is required to sign a pledge to be kind to all living things, to protect them as far as possible, to feed the birds in the winter time, and never to take or



From a Photo. by] MR. W. E. ADAMS (UNCLE TOBY).

[Robt. Davies.]

destroy a nest. From very small beginnings the members now enrolled number upwards of 245,255, and every week adds to the list. The journalistic and children's literature that is the outcome of this organisation is most interesting, often both humorous and pathetic in its anecdotes and incidents, and must, in its way, have done almost as much good as the greater Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Fourteen years ago Mr. Adams received from this very Society the

highest mark of honour it can bestow—namely, its diploma, an exquisitely designed work, signed by the Earl of Harrowby (President of the Society), the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the energetic Secretary, the Rev. John Colam. It is in this department of the *Chronicle* that many capital illustrations appear, some from the pens of the youthful members, and others that depict rare examples of animated nature. Having enrolled 100,000 members, the *Chronicle* held demonstrations in the Tyne Theatre, which was filled twice over with little associates. Before long they will number a quarter of a million. When that time comes it will almost be necessary to engage one of the public parks for the purpose of holding the greatest gathering of children that will probably have been held in any part of the kingdom, not forgetting the Sunday schools that Sir Edward Lawson, proprietor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, marshalled for tea and cake and Queen's Jubilee mugs in Hyde Park.

Mr. W. E. Adams has had a notable career. He began life as a Radical of the Radicals. Many of the reforms demanded in his youth have been long since accomplished, and, although Mr. Adams is still a Radical, there is no doubt much of "the-rest-and-be-thankful" philosophy in his contemplation of the battles of the "Ins" and "Outs" of the present time. He was born at Cheltenham in 1832. Early in life he was associated with the Chartist movement. So, also, at that time was his old friend, W. J. Linton, wood engraver and poet. These two enthusiasts worked together in Linton's printing office at Brantwood, now devoted to Ruskin literature and Ruskin typography. At this office Adams assisted Linton to print his "English Republic" in 1854-5. Mr. Adams's first written work created a considerable stir. It is known in the history of the Orsini incident of February, 1858, as the pamphlet on "Tyrannicide." The story is briefly this. In 1851 great indignation was aroused in England when Louis Napoleon overthrew the French Republic; but still greater excitement and anger had been created in Italy a year or two previously when he sent a French

army into that country, bombarded Rome, restored the Pope, and abolished the Roman Republic. The French occupation, it will be remembered, continued for many years afterwards. Felix Orsini, an ardent Italian patriot, conceived the idea that Louis Napoleon was the one obstacle to the freedom of his country, and that the only way to liberate her was to put an end to the man who held her in bondage. This was the logic that impelled Orsini to make an unfortunate and criminal attempt upon the life of the Emperor. When the news of the affair reached England every newspaper denounced Orsini as a vulgar assassin. Adams, the Chartist and friend of nationalities, did not share in this opinion of the Press. Taking, indeed, an entirely opposite view of the character of the man and the deed, he wrote an essay in the nature of a defence of both. It was called "Tyrannicide," and was published by Edward Truelove, a Radical bookseller at Temple Bar. Mr. Truelove, by-the-way, is still in business in High Holborn. At the instigation of the French Ambassador, Count Walewski, he was prosecuted by the Government of the day. Mr. Truelove was arrested, taken to Bow Street, and committed for trial. The proceeding was generally thought to be an attack upon the right of public discussion; and so it came to pass that an Association was formed for defending the publisher. Among the eminent persons who subscribed to the funds and assisted in the defence were Harriet Martineau, John Stuart Mill, W. J. Fox, Joseph Cowen,



THE IDEAL UNCLE TOBY AND HIS LITTLE FRIENDS.

and Prof. F. W. Newman. It was hoped that the trial would have resulted in an authoritative declaration of the right of the public to discuss all questions of ethics, even such a question as Tyrannicide. But these hopes were upset by Edwin James, who was engaged to conduct the defence. The prosecution, which was begun under the Government of Lord Palmerston, was compromised under that of Lord Derby—Mr. Truelove, six months after the commencement of the proceedings, being relieved of further trouble by Lord Chief Justice Campbell on promising not to sell any more copies of the publication.

wards as editor of the "weekly" edition. The latter appointment he has held for over twenty years, during which time the paper has gradually developed into an institution. Charles Reade was a subscriber for two copies of the *Weekly Chronicle*. I remember that he told me how much he valued it as one of the papers from which he made up his scrap books. Mr. Hall Caine says he knows nothing in periodical literature that is so interesting. "Best of all," writes Mr. Clark Russell, "it is pure, wholesome literature, and I can see my girls reading it without, on my part, the least stir of uneasiness. Of how many papers can this be said?" Sir John

Gilbert, too, has some special words of commendation for this provincial journal that produces unpretentious illustrations that would have delighted Herbert Ingram when he was dreaming of a picture paper at Nottingham. By-the-way, in 1882, Mr. Adams went to America and wrote a volume entitled "Our American Cousins,"* which was very favourably received on both sides of the Atlantic. One might mention half-a-dozen other useful

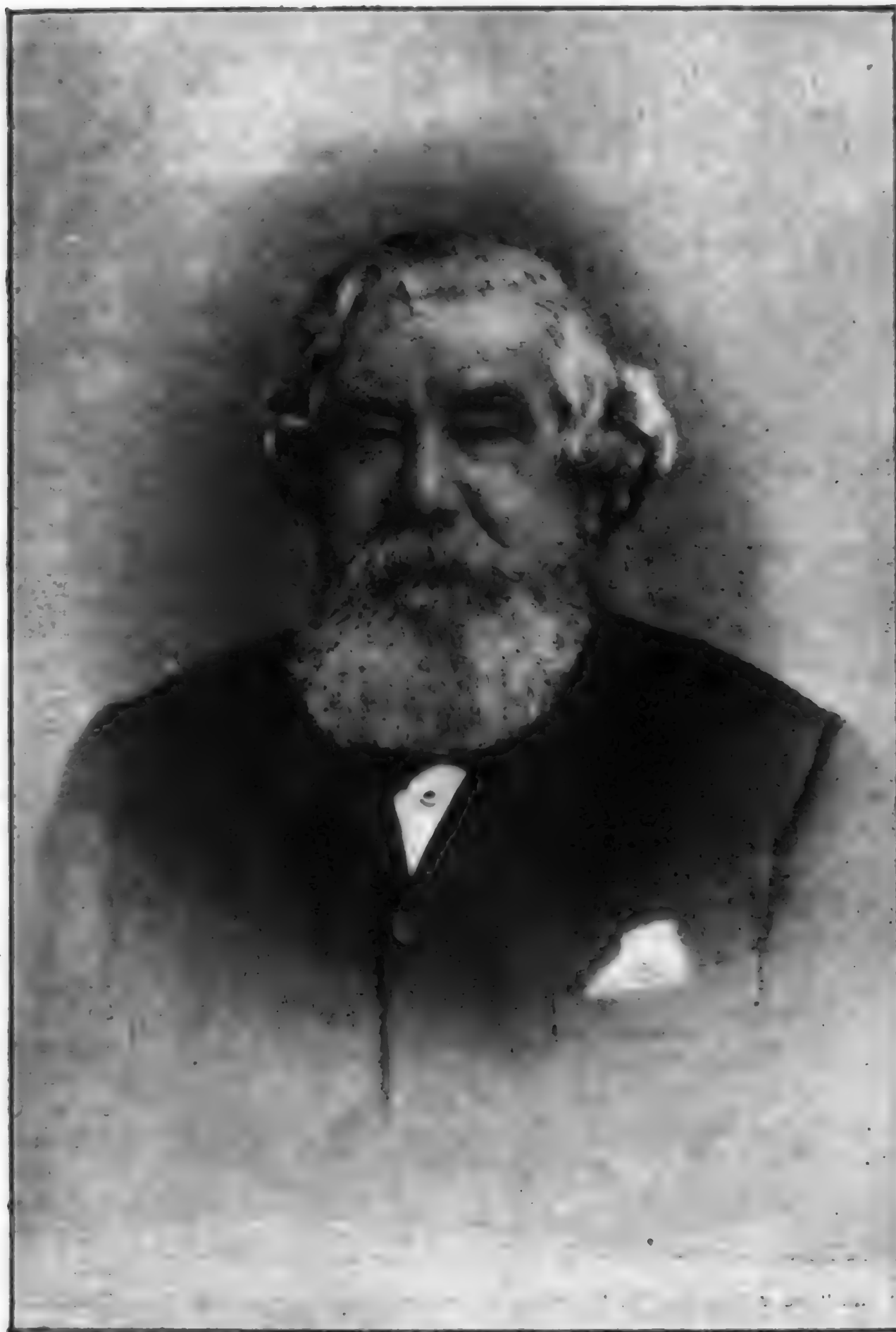


A SKETCH OF THE "DICKY BIRD SOCIETY" IN THE TYNE THEATRE, NEWCASTLE, 1886.

Being deeply interested in the American War, Mr. Adams wrote a pamphlet against the slave-owners, which had the honour of being translated into Hindustani. Interested in the Polish insurrection of 1862, he acted for some time as secretary of the Polish Committee in London, and on leaving London for Newcastle, was succeeded by James Thomson, author of the "City of Dreadful Night." For many years Mr. Adams wrote political and social articles over the signature of "Caractacus" for his friend Bradlaugh's paper, *The National Reformer*. In 1863 he took up journalism as a regular occupation and became attached to the *Newcastle Chronicle*, first as leader-writer for the "daily," and after-

and patriotic achievements of our "Uncle Toby." Having regard to the gentle and humane work he has done during the past twenty years in Newcastle, it is difficult to

* One of the most interesting incidents of the trip to America was the author's visit to Linton, at his home in Connecticut. "I found my old friend not only vigorous in person but youthful in spirit. The man whom I saw at New Haven was in almost all respects the same man whom I knew in 1854, when on the banks of Coniston Water we dreamed together of an English Republic. Mr. Linton had relinquished none of his ideas, forgotten none of his projects, lost none of his enthusiasm. As abundant as ever was his faith in the future of humanity." The poet-engraver was, during Mr. Adams's visit, engaged upon his remarkable work, "The Masters of Wood Engraving," three copies of which he set up, printed, and completed, as "copy" for the English printers, a piece of artistic fastidiousness that is, I imagine, unequalled in the history of authorship and printing.



From a Photo. by]

MR. TOM D. TAYLOR.

[James Fisher, Clifton.

think of him as an ardent Chartist at a time when such a person would be regarded by many of his fellow-countrymen as one of the dangerous classes—a rebel and a revolutionist ; but other times other manners. The barriers between Radical and Tory, which in Adams's early days were built high and stiff, and armed with many spikes and prickles, are now low enough for the most severe and orthodox of either side to shake hands over. As one of the men who have marched steadily in the van of newspaper progress, Mr. William Edwin Adams is entitled to the rank he has won among the high places of working journalism.

TOM D. TAYLOR.

It is curious to note that however remote their careers may seem to be from the Metropolis, many of the great journalists of the provincial cities have the closest ties and connecting links with London. It is strange to find in Mr. Adams, of Newcastle, a comrade of the engraver and poet, Linton. In Mr. Tom D. Taylor, of Bristol, we have a friend of Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks and Peter Cunningham, and a *raconteur* as bright and as witty as any of them, Douglas Jerrold alone excepted. Editorial head and chief proprietor of the

Bristol Times and Mirror, Mr. Taylor, though he has delegated most of his duties to his partners, still takes a hand in the work of the famous West-country daily and weekly papers. When he was editor and proprietor of the *Bath Chronicle* years ago, I recall some pleasant hours of collaboration with him in the work of getting out that serious journal, and I never hear Cathedral chimes without thinking of the soothing bells of Bath Abbey.

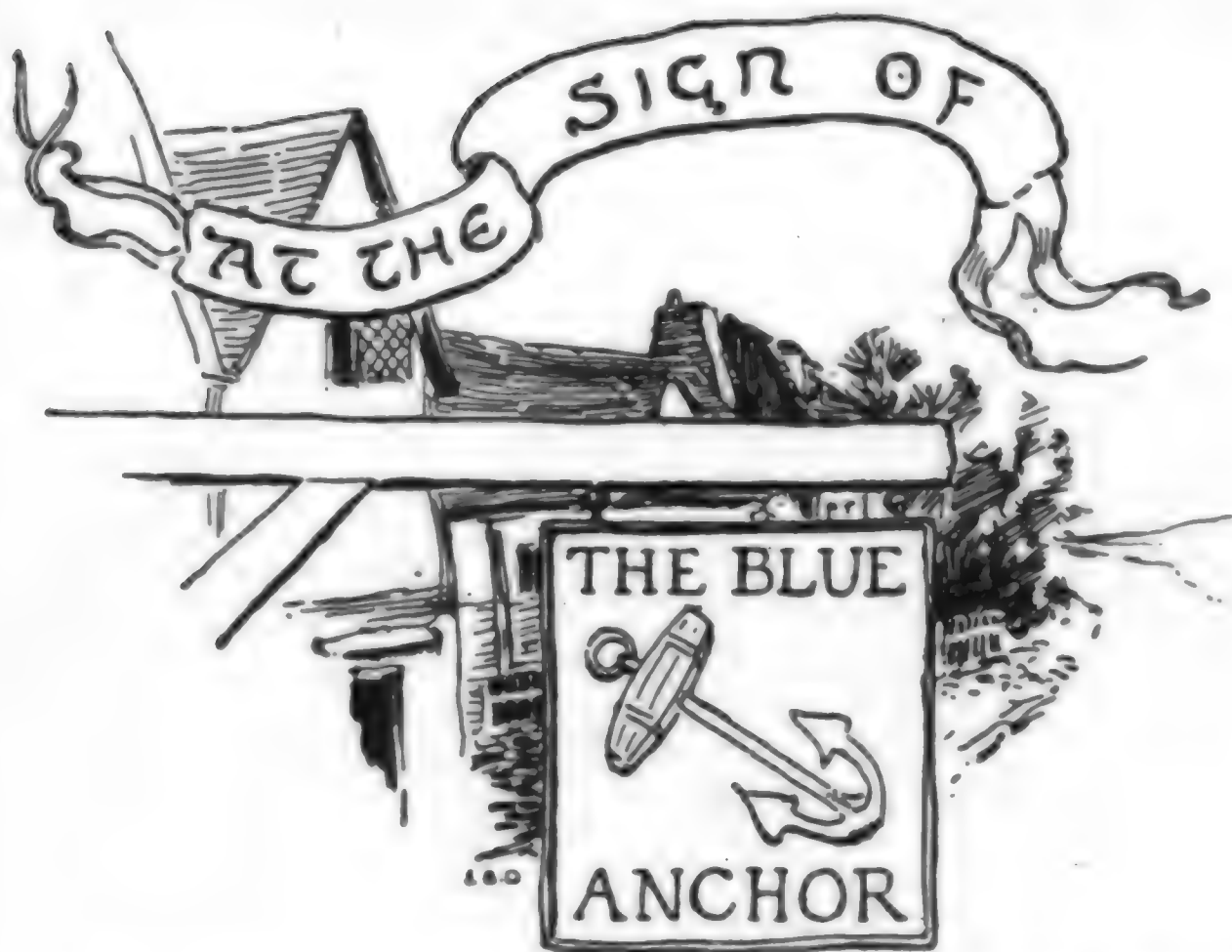
Mr. Taylor may be said to have been born into journalism. He is the son of the late John Taylor, a celebrity of Bristol, and proprietor of the *Bristol Mirror*, which was amalgamated after his death with the *Bristol Times*. Mr. Joseph Leech was the owner and conductor of the *Times*. He entered Bristol with the traditional shilling, as Mr. Jaffray is said to have entered Birmingham, and started a newspaper. It was a bright and clever production, but it had always a powerful and solid rival in the *Mirror*, which was the favourite journal of the Church and the Land right through the West. Both papers were Tories, and the amalgamation was, no doubt, a happy as it was a very profitable combination. Tom D. Taylor is not a more kindly man than Mr. Adams, but, as journalists, they are as opposite as the poles asunder. Taylor is a Tory of the Tories: in his early days he rode to hounds, made political speeches at farmers' dinners, wrote squibs for city elections, wore his political colours with a swagger, and was one of those hale, hearty, strong young politicians, with Church and Throne on his lips and in his heart, that it does one good to remember as splendid British individualities. I once saw him chaired and carried round a great dining hall by four stalwart farmers at an Agricultural dinner, after he had sung them a ballad called "When this Old Hat was New," in the Somersetshire dialect, with local allusions against the Liberal candidate. His topical songs must have won many a doubtful vote when the Fitzgardinges fought the battles of Cobden and Bright in the historic city of Cabot and the Merchant Venturers.

Mr. Taylor was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, where he had for school-fellows the present Bishop of London; Sir G. Chesney, M.P., author of "The Battle of Dorking"; and Mr. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone." In 1838 he left school and went to work on the

Bristol Mirror—with which he has ever since been associated editorially and as part proprietor. As proprietor of the *Bath Chronicle* he started and carried on for a week a daily journal for the purpose of chronicling the proceedings of the British Association, the result of which is in the archives of that Society in the shape of a handsome and portly volume. When the foundation of the Albert Memorial was laid a special edition of the *Chronicle*, with a graphic account of the event, was printed for Her Majesty, who sent to Mr. Taylor a direct message of thanks, Sir Charles Phipps being commanded to add that the Queen "has read the journal with the deepest interest, and has been much touched by so gratifying a testimony of respect to her great and good husband."

Mr. Taylor has a keen sense of humour, and many of the bright and clever local sketches and pieces of wit and fun in verse that have appeared in the old *Mirror* and in the *Daily Times and Mirror* have come from his pen. He entertained at his hospitable house in Bristol Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, and other celebrities, and was accounted by all of them a delightful conversationalist.

His brother journalists of Bristol elected him as one of the earliest Presidents of the Institute of Journalists, and when he took the chair at the annual banquet of the local Press Fund the great hall of the College Green Hotel was not large enough to hold the guests, and no toast was ever more cordially drunk than that of the *doyen* of Western journalists. The leading characteristic of Mr. Taylor's journalism is sincerity. In his active career, when he was at the helm, he took the straightest course in politics possible to a party man. He never trimmed; he was an uncompromising opponent to the Radical and Liberal sections of Bristol and the Western counties; but his enmities were political, not personal. Frank, genial, a man of taste, a lover of the Arts, a great patron of the drama, he is in Bristol what he would have been in London had his lot been cast in the Metropolis—a man of mark both as to his work and his appearance. He brings into his later years the old-world charm of the country gentleman who knows his London, and "has heard the chimes at midnight."



*Being
Travellers'
Tales
of
Strange Perils.*

By
C. J. MANSFORD,
B.A.,
*Author of "Shafts
from an
Eastern Quiver," etc.*

VI.—THE RING OF THE PYTHON.

"**T**HE part of your story concerning the Owl Urns of Persia which attracted my attention most," began Thompson, whose own account of the Rajah's diamond has already been recounted, "was the singular adventure which befel you in attempting to find a way of escape among the labyrinth of passages under the mountain. It is a remarkable fact that nothing is easier than to lose one's bearings in a strange place, and so you reminded me of the beginning of an adventure which I met with in India during my first visit there." Turning towards the artist, Thompson continued.

I had gone on an expedition up country in search of big game, in that part of the Naga territory frequented by the Angami, my companion being a Hindoo who, indeed, had suggested the outing. Round us on every side, their girth enormous, rose majestic oaks, lifting their tops fifty and even sixty feet above the dense tangle of undergrowth, through which we forced our way. Great clumps of photiki, patches of bamboos, tree ferns in abundance met us at each turn we took, while, in coils and twists, to every tree-trunk clung parasitic plants with brown, hairy blossoms, mingled with a maze of yellow, pink and white glory that only an Eastern sun can fall upon as it straggles through the coppery foliage above.

Suddenly the white, serried mountain peaks, now standing out before us, of

which we had caught glimpses, became wrapped in a dense mass of clouds, and then, with one steely flash and a deafening crash, a storm broke right above our heads. Almost blinded by the continuous forks of lightning, the Hindoo ran back on our trail; and, quickly following him, I reached a denuded piece of forest land, and there, in the shelter of a great overhanging mass of clay-like rock, we stood close together, waiting for the storm to abate. As we glanced from our place of shelter to where the huge trees were falling with a resounding crash here and there before the fury of the storm, out from the underwood a man ran, making for the spot where we stood.

As he neared us, we saw that his head was bared and his dirt-befouled garments in a ragged, deplorable condition. Onward he ran and, reaching the sheltering rock, flung himself face downward upon the soil, where he lay motionless. The Hindoo bent down and gently shook the prostrate man to rouse him. Up he sprang, his eyes bleared and bloodshot, his face livid, his hair and beard matted and unkempt. Like a wild animal, he sprang at Durah, the Hindoo, and dragged him to the ground.

"Help!" Durah gasped, and, throwing myself between the combatants, I succeeded in parting them. We held the man down until he sullenly agreed to keep his hands off the Hindoo's throat, and as he did so, we noticed that the promise was uttered in English.

"Lost!" he moaned, as he flung him-



LIKE A WILD ANIMAL, HE SPRANG AT DURAH.

self again on the ground, his elbows resting on the soil, his face buried in his hands: "Lost! Lost!"

We watched the Englishman uneasily, determined not to leave him there, and yet puzzled that he so soon seemed to forget our presence. Durah succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in getting the man to give coherent replies to certain questions he put, then turning to me, he said:

"This is a strange affair, Thompson; the man, whose name is Edwards, declares that he has been lost in the forest for twenty days!"

"Twenty-one!" said the Englishman suddenly, whose senses had apparently returned. "Twenty days before to-day. For all this time I have not seen a human being. You doubt it?" he asked, as he saw the look of incredulity upon our faces: "Let that prove what I say!"

As he spoke, Edwards pointed to a part of the wall of the overhanging rock, and approaching the spot, we read curiously what had been roughly scratched upon it. The rude inscription read as follows: "I, Philip Edwards, believing that no human being will come to my aid in time to save me from madness or death, write this. Thirty days ago I set out from Sibsagor in company

with a Hindoo who pretended to impart a secret to me, but who deserted me in the forest, after obtaining his promised reward. My only weapon he stole; beneath this writing remove the earthy soil, there I have hidden the ring of the python; the man who led me here to die was Burdwa, the juggler, known throughout Sibsagor."

Under the straggling inscription we saw that Edwards had recorded the date of each succeeding day of his wanderings round and round the clayish rock, until the nineteenth, when he had ceased to do so, probably because he had lapsed into the state in which we found him. The Hindoo and I held a close conversation together after reading the inscription, and as soon as the storm had abated, we persuaded Edwards to accompany us on our way back to the bungalow in which, for a time, we had taken up our quarters. On the following day, convinced that my Hindoo companion was certainly not Burdwa, the juggler, Edwards related to us his adventure, which, strange and startling as it was, only proved to be the prelude of a more remarkable incident in which I was personally concerned.

"I was walking through the streets of a certain Indian village," began Edwards, "when, as I passed one of the ruined temples abutting on the narrow way, Burdwa, the juggler, suddenly raised a begging gourd in his hand and, glancing at me curiously, he asked: 'Feringhee, have you a rupee for Burdwa?' I glanced at the fellow as he sat there on a tattered piece of carpet, his half-naked body wrapped in a dirty yellow robe, and idly I flung him a coin.

"'There,' said I, 'don't trouble to make the reptiles perform,' for Burdwa had quickly taken several snakes from some enfolding strips of blanket and set up a curious chant at which the reptiles hissed and began to twine their bodies in spirals: 'You can have the rupee for nothing; it will buy you some sacred water from the Ganges to wash your yellow robe in.' The Hindoo quickly covered the curling snakes with the strips of blanket which he had; then, as I moved away, he followed me hesitatingly. I saw his shadow flung before my feet and turned quickly.

"'Would the Feringhee like to buy a secret?' he asked, watching my every feature as he waited for the reply.

"'A Hindoo juggler with a secret to

sell!' I laughed, 'My unwashed friend, what is its price?'

"The Feringhee has pleasant ways,' Burdwa retorted, as he understood my attempts at Hindostanee better than I expected he would; 'what can he spare for one who knows what they of Sibsagor only hint of, and are afraid to investigate?'

"I stroked my beard, which is a custom I have when plunged in thought. What could the juggler know that would interest me? I wondered. Certain it was that the Hindoos paid him greater marks of respect than his calling appeared to entitle him to. Many a time had I seen them grovelling before the fellow, and even purchasing a handful of dust which had the peculiar virtue of having been touched by the juggling mendicant of Sibsagor. As I stroked my beard, the Hindoo's glance fastened on a diamond ring I wore, and he solved the difficulty by saying:

"Let the Feringhee give the poor Hindoo the ring with the glittering white stone which he wears, and the secret shall be his.'

"The ring is worth seven hundred rupees,' I answered; 'what can you give me in exchange for it?'

"A secret worth many lacs of rupees; the Feringhees are curious and love to see strange sights. Our temples they profane and crowd to see the ruins of buildings a hundred times larger than any their own countrymen fashion. Give me the white stone and I will lead the way to the palace of Adellai, the white queen who rules a Naga tribe, and of whom the Feringhee has heard, no doubt.'

"I glanced at the Hindoo in surprise. Only the previous day one of my coloured servants had told me the story of Adellai, and, after hearing it, I had laughed at him for his pains, although, by everything he held sacred, the Hindoo declared his statement true. Suspecting that my servant and the jug-

gler were probably as credulous as each other, I replied:

"Yesterday I heard of Adellai for the first time. For three years I have lived in this country, but never before has any reference been made to me of her. No Feringhee, as you call us, has heard of this white queen. When my servant insisted that his story was true, I asked several influential Hindoos concerning Adellai. None could tell anything concerning her; Abu Dehili even advised me to get rid of my servant as being untruthful. Yet you pretend to know more than the important men of this district, who, from their position and influence, have abundant opportunities of hearing the truth.'

"The sahib is suspicious; he forgets that the Hindoo loves not the Feringhee and tries to keep the secrets of his land to himself. But Burdwa, the juggler, speaks what is surely true.' Slowly the Hindoo walked back to where his mat was spread, and removing the wicker lid of a great earthenware chattie, or jar, disclosed to my view a python, which raised its head and then dropped it again, watching the Hindoo's hand as it wandered unchecked about one of its coils. 'See!' Burdwa continued, 'by the serpent, symbol of the never-ending, which to me is sacred more

than all, I swear as I touch the python that Adellai is! I swear that through the forest wandering I came upon her people, yea, that I saw the white queen herself, who rules a tribe to whom the python is a thing adored!' Quickly the Hindoo covered up the chattie with its wicker top and then asked:

"Does the Feringhee, the disbelieving sahib, credit Burdwa now?'

"I don't know what to reply,' I answered, for certainly the juggler spoke with all the semblance of truth. 'One thing to me is clear, and it is this—you want the diamond I wear upon my finger. I promise you it shall be yours on



"DOES THE DISBELIEVING SAHIB CREDIT BURDWA NOW?"

one condition: lead me to the land and palace of Adellai; let me look upon the face of the queen but for an instant, and the gem you covet shall be yours.'

"The Feringhee will swear it shall be so; then, and only then, will Burdwa accept his condition."

"You have my word, let that be sufficient between us as a pledge; none other can I give that you would understand."

"A strange smile came across the Hindoo's face as he asked:

"Does the Feringhee fancy that the Hindoos know nothing of what they hold sacred who are of his race. Let him swear on the handle of his dagger, which Burdwa's eyes see, that his promise shall surely be kept.' I pressed my lips to the jewelled handle, proving to the Hindoo in this way that I would keep good faith with him.

"A week from to day come ready to join me; arms you may bring, but no companions; together we will enter the forest and seek the Palace of Adellai,' the Hindoo said. Finally, then, as if unconscious of my presence, he sank down upon his ragged carpet once more and relapsed into silence. Nothing that I could say induced the juggler to alter his plan or hasten the date of departure. Conscious that my dealings with Burdwa would only provoke the amusement of those to whom I might tell it, I remained quiet on the matter.

"Next day, as I sauntered past the spot where the juggler usually sat, he was not there. The second, the third, the fourth, the fifth and the sixth day passed slowly away. On the seventh day I found the juggler seated in his usual place, but without any of his strange possessions save the ragged mat on which he sat. Up he sprang, flinging the tattered carpet to a passing Hindoo, who reverently accepted the privilege of carrying it to the juggler's abode, while the latter went on at my side for a time, then, striking north of the irregular village, led the way into this forest.

"On the third day from that on which we started," continued Edwards, "we reached the overhanging clay-coloured rock, whereon, as you have seen, I painfully scratched what eventually befel me. All that day we had pushed laboriously on, and when the evening came I sank into an exhausted sleep.

"The sun had risen high next morning when I awoke and called to Burdwa, who,

I expected, was resting a little space from where I lay. Getting no answer from the Hindoo, I rose, and going into the open, shouted his name. There was no response. I went back to get my rifle, which I had left resting against the rock. The weapon had disappeared! Involuntarily I glanced at my hands. The mark that the constant wearing of a ring leaves was distinct upon the third finger on my left hand, but the ring was not there. The Hindoo had purposely hurried me on until, overcome by exhaustion, I did not wake as he bent down and cautiously drew the ring from my finger. Burdwa had outwitted me, and I was alone in the forest, entirely ignorant of my whereabouts. Soon the truth forced itself upon me—I was lost! I struggled to keep command over my nerves, conscious that if once my fear overmastered me, no hope would be left. I walked slowly from the rock and determinedly checked my steps, as unconsciously they grew quicker and quicker, as I went on, my brain dizzy with the one thought that *would* come to me. The very dead wood beneath my feet seemed to give out the sound of that one word—every note or cry of bird or beast re-echoed it! I saw a stagnant pool and eagerly laved my head and face. I knew that every chance of finding my way out alive depended on banishing that fell suggestion; and yet, as I caught sight of my scared countenance reflected in the pool my lips were forming the word I still would not utter—*lost! lost!*

"I sat down on a fallen tree trunk and reasoned with myself. Of course I should find my way out of the forest; of course someone would come across me there; no doubt people in search of big game often struck into the forest; I could not fail to be rescued, if even I did not find my way out of my own accord. My position was awkward, it was absurd; soon I should be laughing with my friends over the neat way in which Burdwa had tricked me. Yes, tricked me! and I rose with a curse upon my lips for the Hindoo that would not be kept back. I began to walk again—faster, faster still; I should get out of the forest quicker that way.

"An hour after I was dashing through the forest, tearing my clothes and flesh, urged frantically on by that burning, searing thought that I was lost!

"I could run no further at last, and stumbling forward to a clearing I saw just in front, halted to look about; it was

the spot I had left hours before! Beneath the rock I flung myself to rest, but soon I rose and most carefully made my way in one direction. I followed the sun as well as I could see it through the network of branches high above. It was impossible to make a mistake that way; clearly I went straight onward—and when evening came I was back once more at the clayish rock!

"Left without a weapon with which to defend myself or furnish food, with the exception of my hunting knife, I rose, with limbs half-stiffened and sore, as soon as day came again. Blazing the tree trunks, I tried to work out a path from the forest, but my efforts were made in vain, and, as day after day passed and the weary task brought no result, I gave way to the inevitable and ceased to struggle for escape. My strength was slowly leaving me, supported as I was by questionable roots which I dug up, or by the raw flesh of any animal I chanced to come upon unawares. Then came a worse time, a time when I seemed to grow as feeble as a child, and my will broke down. Wandering through the jungle on the eleventh day after Burdwa deserted me, I heard the howl of some beast of prey, and, in fear for my life, I clung to the great stem of a parasitic plant and swung myself up among its twisting offshoots. There I crouched until the enemy I dreaded had passed, then prepared to descend. About me the twining plant seemed enfolded, and, putting my hands down to remove a portion of it which prevented my descent, the cold, clammy thing seemed to move! Back my senses came at the touch of the fell object; every nerve and muscle became full of agonising pain as I recognized what I had done in climbing among the tendrils wherein lurked a python!

"With a despairing cry I flung myself

to earth; the mazy coils of the python were round me, pressing closer and tighter as I frantically tried to escape from its coils. I got my hunting knife from my belt and thrust again and again at the python, which struck at me with its head, beating and lacerating my face till I could scarcely see. A great darkness seemed to cover everything up before me; my eyes grew sightless; one aimless blow I dealt the python, and then the knife dropped from my hands.

"Hours afterwards I came back to con-

sciousness, to find the folds of the dead python about me, from which I had much difficulty, even then, in extricating myself. Getting free, I found my hunting knife—the blade snapped half-way—and then stood looking at the reptile. Something about it I remembered, for, strange as were its natural markings, those upon its head had been heightened in colour, and then I remembered that such I had seen upon the python which Burdwa had uncovered when he declared the truth of his words to me. Curiously I looked down and, seeing the broken knife-blade projecting from the reptile's jaw, I tried to extricate it. The sound of metal striking against metal assailed my ears; examining the python closer still, I drew from



"FRANTICALLY TRIED TO ESCAPE."

its mouth a ring of brass, such as jugglers often insert to prevent the reptiles from inflicting wounds upon them.

"The ring was broken, and, as I held it up, a portion fell into the rank herbage, nor could I find it again. I buried the other part of the ring near the rock—the rest of my story you know."

Edwards had no sooner finished his account of being lost in the forest than the Hindoo, my companion, remarked:

"I can easily understand, now, why you attacked me, mistaking me, no doubt, for Burdwa, the juggler, when, by a happy

chance, we came upon you. I saw you remove the ring from where you had buried it—will you let us examine it?"

Edwards, more fitly attired, drew the fragment of the ring from his pocket. It was worked in brass and adorned with many symbols, conspicuous among which were several circles, each of which contained a triangle, the Hindoo triad. Round the edges of the ring, which resembled a native bracelet in size and thickness, ran an inscription in Tamil, so the Hindoo observed. The brass had been pierced in three different places, and into the holes thus formed, held in position by curious claw settings, were fitted three magnificent opals, the centre one being a creamy white, the remaining two shot with a golden colour. Glittering strangely, the gems sucked up the rays of the sun, shivered them and cast them forth in flashes of light that amazed us.

Returning the ring to Edwards, the Hindoo drew me apart.

"What do you think of your countryman's adventure?" he asked me thoughtfully.

"So far as I am able to judge, it seems to be clearly and truthfully told, weird as it is," I answered. "Edwards declares that the juggler's words were to the effect that this mysterious white queen, Adellai, ruled a certain hill tribe. Of course, both the juggler and Edwards' servant are in collusion to rob him. My opinion is that the white queen was ingeniously mentioned in order to perfect their precious scheme."

"I think you are wrong in drawing the conclusion you do," Durah answered, "for, to be plain with you, I have heard this very story concerning Adellai several times. Whatever wiles my countrymen may practise upon Englishmen, they are hardly likely to attempt such with me. Depend upon it, the juggler knows more

about Adellai than you are inclined to believe."

"If you think there is the least possibility of our entering the presence of the queen, Adellai," I returned: "let us, by all means, follow this strange affair up. Edwards, who seems little the worse for what he has undergone, has a splendid physique, and I fancy that the three of us could very well take care of ourselves among the hillmen, who, no doubt, would run at the first rifle shot."

Eventually, following up a suggestion of the Hindoo's, we started together with the intention of seeking out the juggler who had tricked Edwards, and to force the wily Hindoo to tell us some necessary details of the secret which we felt convinced he knew. Cleaving our way through the hindering creepers, which stretched from tree to tree like the threads of giant spiders, we had advanced well on our return journey, two days after our narrated conversation, when Durah, the Hindoo, unexpectedly held up a warning hand.

"Hist!" he cried. Halting, we listened. The whirr of a derrick pheasant, the cry of a jungle fowl: each of these we heard, and more. Overhead troops of chattering monkey: swung from tree to tree, while leaves rustled as silver-grey and brown squirrels ran swiftly along the branches and vanished among great clusters of orchids. Behind us, too, a sound as of snapping dead wood could be distinctly heard, and that it was which had attracted the Hindoo's attention.

"A leopard or a wild boar," said Edwards suggestively; but Durah negatively shook his head, since the Hindoo's keen sense of hearing far exceeded ours, as does most Eastern races.

"Not so," he answered; "the footstep is human," and even as he spoke there emerged into the open the juggler of whom Edwards had spoken.



NEARER AND NEARER THE JUGGLER CAME.

"Burdwa!" whispered Edwards, as we drew together behind the great trunk of a tree, whence cautiously we peered out. Nearer and nearer to us the juggler came, and then we saw that in his mouth was placed the tube of a hollowed reed, from which, by placing his fingers upon the stem, he drew forth a curious melody, discordant and harsh at first and then dying away into a lulling, quivering sound. Often he stopped and looked about him, but what he summoned in this way came not. At last the juggler turned and walked slowly away, while carefully we followed him for several hundred yards, then halted abruptly. Before us we saw a jack tree, whose girth considerably exceeded that of any of the great oak boles around, surprising in size as the latter were. Close to the tree the juggler stood and glanced about cautiously, then, convinced that he was unobserved, he caught hold of a great creeper and drew himself up, hand over hand, until he had reached a mass of clinging parasites; through the latter he pushed and disappeared.

In surprise we glanced into each other's faces.

"Shall we follow?" I whispered to the Hindoo, and at once he made a gesture of assent. Edwards covered with his rifle the spot where the juggler had disappeared, while the Hindoo and I drew ourselves up, hanging on to the giant creeper as we clambered upwards. Breaking through the foliage, we found ourselves within the hollow trunk, where Edwards rejoined us. Like a circular tower of wood was the shell of the tree, and large enough to accommodate many more than the three of us as we stood together, discussing our strange bearings. The crumbling wood beneath our feet was thickly strewn with foetid leaves, the flooring itself slanting downwards. Carefully we advanced in single file, lower and lower

still, until we seemed to be passing down the great hollow of a branching root. The light from the orifice streamed faintly upon us as we descended some thirty feet or more, and there before us was a gap in the earth, through which we crawled on hands and knees. Darker it grew: so dark that we could only distinguish each other by the sound of our hard breathing as resolutely we kept on our way. The arch of earth grew higher, light once more stole gently towards us; a few yards further and we could walk upright. Soon

we emerged into the light of day and glanced about us. The juggler we could not see, but all thoughts of him deserted us as, step by step, we came upon the remains of a great city. Before us ran a huge wall of stone, broken with many a gap, and, passing beyond it, we pushed on over the masses of fallen blocks of stone until a second and a third wall had been passed, and then suddenly we stopped.

Before us was a great gateway of white stone, on either side of the arch of which rose a colossal bull, with wings and a human face, while the whole span of the arch itself was covered with a mass of magnificent carving and tracery. Beyond the winged bulls we passed, but there a native sprang before us and, with his shield



HE BARRED THE WAY.

outstretched, he barred the way. The shield which the native bore was of leopard skin, and springing from either side of its upper end were two horns, adorned with tufts of scarlet cloth interspersed with tresses of human hair. Round the top edge of the shield ran a fringe of feathers, bunches of which hung on each side also. The native himself was clad in a curiously-woven loin cloth, across which passed a row of large cowrie shells; his form was athletic, his height being above that of most hill tribesmen. In a moment he raised his long spear, which

was heavily shod with iron at the point. Durah, the Hindoo, advanced towards the Angami, for such the native was, and cried out some sentence, which had little effect, however, for the spear was still brandished threateningly in the native's right hand when, from all quarters of the city, rose a great cry. Even as we stood there the streets of the strange city became thronged with shield-bearing warriors, and the native, hearing the shouts, lowered his spear and moved aside. Beyond where the Angami had stood we saw advancing through the throng of natives a sumptuous litter, borne by four slaves, who, we observed, were darker than the tribesmen themselves.

"Adellai! Adellai! the Angami Queen comes!" burst from the tribesmen's lips, and, with the cry ringing in our ears, we stood watching the litter approach. Before us the bearers of the litter halted, and then a hand, glittering with jewels, drew the scarlet hangings of the litter aside—and we saw the queen!

Not even the strange fact of a turbulent hill tribe inhabiting a long-lost Hindoo city could compare with the contrast Adellai made with her subjects and slaves.

Fragrant blossoms strewed the litter in which she gracefully reclined; her face

was fair but framed with a mass of dark hair, that fell in profusion upon her half-covered, half-naked shoulders, where crossed a string of opals, vying in hue with those we had seen in the ring of the python, the centre one being of a long, hexagonal shape and much resembling a red carnelian in hue. A glance of surprise and pleasure mingled was turned upon us from the queen's dark eyes as she recognised our presence and noted that Edwards and myself were apparently of the same race as herself, which we discovered was so when she addressed us. Over her jewelled hand each bent in turn as Adellai welcomed us, saying:

"To the city of the sacred python, Adellai, the Queen, welcomes ye!" and then, giving some order to the bearers, the litter was turned about, and wonderingly we followed close beside it, the queen bidding the slaves halt at times, as she pointed out to us the many wonders of the city, few of which were defaced by the centuries that had passed since their construction. Well it was for us that Adellai had opportunely discovered our presence in the Hindoo city, we thought, as we saw many an Angami move reluctantly aside to let us pass.



EACH BENT IN TURN.

On we went to the queen's palace, which was approached by a broad flight of stone steps running round it. At the summit of the steps was a terrace, the pillars of which, carved in grotesque fashion, supported the palace basement. Entering by a high doorway, which opened upon a passage slanting upwards, we found ourselves within the main apartment of the palace, where, dismissing all but one female slave, the queen gave us audience, asking many questions concerning our visit to her city.

"Never before have I seen the men of my own race," Adellai replied, answering Edwards, who, resting upon a couch of skins with us, a little lower than that of the queen herself, had ventured to question her in turn. "The Angami, as you know, have many lands, but these, who are my subjects, are descended from those who, centuries ago, left their tribe to live apart, because of a dissension which sprang up. Yet they could not agree upon one to rule them, until, on a memorable day, among them came a juggler from the plain of the golden Ganges. Many strange things he taught them; even among these the worship of the sacred python, to do harm to which among my slaves is to be slain by the rest.

"Over the Angami he placed a queen, not of his nor even of the Angami race. When the juggler was no more, another assumed his position, and each following him has kept above the Angami a white queen."

Now so strange to me seemed the narrative that softly fell from Adellai's lips, that I ventured to ask her:

"And whence, O queen, came the white rulers of this tribe?"

"Of the others, I know not; concerning myself let me speak. I have heard that an ayah was carrying me through the streets of an Indian city, when from her arms I was snatched, thrust into a litter and brought hither secretly. Apart from the reigning queen I was kept; never saw I her face, never entered I her presence. Thrice the circling years have rounded their course since Burdwa, the juggler, came into the apartment where I was, and at his desire I touched the head of the python he brought before me. By the sacred python I swore to rule the Angami, even as they had long been ruled; that their allies should be mine and so

their foes unto death; never to pardon their injurers; never to ask the life of any whom the Angami law should condemn. Then he led me forth until I stood upon the topmost step of the palace way, and there the Angami hailed me their queen; so began my rule."

"And Burdwa," I asked; "why, if he has such power over this tribe, does he not seek to rule it in your stead?"

Adellai glanced thoughtfully at me from beneath her dark, luxuriant lashes:

"A bold question, yet let me answer it. Think not that Burdwa, the juggler, is a mere charlatan because, mayhap, ye chance at any time to see him stretching forth his begging-gourd in an Indian city. Not so, indeed, is he, for to him are known the secrets of the writings which ye see writ upon the walls of the palace about, as here ye recline in my presence. Some of these has he interpreted to me—for none can I read. My language is as yours, as ye perceive; even that Burdwa taught me. One tablet is there, carved with many a strange symbol, that, too, one day, I may know the writing thereof; some queens of the Angami have known it, but few—why, I cannot tell. The juggler has declared to me the history of many of my own race. One day, stretched lowly before my sandalled feet, he spoke of one who liked better to make rulers than to sway a realm direct. So I understood his ways, nor needed to question him as I had done before, even in the words you have uttered."

Then abruptly changing the conversation, the queen continued:

"Hard, indeed, is it to find a way to this city; save by a narrow pass, there is none—and that the Angami guard. Greatly was I surprised to see ye, for only with Burdwa's consent do any venture hither. Why did he conduct ye through the pass?"

"Not that way did we come," Edwards answered, who seemed almost lost in admiration of the loveliness of Adellai. "Know, O queen, that we followed the juggler, who, indeed, has a second way of entering the city."

"Ye found that!" the queen cried sharply. "Surely Burdwa did not lead you here so!"

"He led us unawares. We heard of your wondrous beauty, O queen, and ventured to follow Burdwa that our eyes might glance at thee, even as slaves would."



EDWARDS AND THE QUEEN WERE ON THE TERRACE.

"Fair words thou speakest," replied Adellai, "yet tell not this thing to Burdwa, for in his power, more than in mine, have ye three placed yourselves—the Angami spears strike home, nor is a second thrust needed. Rarely does the juggler enter my palace; never converses he with the Angami. Tell me, did Burdwa know that ye followed him—have his glances fallen upon ye?"

So far as we knew, the juggler had not observed us; indeed, after he disappeared in the strange hollow of the tree we had not seen him. Edwards explained this, whereupon Adellai rejoined:

"Then within the walls of my palace are ye safe from his view; some way will I find of getting ye safely to the pass I mentioned. Now my slaves shall attend to ye."

Through the length of the palace we were led into a large apartment, and there for several days we remained, our wants being carefully provided for, the queen visiting us sometimes for several hours together, telling us of the Angami traditions and hearing many strange accounts of other tribes from Durah, the Hindoo, who narrated such to her.

Edwards was certainly a handsome man and for this reason, no doubt, it was that the queen's dark eyes wandered towards him as often as we were gathered together in conversation. After the novelty of our visit had somewhat worn off, I began to grow anxious as the days wore on and yet the queen made no intimation that our departure could be safely carried out.

"Why haste?" she questioned. "Burdwa may soon depart from the city: then all will be safe and ye may go." Then, turning to Edwards, the queen asked: "And thou, art thou also eager to desert this fair city?"

Edwards touched the queen's extended hand with his lips and answered in the negative, considerably to the chagrin of myself and of Durah, the Hindoo. The latter, especially, was anxious to depart, for, having read the curious inscription of which the queen had spoken to us, he urged strongly our leaving the city.

Still, Edwards found every excuse for the queen's waywardness in delaying us within her palace. Once, when night had come, Adellai summoned our companion alone into her presence, the slave who brought the message stating that the queen awaited him upon the terrace,

which, as I have mentioned, ran about the palace itself. Durah and I, suspecting some treachery, endeavoured to persuade Edwards not to comply, but, laughing at our fears, he followed the female slave.

When they had gone a little way Durah rose, and, I keeping by his side, we passed through the palace, lurking at times in the shadow of one of the many Hindoo gods it contained, until at last we reached a spot whence we commanded a view of the terrace. There we saw Edwards and Adellai in close conversation as slowly they paced the terrace in the moonlight.

"Fools!" muttered Durah, the Hindoo, to me as we went back to our apartment, where soon afterwards Edwards rejoined us. "At the very moment that their lips met in a lover's kiss I saw the juggler watching them from behind one of the terrace pillars!"

How true his words were I soon discovered, for just before midnight, as we were lying asleep upon couches of skin, we were awakened by the queen, whose face in the moonlight, which streamed into the chamber from an orifice above our heads, bore evident traces of the agitation which her words expressed:

"Hear me," she whispered, rather than said: "for days and days have I delayed your departure since ye wished to go from this city. Burdwa; I declared, was still in the city, but that I thought was not so, or on the terrace to-night surely I would not have ventured. Scarcely had I been alone a minute after thou didst leave me there," she continued, addressing Edwards: "than the juggler flung himself at my feet, and, having prostrated himself thus, he rose and spoke to me of the tablet, which before I knew not the writing of."

"Adellai, great Queen of the Angami," he began: "within thy palace are three strangers, one of whom has even ventured to slay the sacred python! Nay, start not! Thy very slaves have betrayed thee, and getting possession of the ring, taken by the stranger from the python, have placed it in my hand. The Angami are betrayed, great queen, thou art their betrayer! I watched thee to-night upon the terrace. *The tablet that is in thy palace decrees to death the Angami queen who loves!* Doubly are the Angamis betrayed; to-morrow the strangers shall perish, and thou with them!"

"No more he spoke; slowly down the

wide steps he passed, turning once to smile evilly at me as he descended to seek the abode which is his. That one of you has destroyed the python I believe not, Burdwa surely speaks falsely there, but that death is nigh to us all in that his words are true ! ”

Quickly I remembered Edwards' account of how he had obtained the python's ring, but thought it best to keep silence on that matter, as did my companions.

“To-night, if ye could but escape !” cried the queen, when she had briefly told of our danger. “Wait, there is but one chance, soon from me shall ye hear of it.” And then she left us abruptly.

“We shall be killed like rats in a trap,” said Durah, the Hindoo, who bore Edwards no good will: “and mainly on your account, although we saved you from death in the forest.”

I prevented the dangerous conversation from proceeding further by handing to each his weapon.

“We must take our chance—if necessary we must fight our way out,” I said, and moodily we sat there waiting for the queen's return.

Into the apartment Adellai came again, and, beckoning us to follow her, she led the way through the palace. No one barred our way, and we gave a mutual sigh of relief as quickly, yet cautiously, we passed through the streets towards the pass. Half way on our journey we found three horses waiting us, held, I noticed, by as many Angami women, who quickly departed on receiving a gesture from the queen. Durah mounted one of the steeds, and quickly I followed suit. Edwards stood there, wasting the precious seconds still ours before we were discovered, in a whispered conversation with the queen. Then he leapt upon the horse's back and drew Adellai before him.

“Courage !” he cried, as, tremb

ling, the queen clasped her arms about him, and then on we dashed, on for the pass !

The Angami outposts ran from their watchfire to intercept us, but seeing the queen they drew back for a moment, whereupon Edwards dashed past them with his burden. Durah and I succeeded in getting by also, but Edwards' horse's speed soon flagged, and we had to turn and hold the pass until, with its double burden, it had vanished in the distance. Three spear-thrusts I received in that desperate encounter, while Durah, the Hindoo, was so badly wounded that, as we sped away at last, I had to get close and hold him in his saddle.

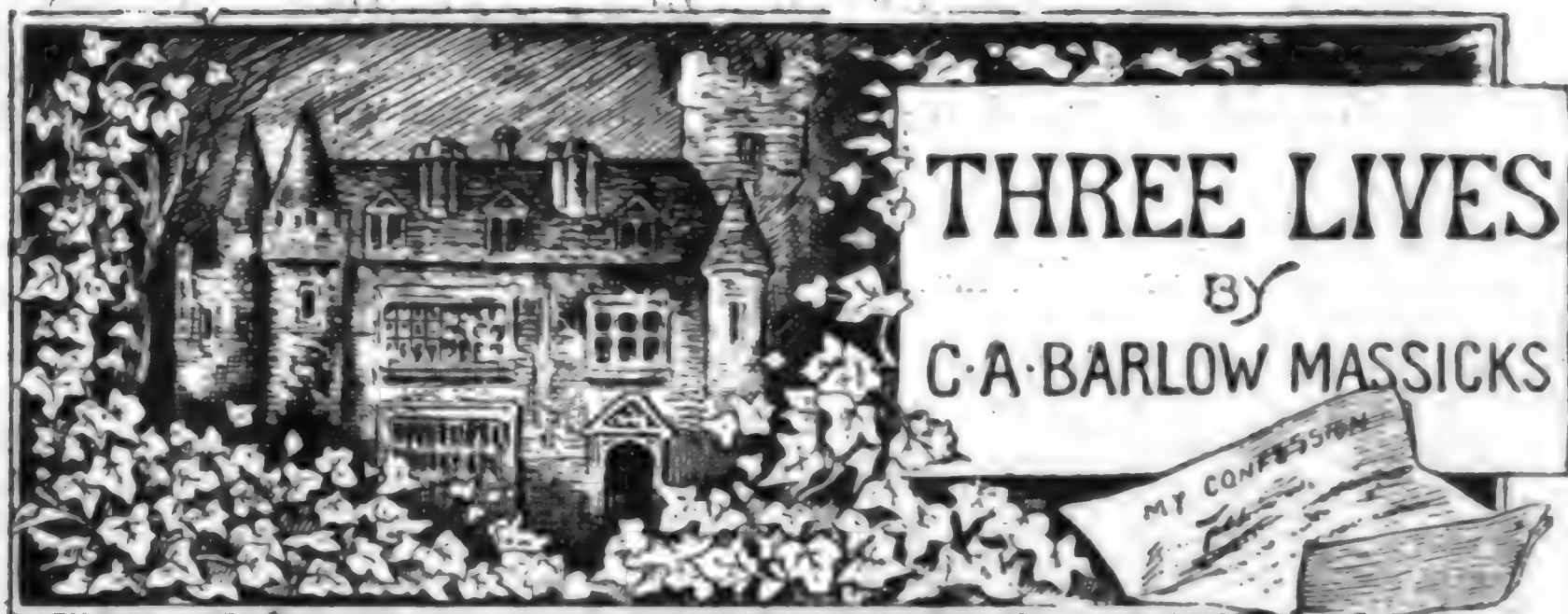
The Angami chased us for a considerable distance, racing after us as fleet as deer, but at last they gave up the pursuit. Towards dawn we drew near to Edwards, who feared, even then, to halt. We managed to get Durah into a ruined hut we came across, and there by his side I remained all that day, after which he was taken with difficulty to a distant village where, safe at last, his injuries were skilfully treated by a native doctor. As to Edwards, I never saw him again; the last view I had of him was when, having helped me to place Durah in the hut, quickly he remounted his steed and urged the animal forward, waving me a wild adieu as the lovers sped forward.

“And with regard to the juggler ?” remarked Wilson, the artist, when Thompson had concluded his strange narrative. “What became of him ?”

“Probably he found it convenient to carry on his wiles in another part of India,” replied Thompson, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and leisurely filled it from his pouch. “At all events, I watched carefully for him to reappear for over a year, but never saw the Hindoo again.”



“AND WITH REGARD TO THE JUGGLER ?” REMARKED WILSON



AN old man sits cowering over the dead embers of a once bright fire.

The wind is howling and moaning round the lonely dwelling, playing hide and seek among its many quaint gables, rising to a shriek as it sweeps round the old grey tower that rears its weatherbeaten head high above the surrounding trees.

Still the old man sits motionless in his chair, regardless alike of the chilling cold which is stealing in through every crevice and of the whirling storm without.

A piece of ivy, broken by the cruel blast, is tapping, tapping at the window, as though some mischief-loving sprite of the storm were mockingly craving admittance, eager to taste of the gloom which pervades that silent chamber. What is he dreaming of, there by the deserted hearth? Only dreaming—dreaming of the past and all that might have been.

A candle, already burnt low, stands on a table, shedding so dim and fitful a light that one might fancy strange figures lurked in the dark corners of the large room—figures which seem to start forward into life, and with long, bony fingers point in derision at the motionless form.

Up to the table, on which lies a manuscript, is drawn a chair. Let us take the vacant seat, and, ere the light dies, look into the manuscript: perchance from it we may learn the old man's history.

MY CONFESSION.

So my life is ended. I have lived, and now there is nothing left but to die! I look back upon that life, and is there aught I would live over again? No, a thousand times no. One bright, dazzling gleam of light, so bright it almost took my breath away, and alas, too bright to last;

then, deepest, darkest gloom. I might have been one whom the gods would have envied. I *am* one on whom the most wretched might bestow a little pity. There are now but a few short hours for me to live; then, a plunge into eternity and an endless retribution for the evil which I have wrought. It makes my brain reel to think of it. I am an old man; I have lived a long life, full of remorse and bitterness. Lord, pity me! have mercy! Remember my sorrows and pardon mine offence.

One human being only in the whole world did I love more than my younger brother, Lionel, and that one was Phyllis. Yes, it is only the old, old story; but do not turn away in scorn, for mine is a sad history; and if, when you have read it, you can bestow a little pity on me, it may count in my favour in the eyes of the Almighty Judge above.

Need I go into a long detail as to how I first met Phyllis—who she was, who her parents were, and all the rest of it? Please spare me, I have neither the time nor inclination to do so. Phyllis was the girl I loved, and more beautiful was she than any poor words of mine can portray. Let that suffice as introduction.

I will not tire you with an account of the wild joy I felt when I knew she returned my love, or of the solemn vows we swore to be true to each other.

Her father, however, would not give his consent to our marriage; I was not a wealthy enough suitor, in his estimation. Our mother was dead. Lionel had always been her favourite; she worshipped the ground he trod upon, and to him she bequeathed all her property, which was considerable.

But I was determined not to be beaten. Rather than lose my darling for ever, I

would part from her for a few years (she counted the weary waiting of five or six years as nothing) and go out into the world, where if human will and human strength could achieve, then surely I would achieve the task set me, and gain honour and riches wherewith to buy the passport into happiness.

So I bid good-bye to my love, and, as I looked into her glorious violet eyes, I felt that life without her would be but a living death; and my heart was heavy within me at the thought of leaving her. She seemed to divine my thoughts, for, taking my hand in her two little white ones, she raised it to her lips.

"Dearest," she whispered earnestly, "rather than that I should cease to love you, or lose my faith in you and marry another, may this hand I now kiss deal me my death."

"Take care of my Phyllis," I entreated as the train moved slowly out of the station.

"Cheer up, old man," answered my brother heartily; "I promise to look after her till you come to claim your own."

The years slipped slowly by, and now I was homeward bound.

I had heard regularly from Phyllis till the last six weeks, when her letters ceased. I was rather uneasy at this, for I was afraid she might be ill. That there was some very good reason for her not writing I felt sure; I believed in her so implicitly that I had not the slightest anxiety on any other score. With an eager heart, I set sail for old England; the world had been kind to me, and I had now wealth as well as love to lay at my darling's feet. How I at last induced the greedy earth to give up to me a portion of the untold riches she so cunningly hides, is not a part of this confession. I sought them under a burning African sun, and many a time, in so

eagerly seeking after them, have I nearly lost what I then greatly valued, namely, life itself. As I traversed the distance which separated me from the girl I adored I built up visions of the future, where she and I would dwell together, never to be parted more, where all was tinged with the golden hue of unending happiness.

How hard is fate! with what a cruel, relentless hand it hurries us on, from whither, if we could but see, we would draw back with shrinking dread and horror.

What poor vain fools we are to dream on, as we do—thinking of the future; laying our plans as to what we will do to-day, and what to-morrow; little reckoning, nay, often never even having realised, that the morrow may not dawn for us, that the joy we dreamt of may never be ours! But I am wandering; my time is short and I have much to tell.

With a heart free from care, I lived in a veritable fool's paradise—all the earth seeming full of light and gladness through the rose-coloured glasses of happiness which were before my eyes. Little did I

know how soon they were to be dashed to the ground and shattered, and how dark and sad the world would look without them.

I expected my brother would be at Plymouth to meet me, and, as we landed, I glanced eagerly around to catch the first glimpse of his well-known form; but I was doomed to disappointment; there was no one there to welcome me. I took the earliest train possible, and, after a weary railway journey, the engine puffed into the familiar station. With an exclamation of delight I sprang out. There, on the platform, stood my brother. How handsome he looked! I felt almost envious, for I had grown thin and sunburnt.

"Lionel, dear old chap, I am glad to see you; but why were you not at Plymouth to meet me?"



SO I BID GOOD-BYE TO MY LOVE.

I wrung his hand again and again. "How are they all at home? and, for God's sake, man, tell me quick—How is my Phyllis—I have been fretting myself to death, fearing she was ill. Is she?" I trembled lest his answer might be in the affirmative.

My brother stammered and stuttered, seeming at a loss what answer to make to my eager questions.

"Oh, yes; they are all very well at home, very well indeed, I assure you. No, Phyllis is not ill, certainly not. She has been staying with us for the last six weeks; I am sure she will be delighted to see you, Ralph. But come to the dogcart, old man, and let us get home."

What was there in his answer that struck such a chill to my heart?

Then, as we spun along in the soft silence of the sweet evening air, he told me all. Long years have rolled between that day and this, and still I feel the pain and desolation I then felt when he told me Phyllis, my Phyllis, loved me no longer; she wished me to set her free, that she might marry him—Lionel—my brother, the man I had trusted. He had stolen from me the treasure I had worked and slaved to win, and loved so dearly.

The blow was sudden and unexpected; I felt numbed and bitter cold. A convulsive shiver ran through my frame; I answered never a word.

Lionel stared hard at me, then gave the mare, a fiery-spirited chestnut, a stinging cut with the whip. She bounded in the air and sprang forward in a mad gallop. Thus we arrived. My father and sisters were at the door to meet us as we dashed up; and, yes, there in the background stood Phyllis. She was very pale, but more lovely by far than when I had parted from her. She was tall and slender, with exquisitely moulded features; an abundance of soft chestnut hair, that always

seemed to me as though the sunbeams had become entangled among its wavy masses. But her eyes!—those eyes of matchless blue: deep and liquid they were and dark as some bottomless well, with a world of love and tenderness in their depths. But why should I try to describe a beauty which is indescribable? You saw it, you felt it, you lived in it. Every child, be he never so timid and shy, would run at once to her, drawn by the charm of those wonderful eyes. Men and women, all were alike, all her devoted slaves. For a second

I gazed upon her with a breaking heart, her eyes meeting mine with an expression of calm disdain. Then I sprang to her side, grasped her by the arm and dragged her to my brother. "Take her," I cried, "and may you both be as happy in your future life as I shall be."

Dashing aside my startled father and sisters, I staggered out into the balmy summer evening—away, away—on, on, to try and still the pain which was eating my very heart away. I had lost her—my love, my darling—all was over.

"Only, only a memory
Of a dream that faded
too fast;
Only a sweet recollection
Of the sunny side of the
past.

Only, only a memory:
'Tis all that is left of
thee;

For the love-lit hours and the passion-flowers
Will never return to me."

The whole of that peaceful summer night I wandered like a madman to and fro; and only when the first rosy beams of early dawn were giving place to the more brilliant sunlight did I feel how tired, dead tired, I was.

Yet go to the house I would not: I loathed the sight of it, and had a morbid dread of meeting one of its inmates. So I crept away and secreted myself in a hidden dell in a wood hard by, where many a time I had hidden as a boy. When I had rested I determined to leave my home and native land for ever—to look no more on the



"PHYLLIS, MY DARLING."

bewitching face that had ruined my life. Thus thinking, I fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke the last rays of the setting sun were falling aslant through the green foliage above. I started up in bewilderment, while over me there rushed, with overwhelming force, the recollection of what had taken place. The awakening was bitter indeed. With a groan, I sank back upon the soft turf, looking up at the patches of delicately-tinted sky above, and thinking, with bitter regret, of all that might have been. My life had changed as quickly as the ever-changing clouds, whose pink and golden glory was rapidly giving place to the more sombre hues of the night. My wearied eyelids must have closed once more (I was utterly exhausted both in body and mind), for I thought I was wandering in the wood with Phyllis by my side. Her eyes were sad and wistful, and her voice was low and piteous as she murmured that she had never faltered in her love for me; then, with one backward, reproachful glance, she glided away. I called out to her and strove to follow. I awoke.

Something was licking my face all over. "Bruno!" I exclaimed, as my eyes fell on a large black-and-tan collie that was almost worrying me in his mad delight. It was my faithful old dog that, much against my will, I had thought it best to leave behind when I went to Africa. How he had found me out I cannot imagine (for I had not seen him when I entered the house), unless, indeed, he had heard my voice, or scented me in the air and tracked me to this lonely spot. Faithful brute; *he* had not given his affections to another and forgotten his old master. I threw my arms round his neck and buried my face in his shaggy coat. I needed sympathy sorely. Laugh if you will—man though I was, I wept like a little child.

"Come, Bruno, ere the sun shines down again on this place, we must have left it far behind us."

Bruno barked a joyful assent, and together we quitted the now moonlit wood. As we emerged into the open, and the house with the old tower rose full in view, an uncontrollable longing took possession of me to visit just once again the tower, which had been a favourite resort of Phyllis' and mine, and the scene of so much happiness.

You could enter it either from the house or by a small door outside. Thither I now hastened, hoping the door would not be

locked. To my relief, I found it open, and, entering, ascended the steep stone steps, bidding Bruno remain at the bottom. The poor dog looked longingly after me, and before I had got very far, a cold nose was thrust into my hand. I had not the heart to send him back, so he followed closely at my heels.

I reached the door at the top and pushed it noiselessly open. Could my eyes be deceiving me? No! there, standing in the self-same spot where she used to stand in the olden days, stood Phyllis. One slender hand rested on the low balustrade which ran round the tower, her whole attitude one of deep melancholy, and the glorious dark eyes were filled with tears as she looked wistfully out on the sleeping earth. She wore a soft white dress, and so graceful and wondrous fair looked she that the moon seemed to delight in shedding its rays over and around her, lighting up her hair and bathing her in a flood of silvery light. I stood spell-bound, till the pain and longing grew too great to bear. With a cry of misery, I sprang forward, and throwing myself at her feet, clutched her dress:

"Oh Phyllis," I pleaded; "Phyllis, my darling, my darling—I cannot give you up! Phyllis!"

With a violent start of alarm, she shrank back and would have fled, had I not leaped to my feet and barred the way.

"You shall hear me!" I cried fiercely. "Phyllis, why were you false to me? Is it nothing to you that you have broken my heart? Come back to me, darling, come back!"

She stretched her hands out before her, as if to ward me off.

"Leave me!" she almost shrieked. "I—I despise you!"

I fell back, the words cut me to the quick.

"You despise me!" I muttered. "Why?"

"Yes, I despise you!" she cried. "More, I—I hate you!"

"Hate me who would have given my life for you!" A demon of wickedness entered into me. "Nay, then you shall live to love and hate no more! I loving and you hating—we will, nevertheless, quit this unhappy world together." I caught her in my arms and bounded on to the balustrade. "Mine! Till death us do part. My love, my life!"

She screamed—a wild, despairing scream.

In mad, fiendish glee, I laughed aloud, and leaped from the tower into the space beneath.

Where was I? I opened my eyes with a dazed sense of excruciating pain — horrible! I lay on the grass beneath the old grey tower, and by my side — how can I tell it — by my side, in all her youth and beauty, lay Phyllis. Her head was slightly turned away from me, and I could only see the delicate profile of the exquisite face. Why did she not move? Long I lay and gazed upon her, waiting — waiting for her to waken into life again — how still she was! At last I struggled to my knees, and, bending over her, looked closely into her lovely face — with an inarticulate cry of awful horror, I shrank back. Never, till my dying day, shall I forget the sight that met my gaze. Her eyes — those glorious eyes — were wide open — were fixed — and glazed.

Trembling and sick with dread, I gently touched her, and laid my hand upon her heart; I felt no throb. I called her name, I wept over her; but the sweet lips gave back no response; the sightless blue eyes were turned up in silent reproach to the clear heavens above. "Oh, God — if there be a God!" I cried; "have pity on me! Do not let her die! Spare her! Let me suffer torments undreamt of — only, for pity's sake, do not let my hands be stained with her blood. It cannot be that I have taken her precious life."

No answer save the gentle whispering of the night wind as it sighed through the trees, telling them of the awful deed a human being had that night committed.

Then I knew she was dead indeed. No entreaties, no wild prayers would ever bring her back again. I staggered to my feet, bruised in every limb, my right arm broken and powerless.



IN MAD, FIENDISH GLEE.

Standing over that quiet white form, I cried aloud in my agony. "Phyllis, Phyllis! come back to me! By all that is strong and mighty — by the awful grief that is eating my heart away, I adjure thee. Come back but for one moment to say you forgive."

No answer came to me through the silence of the night.

The moon looked down from her seat on high calmly — coldly. What mattered it to her that a grief greater than words can tell was suffered down below on the slumbering earth — that a soul had taken its flight into the vast forever.

One long, last yearning look! Good-bye to hope! Good-bye to happiness! Good-bye my love for ever!

"Only — only a memory
Of a form of matchless grace;
Of eyes of passing tenderness
That lighted a love-lit face.

Only a sad recollection
Of a voice that I hear no more,
Whose echoes return like the endless song
Of the waves on the ocean shore.

Only — only a memory
Is all that is left of thee;
For the love-lit hours and the passion-flowers
Will never return to me."

Where my wandering footsteps led me; why, instead of flying like some low criminal, I did not give myself up into the hands of justice, I know not; it was not that I dreaded to lose my wretched life — far from it. It was Providence that guided my footsteps. I have not the faintest recollection of how I got out of the grounds, or what became of me during the weeks that followed. When consciousness and memory again returned to me, I was lying on a bed and looking up into the browned and wrinkled face of an old man.

"You are well nigh better now, I reckon," he exclaimed.

I did not answer, but closed my eyes

and tried to realise all that had happened, and how I came to be lying on a rough, hard bed, with this strange old man bending over me. I felt the whole must be some horrible dream, from which I longed to waken.

Far from being a dream—it was a stern reality.

For many weeks I remained with this solitary man in his lonely hut, which was situated away from the haunts of men, in the midst of a wild stretch of moorland.

How I ever got there is a mystery to me, for it is many miles distant from my home. How the old man came to find me is soon told. During one of his late evening rambles, he stumbled across the body of a man. Stooping down, he was at first very much alarmed, fearing the man was dead, but on further investigation, he found life was not quite extinct, and, with great difficulty, he managed to drag him to his hut, where he set the broken arm (in a rough fashion it is true), and nursed with a woman's tenderness the man who would have given anything to be allowed to drift quietly away out of a world which held for him nothing but misery and regret.

I used to lie and watch him boiling and mixing his herbs—for he was a man learned in all appertaining to herbs and roots—and as I watched him stirring his unsavoury mixtures which were bubbling in a large pan on the fire, I could not help wishing devoutly he would poison me by mistake. But it was not to be; I was destined to drag on a weary existence, weighed down with unavailing remorse.

Slowly I recovered, and one bright morning bade adieu to my kind old host, and started off for the nearest seaport, where I shipped for Australia.

Whether in my delirious ravings I had betrayed to the old man who and what I was, I do not know. If I had, never by word or deed did he betray that he shared my frightful secret. I never heard who found that lovely, motionless form, lying beneath the old tower, nor do I know for a certainty what became of Bruno, but I have a dim recollection of seeing a dark object huddled up at a little distance from where *She* lay; it must have been my faithful dog—he had followed us in our mad leap from the tower. Alas! poor Bruno, you were worthy of a nobler end and a nobler master. The fate of my father and sisters is hidden in the dark

cloud that fell upon me after that awful night; nor did I try to pierce the darkness. For months I never dared to open a newspaper for fear of—but why breathe the word

The years passed, and I led a lonely, wretched life; unloved, uncared for—I shunned all men, and they me: I was looked upon as “uncanny.” I seemed to show, all too plainly, the brand of Cain on my brow. Often have I been on the point of ending my unhappy career, but the remembrance of the beautiful, calm face, rigid in its long, last sleep, always stayed my hand. I dared to sin no more; the cup of my iniquity was full to overflowing, and I feared to let it brim over. As I grew to be an old man, an intense desire came over me to revisit, yet once again before I died, *that spot* and the tower. The longing never left me. I rested neither day nor night for thinking of it—an unseen hand seemed to be drawing me irresistibly to the scene of my crime.

So once more I set sail for England, but how different were now my thoughts from those which had cheered me when, with such eager hopes, I had sailed home to claim the happiness which I had dreamt was mine.

It was a wild and stormy night, as, wearied and worn, I arrived at my native village; not stopping to rest my tired frame, I hurried on. Turning from the main road, I plunged into the wood; but the wood had grown so dense that the old path, once so neat and trim, was now completely hidden in undergrowth. I lost my way repeatedly in the darkness. A fierce gust of wind caught my hat and blew it far away into the darkness of the wood; the rain poured down in torrents on my unprotected head as, bowed down with grief and untimely old age, I struggled onward.

So black was the night that I did not see the house until I was close upon it: then I perceived, in one of the upper windows, a dim light burning.

I was surprised at this, for the state in which I had found the path had led me to believe the house uninhabited.

Eager to ascertain for whom the dim light burnt, I tried the windows, intending also to reach the tower from the house.

To my satisfaction I found I could obtain an entrance by one, for I was so exhausted I could scarcely drag myself along, each breath causing me acute pain;

while the storm seemed to revel in raging its fiercest around me. I crept through the window and stood in the dark room within; then I struck a match and looked round. A feeling of deep depression came over me, and I shuddered: it was so cold and desolate, cobwebs and dust on all sides; a rat, startled by my entry, scamp-ered away and vanished in the gloom. From room to room I thus groped my way, striking a match to explore each separate apartment. All alike were given up to dust and decay. Where were now my father, my sisters, my brother?

All gone! Perhaps all dead! I went into the great silent hall, and gazed around me. From the dark corners rose the forms that had filled it on the night of my arrival. I seemed to see again my white-haired old father, my pretty sisters—there stood my handsome brother, an uneasy smile of satisfaction playing round his lips; and standing out in the darkness, clear and distinct, stood Phyllis. I stretched out my arms towards the apparition, and called on my Phyllis to come to me. The match burnt my fingers—I was alone.

I do not believe in ghosts any more than you who read this do; yet go you into a house that has once been your home—go you at dead of night, when it is desolate and deserted, and see if the rooms are not peopled with the forms of those you once knew and loved; of those who dwelt there—father, mother, sisters, brothers—all will cry out to you from the darkness, and the tones of their voices will come back to you through the stillness of the empty, cheerless rooms.

With terror at my heart, I stumbled from the hall, and felt my way, with startled haste, up the old back staircase, then stopped—one of the doors was ajar, and through it there streamed a weak flood of light. I pushed it open, and recoiled with an exclamation of astonishment. Before me stood an old man with white hair and haggard, careworn face.

It was my brother Lionel. He shrank back, his face turned livid, and he would

have fallen had I not caught and supported him. We stood and regarded each other fixedly, the one scanning the other, and wondering how he could ever once have been young and good to look upon.

"How did you get here?" I at length demanded.

"I arrived but an hour ago," was the hoarse reply. "I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth ever since—" he paused and glanced uneasily at me. "I suppose you know what I mean," he continued. "I could not stay here after—she—I have never been inside the house since, till this night. I am ill, and would rather die here than elsewhere."

He motioned me to a chair by the fire (a small, cold-looking fire, that he must only just have kindled), and drew up a chair on the opposite side for himself, holding out his shrivelled hands to the warmth. Thus we sat, and watched the dancing, flickering flames; no words passed between us—motionless, silent, we sat buried in our own sad thoughts. He did not ask me, and I did not question him, as to what had become of the rest of the family. It mattered not to us, and I do not think he would have known any more than I did.

Slowly, at last my brother turned, and peered closely into my face; then he rose, and beckoning me to follow, he took one of the two candles that burnt on a table, and left the room.

Rising mechanically, I followed him. On, on he went through the deserted house, the rats flying before our approach, never stopping till he reached the foot of the tower; there he turned to see if I followed. Slowly we mounted the steep stone steps, our footsteps wakening ghostly echoes that sounded loud and weird in the death-like silence the faint, glimmering light given by the candle scarcely piercing the darkness. The tempest raged without, the wind howling and moaning round the old tower.

We reached the top. Lionel opened the door. Swish—crash came the rain and wind, almost driving us back again. Out went the candle—we



STOOD AN OLD MAN.

were left in the pitchy blackness of the tempestuous night.

"Brother, by your hand she died!" The words rose above the fury of the elements. "You did the deed! You cast her down; poor frail girl! I read it in your eyes as you looked into the fire!"

I started back appalled. "Yes, I do not deny it. I am her murderer, may God forgive me!" I cried with a loud voice. "But my misery is greater than I can bear—I will die!"

I sought to fling myself from the tower, but a hand gripped me firmly and held me back, while a voice whispered in my ear:

"I have heard your confession; hear mine."

"Hear yours!" I gasped.

"Come nearer and listen," he said again. "When we found her lying down there, cold and stiff, we thought she had taken her own life. I was mad with grief and remorse, for I thought I had been the cause of her death. (Sh! keep still, don't draw away.) She loved you always—never wavered in her love for you—never. At last—it was just six weeks before you returned—I swore that she should hear from you no more; so I kept your letters, detained hers. How did I do it? Easily enough. Phyllis was staying with us at the time. She never suspected anything, poor girl, only, when no letters came from you, and the days passed and she never heard, she drooped and grieved silently. Then I gradually, bit by bit, unhinged her faith in you. It was no easy matter, but I persevered, for I loved her with an all-absorbing love. In the end, just about a week before you arrived, I showed her a letter, supposed to be written by you to me (my writing, you remember, is almost a facsimile of yours) in which you said 'I am terribly bothered about Phyllis. I can't keep up the ridiculous farce of seeming to love her any longer. There is the sweetest



THUS WE SAT

girl out here, and I would marry her tomorrow if it were not for Phyllis.' As she read she grew whiter and whiter. I thought she was going to faint, but she



"THEN I UNHINGED HER FAITH IN YOU."

mastered her emotion. Drawing herself up to her full height, while her eyes blazed with anger and scorn, she said 'Tell your brother he is free to marry whom he will — I despise him.' Then she swept from the room. After that, I implored her on my knees to listen to me. I loved her with an undying love. The very day you arrived she consented to be my wife. For our father and sisters I had another story, imploring them not to mention the painful subject to Phyllis, as ——"

"Villain! Mean, cowardly wretch!"

I had listened, stunned with amazement, to his diabolical story, till I could keep my fury and bitterness no longer within bounds.

I hurled him from me—a mighty blow was struck—we grappled with each other. To and fro we swayed, locked in a fierce embrace. Blows were given, and our hoarse, savage cries mingled horribly with the ragings of the storm as it beat down upon us. I was growing weak with the struggle, and slightly relaxed my hold on my brother—he wrenched himself free. I stumbled forward, and sought for him in the darkness.

At the same moment, a cry—a wild, prolonged cry that chilled the blood in my veins, was borne on the wind.

"Phyllis! Phyllis! I have cleared your dear name. You are righted in the eyes of the man you loved. Phyllis, as you died, I die now; for I love you with an exceeding great love."

All was still again, for a moment, even the fury of the tempest abated.

"Lionel!" I shouted; "where are you." No response. I leant over the balustrade and called again. I longed to throw myself over after him, but something seemed to hold me back. I turned and



I HURLED HIM FROM ME.

fled, wild with dread and horror, down the steps—faster, faster, while after me there rang the piteous cries of my brother.

Frantic with terror, I at last reached the chamber we had quitted so short a time since; dashing in, I bolted and barred the door; glancing furtively round the big, gloomy room, lit by the one solitary candle, it seemed to be peopled with grim, fantastic shapes that beckoned and gibbered at me. Shivering in every limb, I stole to the fire and raked up the dying embers; there I sat while the leaden moments slipped away, brooding over three lives, Phyllis', my brother's and mine.

I have faithfully

narrated all, and hidden nothing.

It has been a hard task—for the struggle in the fatal tower has weakened me. I am very cold, and can hardly draw my breath—my moments are surely numbered.

I will leave this open on the table, that he who finds my lifeless body may see it also. Then let him go and seek for the corpse lying out under the old grey tower—bury us both side by side: the grave shall be the peacemaker. It is finished! The rest is silence.

The Wages of Sin is Death.

Have you read this confession? Then turn again to the old man, still crouching over the long since black fire. See, he stirs, he stretches out his arms as if in supplication; his lips move.

"Phyllis—Phyllis, forgive—I—knew not what I did! Oh, my beloved—forgi ——"

His arms fall to his side, his head sinks forward. The candle give a last brilliant flicker and expires.

All is dead—all is black in the silent chamber.

Some People we have Met this Month.



THE MAN WHO WOULD HANG THEM ALL IF HE HAD HIS WAY.



THE WOMAN WHO HAS NO PATIENCE WITH NEW FANGLED IDEAS.



THE MAN WHO STRIKES ATTITUDES.

Rambles Through England.

The Isle of Wight



reasonable person require more in a health and pleasure resort than this.

Ventnor is certainly the gem of the island; for land and sea-scapes it is unrivalled, and it also possesses the further advantage of being

a good centre for marine and country excursions.

Like the majority of visitors, I made Ryde my first resting-place. I strolled on the Pier and wandered in the Esplanade Gardens, and traversed the miniature lake beyond, where ladies and children may take their first lessons in rowing with impunity, as its uniform depth is only two feet. I sauntered up Union Street, and gazed into every shop window. I enjoyed the hospitality of the Royal Pier Hotel, and ruralised in its garden, which runs down to the water's edge. I made minute inquiries as to the length of the landing stage and to the method of generating the electricity by which its miniature railway is worked, and I watched the Portsmouth boats come in and go out. Then, like Cæsar—or was it Marc Antony, or Napoleon?—I sighed for new worlds to conquer, and booked seats for Ventnor in

AS I sit on the broad verandah of the Queen's Hotel at Ventnor, duly preparing my copy for the LUDGATE MAGAZINE, the summer sunshine is tempered by a gentle breeze, the waves of sea as blue as the far-famed bay of Naples, are rippling on the beach, where, within a dozen yards of me, and with that absence of conventionality so characteristic of the British tourist, both sexes are gaily disporting themselves at a very safe distance from the shore. On my left is a model promenade pier; on my right I see the Undercliff with its rugged white walls, dotted over with picturesque villas, covered over with ivy and creepers; while immediately in front of me two denizens of the sunny south, with an asthmatic barrel organ, are grinding out the sweet strains of "My Old Dutch," interspersed with a few bars of "The Lost Chord." What could any

the good coach "Hero" for the following morning; and, with a sense of something attempted, something done, retired, and slept the sleep of a just person who suffers not from the qualms of a too sensitive conscience.

That drive to Ventnor, behind a splendid team of bays, I shall always treasure as one of the pleasant memories of a lifetime. The warm spring morning, the sweet scent of wild roses and woodbine which garlanded the hedges, and an occasional whiff of new-mown hay, formed a delightful contrast to the dust and smoke-laden atmosphere of the grandest city in the world, and one realised that former methods of travelling possessed certain advantages not to be compensated for by the extra speed of the iron horse. From Ryde to the ancient village of Brading is only three miles. There two objects naturally attract the attention of visitors: the stocks, in which malefactors of former days expiated their sins amid the jeers and derision of their friends and relations; and the splendid specimen of Roman domestic architecture, which was accidentally discovered a few years since, and is believed to be the finest example of its kind in the British islands. In many of the rooms are elaborate pavements of tesserae, for the most part depicting pastoral subjects and surrounded by a deep border. The villa shows traces of destruction by fire, and formerly consisted of a central block of



CRAB AND LOBSTER HOTEL, VENTNOR.

apartments, with large wings on either side. This was probably the residence of a Roman governor, who would occupy the main building, reserving the wings for his soldiers and servants.

A couple of miles further and Sandown is reached. This may be considered one

of the most fashionable towns in the island, and enjoys the distinction of a regatta in August. An esplanade has been constructed along the sea front, and on the hill-sides various roads have been cut, which are bordered on either side by terraces of houses and charming villas surrounded by their own grounds. As one walks along the Esplanade, or stands upon the firm beach, with its myriad of children paddling in a waveless sea or burrowing in the sand, one can hardly believe that a mile or two from here, off Luccomb Point, the brave ship *Eurydice* foundered with three hundred souls. Only two escaped to tell how the vessel had been struck by a sudden squall, with sails set and port-holes open, through which the cruel waves instantly rushed and prevented her righting herself.

The rural beauty of Shanklin must be seen to be realised, and one is sorely tempted to make a halt in this lovely spot, with its exquisite combination of sea, leafage and blue sky. The ground upon which it stands is well-wooded and undulating. The houses are placed at picturesque angles, without the slightest regard for

uniformity, but always surrounded by luxuriant gardens, while the dainty, dimity-draped bedrooms and spotless linen, scented with lavender, are so attractive that, to do them justice, they require an entire article to themselves. The sweet songs of birds reach us through the open casements, or as we lounge on the wide verandah (for every house, large and small, in the island is provided with this useful and picturesque adjunct), and with the simple food and salt sea breezes, seem as if



HOLLIER & HOTEL, SHANKLIN.

they would lure one back from the edge of the grave. The sides of the Chine are almost perpendicular, and are clothed with rich undergrowth, trails of ivy and trees of various descriptions. About a hundred yards from the shore the chasm makes an abrupt bend to the left and grows much narrower, and it terminates in an exceedingly small fissure, down which the rill which has formed the Chine falls about thirty feet.

A house of rest at Shanklin, built by the munificence of Mrs. Harvey, and presented by her to the Winchester branch of the Girls' Friendly Society, was opened last year, and will doubtless prove a haven of rest to many a worn and weary woman who has found the burden of life too heavy for her. This large house, which has seventy-three beds, in addition to the accommodation required for the staff, is intended for ladies, as well as for poorer women and girls who require change of air and quiet, and the three classes whom it is to benefit will pay small weekly sums in proportion to their requirements. The house is situated at the edge of the cliff, and there are extensive views by sea and land. It is prettily decorated and furnished. The sitting-rooms are large, and the bedrooms, entrance hall and corridors light and airy. Along the front of the house, and looking seaward, run two verandahs, each one hundred and twenty-six feet long, one on the ground floor and the other on the first floor, which will be invaluable to invalids for exercise; and in the little chapel, with its quaint fittings of oak and

its sweet-toned organ, is a stained glass window, which diffuses a dim religious light around. Indeed, the house has been a work of love to the generous donor, and everything connected with it is as perfect as possible, as she has personally superintended and taken the keenest interest in every detail.

But I might not linger; a stern sense of duty, not to mention the pangs of hunger, urged me on, and, fortified by the idea that luncheon awaited me at the "Crab and Lobster" at Ventnor, I once more laboriously mounted the ladder placed by the steep sides of the "Hero." Half-an-hour more and we were seated in the cool coffee-room, with its French win-



dows opening on to a garden which reaches far up the face of the cliff. In this ancient and historically interesting hostelry resided, some two hundred years since, the Vintner of the Island, whose calling suggested a name for the surrounding district, which, in course of time, has been softened into Ventnor. I am not surprised that this place has earned a world-wide reputation as a sanatorium, or that it is the Mecca of consumptives, for the warm sunshine, combined with the Down and sea air, simply breathes longevity.

At Ventnor sea-bathing can be indulged in under the most favourable circumstances, fishing is easily obtainable, and excursions by steamer and inland to Ryde, Freshwater, Carisbrooke, Cowes, Osborne, etc., are of daily occurrence.

Those who prefer greater privacy might do worse than wander round the lanes of Bonchurch, St.



RIBBAND'S HOTEL, BONCHURCH.



THE CRAB INN, SHANKLIN.

Lawrence and Luccomb in the pony carriages which may be hired for a mere trifle; or go further afield to Blackgang, Godshill and Newport on the one hand, or to Shanklin, Sandown and Brading on the other. The town itself may be explored by hardy pedestrians, not afraid of hills, and affords many points of interest.

There is the pretty little park and the quaint church of St. Lawrence, which is said to be the smallest in England. This I can quite believe, as it more nearly resembles a tiny model than a place of religious worship. The late Lord Yarborough enlarged the chancel by ten feet and added a new porch and bell turret; and the dimensions are now only thirty feet in length, and height to eaves, six feet; greatest breadth, twelve feet.

Near at hand is the Hospital for Consumption, consisting of isolated blocks for the reception of patients. There is now accommodation for over a hundred; the grounds are of a very extensive character,



THE POOL, BONCHURCH

and it has proved a priceless boon to many who were unable to provide for themselves those little luxuries so dear to the invalid. It is impossible to do justice to such an institution in a single paragraph, but I would earnestly urge those who are in the neighbourhood to go and see it for themselves, when, I feel sure, they will willingly spare their mite towards the funds as a thank-offering for their own renewed health and strength.

At Hilside, Ventnor, died John Sterling, the friend of Carlyle and Archdeacon Hare, and he was buried in the old churchyard at Bonchurch. Among the other celebrities who have resided near here may be mentioned the Rev. James White, the dramatist and historian; Edmund Peel, the poet of "The Fair



SANDROCK HOTEL, BLACKGANG.

Island"; the Rev. Canon Venables, who has ably illustrated the topography of the Isle of Wight; the late Dr. Martin, author of an interesting book on "The Undercliff"; Sir Lawrence Peel, the Indian Chief Justice and brother of the late Sir Robert Peel; and Miss Sewell, authoress of "Amy Herbert," "Gertrude" and "Ursula."

Sitting at breakfast one sunny morning, the waiter, when handing me my letters, suggested that it was a fitting opportunity for a visit to Newport and Carisbrooke, and that the coach would call at the hotel in an hour's time. As I had a great deal to get through in a given time, I felt that his proposal was not to be scoffed at, and booked



THE GRAVE OF JOHN STERLING.

my seat without further delay.

Our first stoppage was at Blackgang Chine, which, in my humble opinion, is a delusion and a snare. The wild and savage grandeur of the scenery of which the guide book speaks so glibly, to me only suggested a railway cutting, and we had passed twenty places in our drive along the Undercliff which possessed more natural beauty than this ochreous coloured mountain, unrelieved by tree or shrub.

Near the Chine stands an excellent hotel, and there are some good lodging-houses in the vicinity. Half a mile inland lies the village of Chale, with its church dedicated to St. Andrew. It has a square, gray tower, wind-beaten and weather-



KING CHARLES' WINDOW.

worn, and standing in an exposed position; while among the grass-grown graves may be found the last home of many a shipwrecked mariner.

A road of an agreeable character leads through Chale Street by way of Stroud Green to Kingston Down, and, after traversing the valley of Bowcombe, we come in sight of Carisbrooke Castle and village, where, at the Castle Hotel, I did full justice to the very substantial repast provided for those who had come by the coach, exploring the neighbourhood afterwards. Before ascending the Castle Hill, a few moments may be profitably spent in examining the church. It is a stately building with a fine perpendicular tower, of the same period as those of Gatcombe, Chale and Godshill. The south aisle is separated from the nave by a transition Norman arcade. There are several interesting monuments, particularly one dedicated to Lady Dorothy Wad-



CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

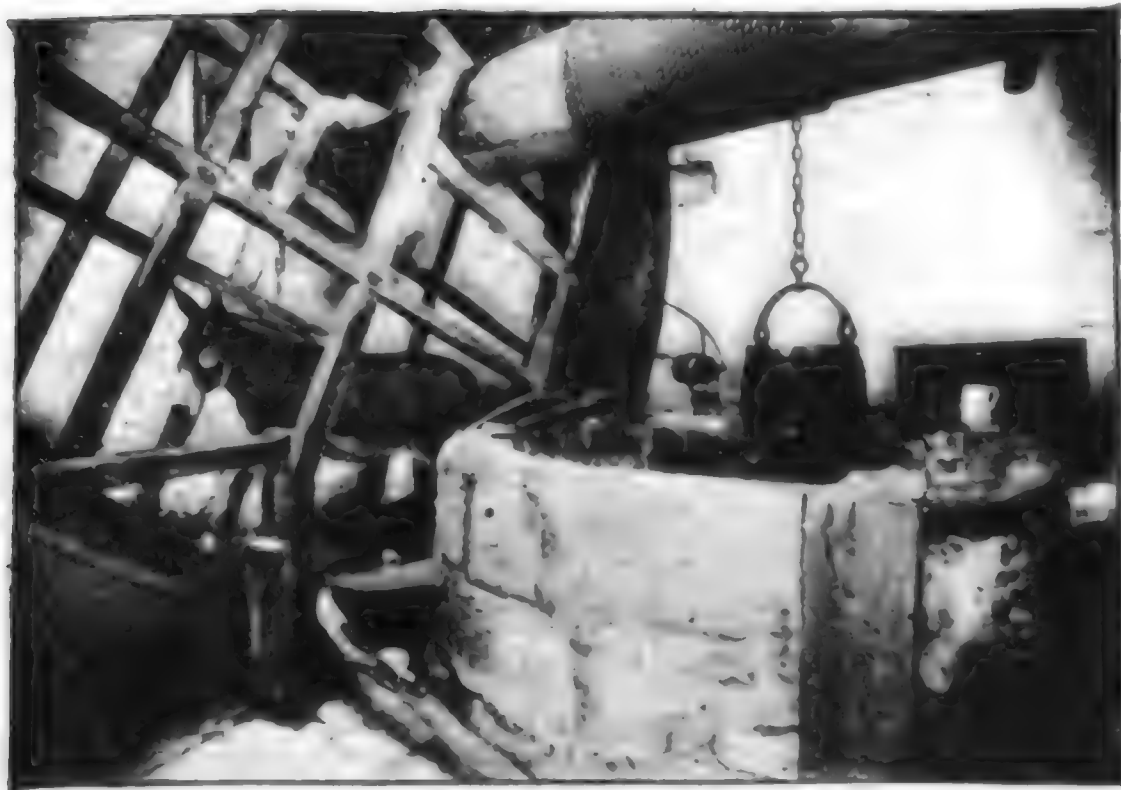
ham, the sister of Jane Seymour, one of Henry VIII.'s many wives.

A curiously-painted wooden tablet hangs in the body of the church, with the representation of a ship with sails unfurled. Above the head of a man on deck is a garland, and one sail bears the word *Fides*—Faith; another *Spes*—Hope. On the compass is written *Verbum Dei*—God's Word. Below is the inscription:

"Here lyeth the body of the right worthy William Keeling, Esq., Groom of the Chamber to our Sovereign Lord King James, General for the Hon. East India Adventurers, where he was thrice by them employed, and dying in this town at the age of 42. אהרן 19, hath this remembrance fixed here by his sorrowful wife."

Then follows this good man's quaint and curious epitaph:

"Fortie-and-two years, in this vessel fraile,
On the rough seas of life did Keeling saile;



CARISBROOKE WELL.

A Merchant fortunate, a Captain bould,
A Courtier gracious, yet, a'as! not old.
Such wealth, experience, honour and high praise,
Few winne in twice so many years or daies.
But what the world admired, he deemed but dross
For Christ: without Christ all his gains but losse.
For Him, and His dear love, with merrie cheere,
To the Holy Land his last course he did steere;
Faith served for sails, the Sacred Word for cord,
Hope was his anchor, glorie his reward;
And thus with gales of grace by happy venter,
Through straits of death, Heaven's harbour he did enter."

Here is also an old Peter's Pence box, and in the porch is a stone coffin which was dug up in the churchyard.

There are also some Roman remains; but I do not think they possess the same interest as those of a later date, so let us stroll leisurely up the eminence, upon which stands the noble residence and prison of a martyred King.

"A chiefless castle, breathing stern farewells
From gray and ivied walls, where ruin greenly dwells."

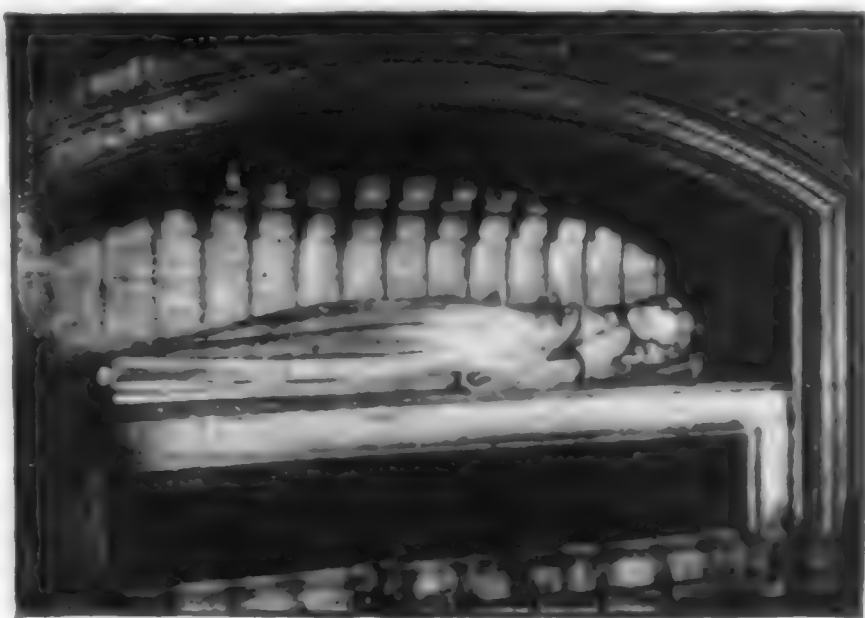
Through the small gate, bearing the initials of the Virgin Queen and the date 1598, we cross the grassy moat, and pass beneath the fine entrance erected by Anthony Woodville, afterwards Lord Scales, about 1464. A portcullis defends it, and on each side it is strengthened by a round tower. The stout wooden gates look as old as the tower itself, beneath whose shadow a blind man has placed his stand of photographs and souvenirs, which most of the visitors stay to purchase. Entering the enclosure, which consists of an area of about an acre and a half, one notices on the left the Elizabethan building occupied by Charles I. during his captivity. Here, too, is the window,

with one bar removed, through which he made an unsuccessful attempt to escape, and the oak-pannelled chamber, now desecrated by whitewash, in which his daughter, Princess Elizabeth, breathed her last. The king's bed-chamber has also been carefully renovated. The keep is a rude fortress with innumerable steps, and the most ancient portion of the building, and its summit overlooks a wide stretch of landscape. The great well, built about 1150 by Count Baldwin, is an object of attraction to won-

dering tourists. From its depths, two hundred and forty-five feet, the water is drawn by means of an industrious donkey and a large wooden wheel. The donkeys at Carisbrooke seem to enjoy very long lives: one died in 1798, aged thirty-two, a successor paid the debt of nature in 1851, after twenty-one years toil, and the present labourer is well on in years.

Every ancient ruin is, as it were, a picture in many panels, and this simile especially applies to Carisbrooke Castle. We have ample proof that the Vecta of the Romans, the present Isle of Wight, was an important military and trading centre, and the tin trade, which first brought it into connection with the rest of the civilized world, appears to have had its depot near this place.

After the battle of Hastings, William distributed, with lavish liberality, the various lands among his followers. The Island,



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S TOMB IN NEWPORT CHURCH.

fell to the share of one of the most powerful, a Knight, ready both in council and action—William Fitz Osborne. This wily Norman added to the existing fortress at Carisbrooke the strong, stout walls and other portions, including the base-court and the keep. In the castle he had erected, high revels were held, and, imitating the example of his royal master, he divided the surrounding country among his faithful vassals, who held their estates "of the Honour and Castle of Carisbrooke."



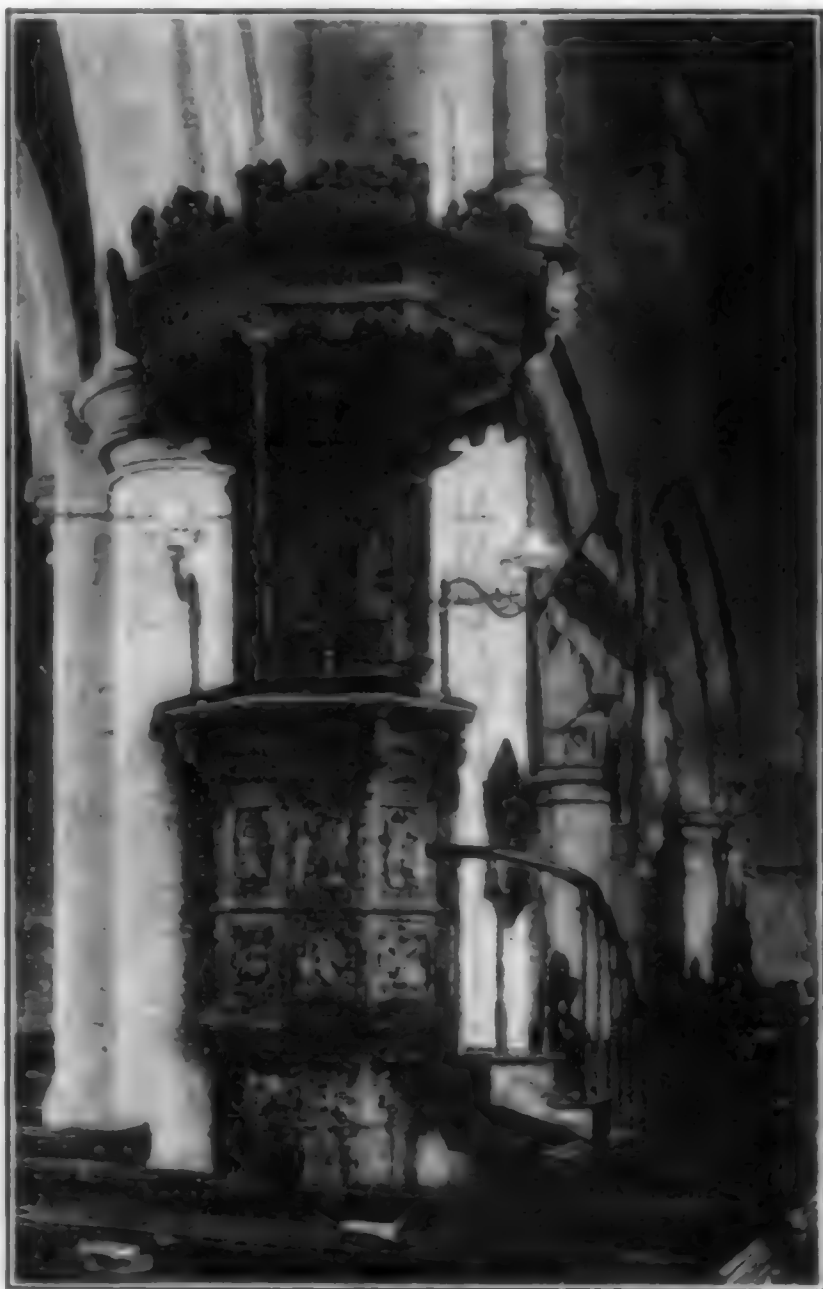
OSBORNE HOUSE.

Humphrey, the "Good" Duke of Gloucester; Richard, Duke of York, who perished at Agincourt; Edmund, Duke of Somerset; Anthony, the valiant and accomplished Lord Scales, one of the ornaments of the fourth Edward's Court; Sir Edward Woodville, a gallant and courteous gentleman who kept up a brave splendour in his island home, and Richard Worsley, a favourite councillor of Henry VIII., were among the Captains of Carisbrooke Castle and Lords of the Isle of Wight. In Elizabeth's reign, previous to the fitting out of the Spanish Armada, the Castle was repaired, strengthened and fortified.

It was visited once by James I. and Prince Charles who, we are told, "hunted in the parke and rolled a bucke," and who, thirty years later, as king—crowned, sceptred but powerless—passed again under the massive gateway to the solitude and sorrow of a prison. Gradually stripped of all his attendants, a decrepit old man was latterly his sole companion. King Charles himself tells how "he was sent each morning to light my fire, and is the only friend I have had for months." Thus, "cribb'd, cabin'd and con-

fined," the unhappy monarch became careless of his attire, in which once he had so fine a taste; allowed his beard to grow, was wan and haggard, and, in his own expression, a "gray and discrowned king." "On November 29, 1648" the register of Carisbrooke Church records, "the King went from Newport to Hurst Castle to prison, carried away by two troops of horse." A page or two further we see: "In the year of our Lord God, 1649, January 30th, was Kinge Charles beheaded at Whitehall Gate."

The following year, in August, 1650, his two children, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, were removed to Carisbrooke, but only a week after her arrival, the former, being caught in a shower during a game at bowls, she, being of a sickly constitution, languished from a feverish distemper, and on Sunday, the 8th of September, 1650, was found dead, lying upon her couch as if sleeping, her face resting upon an open Bible—her royal father's gift. She was buried in Newport Church, and our own Queen has erected to her memory, a



PULPIT, NEWPORT CHURCH.

piece of sculpture which represents her in a similar position.

Another interesting object in St. Thomas's Church, Newport, is the pulpit, which dates back to 1633. Its carvings are the work of one Thomas Caper, whose device—a goat, in allusion to his

name—may be seen on the back. Justice and Mercy figure on the sounding-board, and on the sides are sculptured a curious personification of the three Graces, the four Cardinal Virtues, and the Liberal Sciences—grammar, dialectics, music, arithmetic, geometry and astrology. There is also a medallion likeness of the late Prince Consort by Marochetti, and some fine examples of painted glass. Newport, though the capital of the island is a quaint little country town, whose trade mainly consists in timber, malt, wheat and flour with the surrounding districts. The Grammar School, founded by Lord Chief Justice Fleming, is a fine Jacobean mansion, and retains many of the characteristics which distinguished it when Charles I. occupied it during the negotiations with his Parliament, and which resulted in the abortive Treaty of Newport.

Another pleasant day can be spent in an excursion from Ventnor to Cowes, when one passes, en route, the model farm of the Prince Consort, a portion of the Osborne estate and *via* the Ferry to West Cowes. Only a favoured few of Her Majesty's loyal subjects are permitted to walk through the grounds, and permission to do this should be obtained from Mr. Blake. The House is not open to the public, but in rare cases a special permit is given on application to Sir Henry Ponsonby.

There is quite a little shrubbery of trees planted at various times by distinguished visitors to Her Majesty. I particularly noticed one set by Dr. Norman Macleod, January 4, 1866; another marked Alexandra, November 9, 1862; and a third which



WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

was placed there by Dean Stanley, in 1877, at the request of the Queen and in memory of Lady Augusta Stanley. The old man who is in charge of this portion of the grounds and of the Swiss Cottage, was formerly the servant of that universally-respected lady,

and was, after her death, taken into the Queen's service.

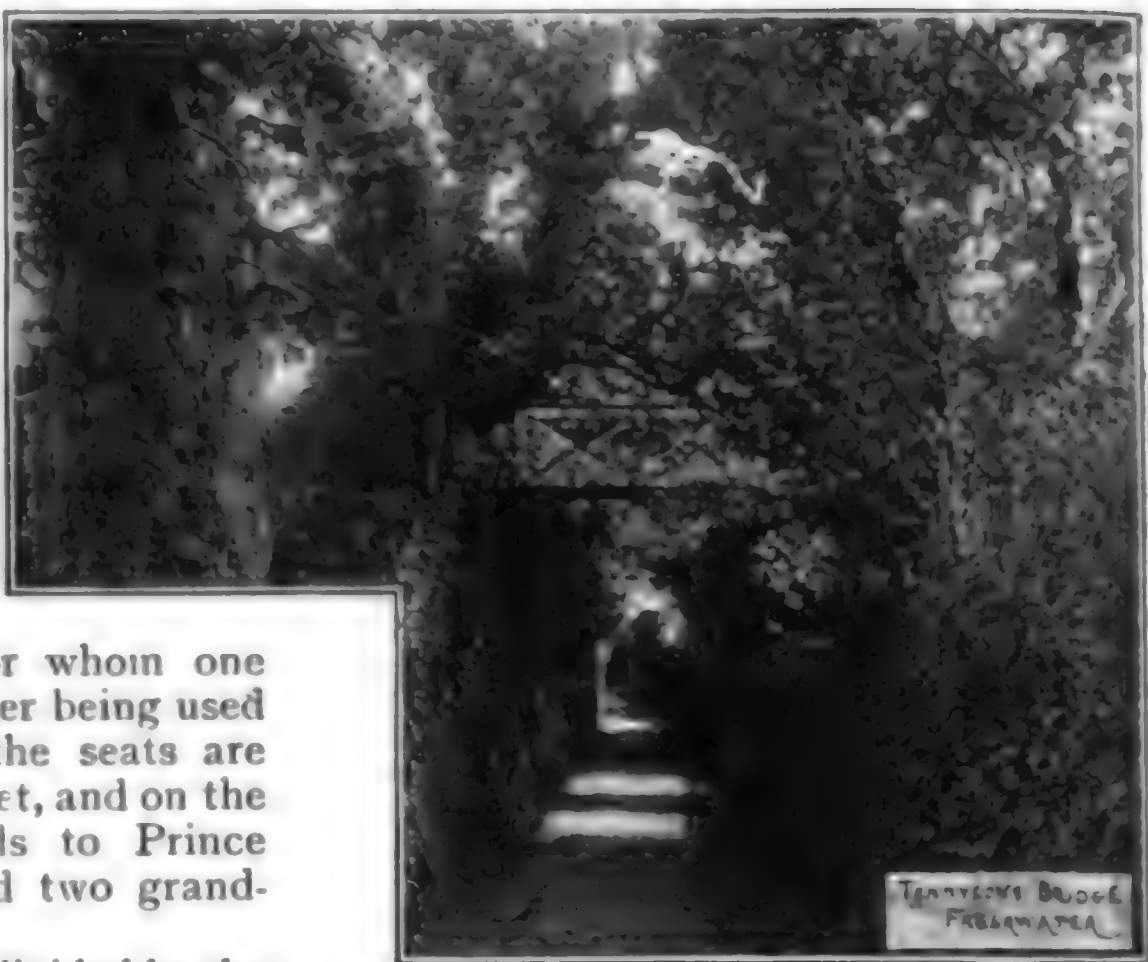
Considerable interest is naturally felt in the Swiss Cottage, which was fitted up by Her Majesty and Prince Albert for the purpose of teaching the young princesses various domestic arts, but particularly cooking. The flower-beds of the royal children (now doubtless objects of pleasure and amusement to a second and even a third generation), are laid out in little plots, and stocked with all kinds of flowers, fruits and vegetables. The tool-house, where the garden implements are neatly hung (each with its distinguishing label bearing the name of the owner), was constructed by the Prince of Wales when a boy, and near at hand can be seen the barracks and drawbridge, with tiny cannon, which were built by the Queen's orders in October, 1860, for the Duke of Connaught, who even at that early age had developed military tastes.

Her Majesty's partiality for her Scotch retainers is much remarked upon by those residing in the island, who are, nevertheless, loyal to a degree. As an instance of this, I heard an amusing anecdote. Two tourists were viewing Whippingham Church one day, when the Queen drove up to place a wreath on the grave of one of her servants. The caretaker, anxious to ensure Her Majesty as much privacy as possible, dexterously turned the key in the lock. Suspecting the cause, however, they made so much noise that she was compelled to let them out, when, with more curiosity than tact, they made for the grave. Surprised at this proceeding, the Queen enquired the nationality of the strangers. "Scotch, if it pleases your

Majesty," was the prompt reply of the woman; for, in relating the circumstance after, she said, "I did not know how to account for their rudeness, and I thought, if I said they were Scotch, I should be sure to be right."

This church was designed by Prince Albert, and was the scene of Princess Beatrice's marriage. It was formerly regularly attended by the Royal family, for whom one transept is reserved, the other being used by the household. Here the seats are covered with royal blue velvet, and on the walls above are memorials to Prince Albert, Princess Alice, and two grandchildren of the Queen.

East and West Cowes are divided by the Ferry, within a stone's throw of which is the Royal Landing Stage, as spic-and-span as green and white paint can make it; and close by it was Mrs. Langtry's handsome new yacht, the *White Ladye*. The sparkling brilliance of the Solent, dotted with all sorts of craft, can be best enjoyed by those who do not possess sea legs from the Green, at West Cowes, which is one of the most delightful spots to lounge in. Without any of the drawbacks of a cruise, you can contentedly watch the large steamers making for Southampton, and become acquainted, at a convenient distance, with the various yachts in the harbour. As a watering-place it has enjoyed considerable popularity since the establishment of the Royal Yacht Club in 1812, and the foundation of a Club House in 1815. The season lasts from May to October; but at the time of the Regatta, which takes place in August, Cowes is crammed to its utmost capacity. The castle was purchased by the club in 1856, and was refitted and repaired at considerable expense. Beyond the castle and extending along the shore is Prince's Green, which was presented to the town by G. R. Stephenson, Esq., in 1864. By following the Marine Parade, you come to a district known locally as Egypt, where there are many pleasantly situated houses and well-gardened villas. By crossing the Medina, East Cowes Park is reached. A Seamen's Home is just completed, and Slatwoods, where Dr. Arnold was born, is an object of interest. Cowes, doubtless, has



many attractions for individuals of an amphibious nature, but personally I prefer well kept towns, like Ventnor or Ryde, or rural villages, like Shanklin or Carisbrooke, to such places as West Cowes and Newport, whose streets were evidently laid out when Town Councils had limited rights and vague ideas of construction, and Local Boards were absolutely unknown.

The drive from Newport to Yarmouth and Freshwater is easily accomplished, or the tourist may, if he pleases, make use of the railway. Coach travelling in the island, however, is so convenient and agreeable, that most avail themselves of that means of transit. Yarmouth, in former days, was more remarkable for smuggling than anything else, and many of the older houses still possess trapdoors, secret passages and sliding panels, which tell their own story. There is excellent bathing and a good pier, and it also enjoys a regular service of steamers, besides having an equable and rather warm climate. Freshwater, I discovered, comprises the whole of that district which lies to the west of the river Yar, and includes the old village of Freshwater, School Green, Pound Green, Norton Green, Freshwater Bay, Alum Bay, Totland Bay and Colwell Bay. In the immediate neighbourhood of Freshwater Bay is Faringford House, the lovely home of the late Poet Laureate.

"Have you ever heard of Master Tennyson?" said our coachman, especially

addressing himself to me. I hesitated a moment, and the old proverb tells us "he who hesitates is lost." It was so in my case. With a sublime contempt for my ignorance, and with the evident desire to refresh my memory, he added testily :

"He used to make portray" (with a strong accent on the tray), "and the Queen made him a Lord before he died."

I modestly intimated that at some remote period of my existence I believed I had heard his name.

When, with a scathing look at me and another flourish of his whip, he pointed across the road and said :

"That were his house "

I hear that funds are being raised with a view to erecting a memorial to the poet, and that it is proposed to expend five hundred pounds, either upon a stone tower to substitute the present wooden beacon on Freshwater Down, or to erect a granite monolith, in the form of an Iona cross, at Faringdon Lane. There are already, in exposed positions, two similar pillars of stone (in remembrance of a couple of island worthies), which are neither useful nor ornamental to any living creature. Would not such a sum be employed for a much better purpose if it formed an endowment for one of the prominent Isle of Wight charities, for instance: The Seamen's Home at East Cowes, the Hospital for Consumption at Ventnor, or for ex-

tending Mrs. Harvey's Home of Rest at Shanklin ?

In Freshwater Bay is a curious formation known as the Arched Rock, which is one of two isolated masses of chalk separated from the cliff by natural causes; and at the extreme west of the island, at one point of Alum Bay, stand the Needles, with a very necessary lighthouse as a warning to mariners. The chief interest in Alum Bay, however, is derived from the geological structure of its cliffs, where the junction of the chalk with the eocene formation is admirably shown. When there have been heavy rains, the colours of the various beds are heightened, and the aspect of the bay, always beautiful, is rendered still more striking. In this brief epitome of the various points of interest in the Isle of Wight, I have endeavoured to confine myself to towns and routes offering the greatest attractions to tourists, and all of which have been visited, without undue fatigue, in the course of a tour of a fortnight's duration. For I feel assured that there are many like myself who are unable to devote prolonged periods to holiday making and who desire, especially on a first visit, to economise strength and money and to see as much as possible in a given time. If, by the few hints I have offered here, I am enabled to make such a visit more agreeable to even a few persons, I shall consider myself amply recompensed.



THE ARCHED ROCK, FRESHWATER.



HIDDEN SKETCHES:—FIND THE LADY'S FATHER AND FOUR BROTHERS.

Box

The Curious Story of Susan Styles :

A Psychical Romance.

By MRS. LORD.

"**S**USAN STYLES," the name is not a romantic one, and yet it is associated in my mind with a curious series of incidents, which, were I a member of the Psychical (or ghost investigating) Society, I might have brought under the notice of that body.

I first heard of Susan Styles some two years ago.

My wife and I had just taken up our abode in a house in a country town, attracted there by the existence of a good and cheap Grammar School—a very sufficient inducement to the parents of five boys, whose education had to be provided for on a small income.



POINTING TO THE INSCRIPTION.

We had just settled ourselves in our new home, fresh with all the glories of new paint and paper, and were expecting calls from the neighbours. Hence I was rather annoyed to find the name which gives the title to my narrative scribbled on the spotless surface of our dining-room wainscot.

"My dear," I remarked to my wife, pointing to the offending inscription, "these boys must really learn to respect some room in the house. They have their private den in which to execute any mischief they desire, and I cannot have every wainscot in the house defaced by their scribble."

"I suppose it was poor Bobby," said his mother; "he always has a pencil in his hand. Dear little fellow, I often think he will be a great artist one day."

"I shall rejoice to see the results of Bobby's pencil on the walls of the Royal Academy, but I cannot admire them on my new paint," I answered sternly, for, with five sons one has to be firm on the question of wilful damage to property, and I knew my wife to be a weak ally against the boys.

I carefully effaced the name and the subject dropped. But two days afterwards, "Susan Styles" was again scribbled on another part of the room, and this time I remonstrated more strongly.

"It is not the boys," retorted my wife; "you are always so ready to blame the poor fellows. I asked Bobby the other day and he said he did not know anything about the writing."

"I believe all my sons to be truthful lads as boys go; but does the most honest schoolboy readily plead guilty to an act of mischief? Besides, as Bobby is eternally scribbling everywhere, might he not be honestly oblivious of some acts of his vagrant pencil?"

"I dare say it was the new housemaid; she is a stupid sort of girl," added my wife.

"Had the name been John or Will Styles I could have better understood it," I remarked; "but a girl of that sort would hardly have the name of another woman so constantly in her thoughts that she was obliged to scribble it everywhere."

"Well, I am sure the poor boys had nothing to do with it, was my wife's Parthian shot, as I left the room?"

"Look here, James," cried my help-mate a few hours later, "even you will allow the boys could hardly have written the name here," as she pointed triumphantly to a corner of the ceiling where, in the same faint, apparently pencilled characters, was visible "Susan Styles" again.

"Only a ladder could reach up there, and we have not such a thing in the house."

"I suppose it was done by one of the painters in love with a Susan Styles," I remarked; "but I wish he had chosen some other place for his inscriptions than our walls and ceiling. It is so odd, too, that I never observed the writing before."

"Ah, you always notice things when you are out of sorts," said my wife, with an air of conviction; "whenever you begin grumbling, I always know you are due for a fit of the gout."

The occurrence passed out of mind as the days went by, and though I occasionally noted the persistent "Susan Styles," scrawled faintly on some place on the wainscot, I contented myself with rubbing off the inscription, supposing that I had overlooked it before. We had moved into our house in the dark, cold days, and the spring sunshine doubtless showed every nook and corner more clearly. Some months later I was obliged to go to London on business, and was glad

to accept the friendly offer of a bed for a night or two from an old college chum, who had recently married a widow of considerable means, a trifle older than himself, but the soul of good nature, as fat and elderly folk so often are.

I was but slightly acquainted with Mrs. Wilson, still she received me with the utmost cordiality.

"And we've a treat for you to-night, Mr. Harper," she added; "Miss Jones is coming to us."

I endeavoured to look properly elated at this intelligence, but as Miss Jones was a total stranger to me, the announcement conveyed little information. Wilson perceived my embarrassment, and proceeded to explain. Miss Jones was a great personage in what may be called "spiritualistic circles:" she was a professional medium, and like Owen Glendower, undertook to summon "spirits from the vasty deep," or anywhere else.

I found that my hostess was a sincere believer in table-turning, spirit-rapping, and the like, and that Wilson, for very obvious reasons, found it best to abstain from open ridicule of her fancies.

"Most women have some silly fad," he remarked to me after dinner, "and my wife's is a very harmless one, after all. It pleases her and doesn't annoy me."

When I remembered Wilson's very struggling existence before he married his wife, and glanced round me at the luxuriously furnished apartment, and sipped the choice old port, I felt that silence regarding the miracles of spiritualists was not, perhaps, an overwhelming price to pay for such comforts.

For myself, I may say that I have the profoundest disbelief in "mediums;" I have attended more than one "séance," at which the spirits of the great and talented of the earth have been supposed to rap out replies. I have noted on



A STUPID SORT OF A GIRL.

such occasions how sadly mental gifts deteriorate in another world. The shade of Lord Byron had been credited with balderdash which would disgrace a bell-man; while Scott and Addison appear to have forgotten, not only their graces of style, but even the humbler art of spelling their native language, to judge by the replies they dictated through their mediums.

Therefore I attended Miss Jones's "séance" with languid interest, more especially as I perceived that the lady in question much resembled others of her profession whom I had previously met, an example that the spirits were not particular regarding the rank and education of the persons they selected as messengers.

A crowd of devout believers had gathered in Mrs. Wilson's drawing-room, receiving ambiguously and somewhat ungrammatically worded messages with profound admiration. Wilson had slipped away, but I was obliged to remain out of politeness to my hostess.

"Now, Mr. Harper, you must ask a question," cried that lady. "I believe you are as bad as Richard, and think it is all imposture."



"LOOK HERE."

I felt a guilty thrill, for the accusation was all too true, and, to disguise my embarrassment, answered:

"I should be most happy to do so, Mrs. Wilson, but I really don't know what to say."

"Oh! ask to communicate with some deceased friend or relative," said a young lady near me, who had just been *en rapport* with the spirit of her dead sister.

I felt a sensation of disgust at the suggestion. I have lost loved ones, like other middle-aged people, but to profane their dear and sacred names by uttering them in an assemblage of strangers, to submit my most holy and cherished memories to the common gaze, never, never! Even were it true that that vulgar woman could bring me a message from the dead, would it not seem profaned by passing through such lips? I had even too much reverence for my favourite authors to pretend to call them up—and hesitated a moment.

"Oh! do say something," implored Mrs. Wilson.

A name flashed upon me. "Well, I said, I should like to communicate with Susan Styles. Even the medium started at the loud and emphatic rap with which this lady proclaimed her presence and willingness to answer questions, and my own interest was suddenly awakened. I do not expect anyone to believe the narrative that follows. I hardly think I believe it myself.

Anyway, were it coincidence or chance, the results were singular. It took time to arrive at the history of Susan Styles, as spelt out by means of knocks on the table, but I was now as eager a listener as the rest of the company.

It was a very old story of sin and sorrow—an unwedded mother, a little life sacrificed to save the parent's reputation.

"No one ever knew that he was born, or that I killed him," said the guilty shade; "but I buried him under the drawing-room flooring."

That was all we could extract. The spirit reproachfully said she "had tried to communicate before." Then came silence, and the medium announced that the "séance" was concluded for the evening.

I was now plied with eager questions. "Who was this Susan Styles? Had I known her? Had I ever seen her?"

I may remark that the spirit had been sparing in its communications, merely

answering to its name, and stating its crime as explaining the reason of its desire to communicate with us.

I had no mind to discuss the matter with Mrs. Wilson and her friends, so contented myself with replying that Susan Styles was a total stranger to me, but that the name had caught my memory, and I mentioned it as the first that came into my head. When I next saw Wilson alone, however, I told him all the circumstances.

"It is curious, very curious," he remarked. "I think, in your place, I would have a look under the flooring."

This was exactly what I was longing that someone should suggest to me, though I was ashamed to propose it myself.

Few of us like to acknowledge that we are setting out on a ghost-hunt. I felt so ashamed of my own credulity that I determined to wait for a week, when my wife and family would be away at the sea-side, and then prosecute my explorations secretly under the cover of the general house-cleaning. I had long promised my wife to erect a little conservatory outside the drawing-room window, and determined to make this pretence for engaging the services of a carpenter. All was quietly arranged. I made an excuse to slip back from the sea-side

"just to see how the workmen were getting on at home," and met Wilson, who was curious enough to come down from town to assist at my investigations. As we walked together from the station I began to think what a pair of fools we were. Talk of superstition and credulity—I should be ashamed to laugh at the nursery maid who believed in a dream-book.

I was thankful that I said nothing about my expedition even to my wife. The only thing that inclined me to prosecute further investigations was that I had discovered that Susan was, or had been, a real personage.

I had made cautious enquiries in the neighbourhood and discovered that some years previously a young woman of that

name had been in service with the family who had formerly occupied my house—that she had been left in charge of the premises during their absence for some six months and been dismissed on their return, after which she abruptly left the town.

As regards her character, it was difficult to gain authentic information, but the baker's wife said she was "flighty" and a "giddy lass," and the butcher's wife remarked darkly, "Yes, she had known Susan once, but the girl got herself talked about latterly."

All this was somewhat corroborative evidence of the story told in Mrs. Wilson's drawing-room.

We found the house exactly as we had



WHEN I NEXT SAW WILSON I TOLD HIM ALL.

hoped—both servants out, a deaf old aunt of one of them in charge (?) of the premises, our old carpenter languidly at work in the greenhouse.

The old woman readily admitted us (she would have done the same to a burglar), and the old carpenter was only too pleased to leave his work on any pretext.

I made up some story of doubtful drains and a desire to investigate under the flooring, and the carpenter readily undertook to remove the planks in the drawing-room.

Wilson and I watched with an eagerness of which we were secretly ashamed, but, to our utter disgust and humiliation, nothing was discovered. Dust and emptiness—but no sign of a tiny form

once hurried away to avoid detection of a crime.

"I always thought it was stuff," observed Wilson, very unjustly, for had he not believed enough to come a railway journey to investigate the matter?

Of course, we had not taken the carpenter into our confidence, and the man sat placidly on his heels, remarking that "he never thought as drains ran under this room, nor under the drawing-room neither, for that matter."

"This is the drawing-room," I said.

"Well, sir, I was a-speaking of the house as it used to be when I worked here in Captain Hardy's time. The room across the passage was the drawing-room then. They was a large family, and took this room, being bigger, for the dining room."

"You have just reversed the case," said Wilson. "Your dining-room was their drawing-room."

An idea struck me. Were we examining the wrong room?

and I now remembered all the scribbling had been on the dining-room walls.

"Come in here: this is where the bad drains are," I said hurriedly to the workman, and in a few minutes the dining-room planking was being taken up. And here, hidden in a corner of the room, under a plank that bore traces of having been disturbed, we found a little box.

I need not detail all that followed. The police were called in, and the remains of the infant discovered.

Neither Wilson nor I saw fit to give the reasons for our examinations of the floor-

ing, and the discovery of the box passes as an accidental occurrence in the search for defective pipes. But the investigation that followed clearly established a strong case of suspicion against Susan Styles as the mother and the murderess. She had had ample time in six months' sole occupation of the house to conceal the remains of her victim, and her dismissal on the return of her employers was chiefly owing to the unfavourable rumours they had received regarding her conduct.

No trace of her could be found. I, for my reasons, believed her to be dead. We never found any scribbling on our walls after the poor little remains had been decently interred.

I told my wife the curious circumstance which induced me to make the

discovery, but I grieve to say she only smiled at my supernatural explanation of them. The inscriptions on our walls were, in her judgment, clearly traceable to some former lover of the mysterious Susan Styles, on whom his thoughts had run while painting and white-washing. As for the "séance" at Mrs. Wilson's, my wife believed the story to be a pure invention on the part of the medium, de-

sirous of attracting interest by a sensational tale.

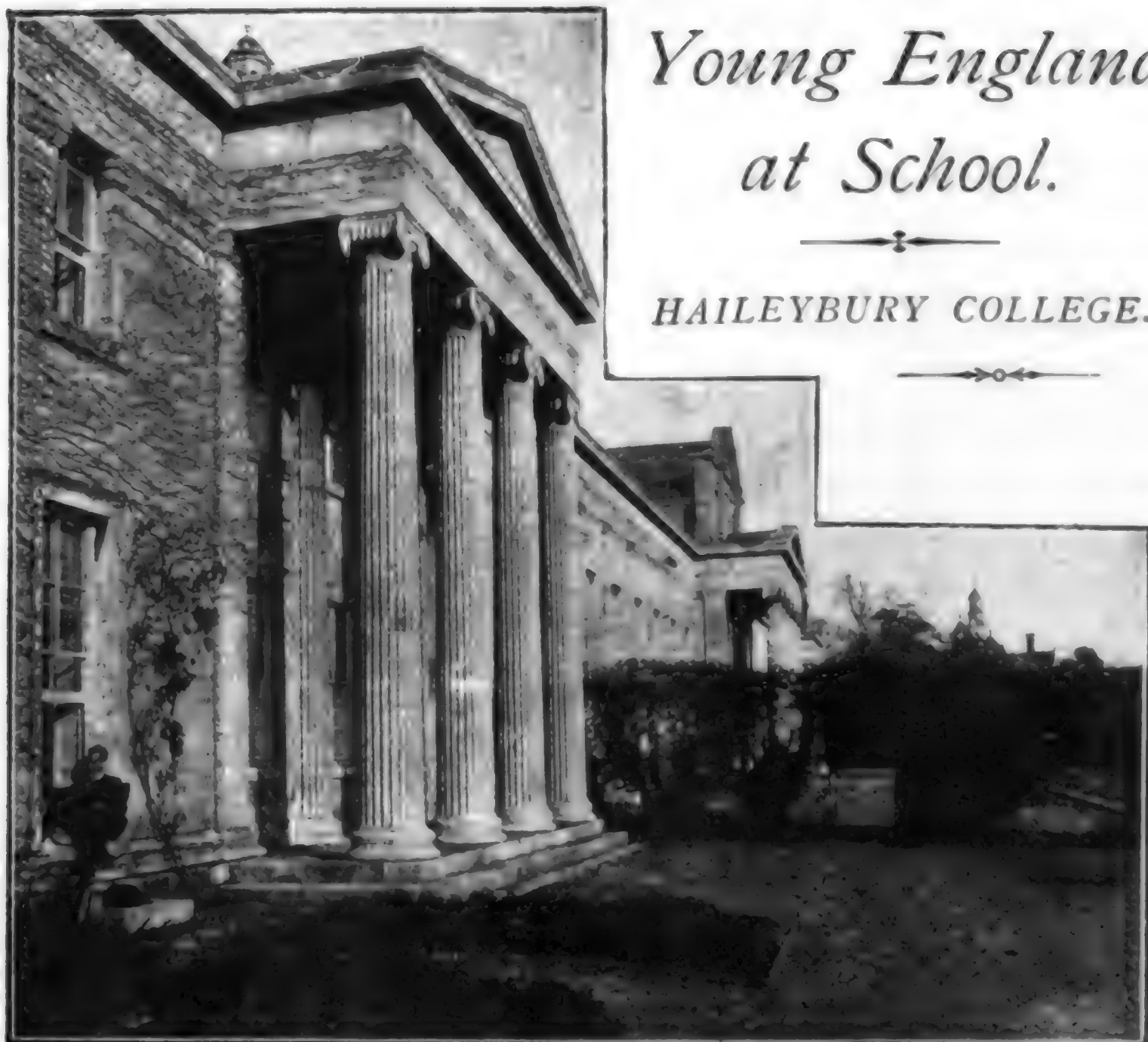
The verification of the tale by the discovery was a mere chance coincidence. All this may be true, most likely it is; I am no believer in mediums or ghostly appearances. Still, the whole story is a curious one and might interest enquirers into spiritualistic communications.

Wilson and I have certainly kept the tale from reaching the ears of his wife. We feel that she would score it as a victory.



SHE ONLY SMILED AT MY EXPLANATION.

Act



Young England at School.

HAILEYBURY COLLEGE.

THE FRONT OF SCHOOL, FROM THE HEADMASTER'S GARDEN.

A bird there was in days of old
(Each one the story knows)
Who birth did claim from a nest on flame
And a dying mother's throes.
And we are like that bird of yore,
And we like her were born;
We drew life-breath from a parent's death,
Left lone but not forlorn.

THE above is from a poem by an Old Haileyburian, which the Rev. L. S. Milford makes use of as an introduction to his interesting article on Haileybury recently published in a new work on our public schools, upholding the fame of the first occupants of Haileybury and proving the phoenix story. I have, therefore, made use of these chosen lines and hope to be forgiven.

Mr. Milford, who takes the greatest interest in the College, is an Old Boy and now House master of Bartle-Frere. He has also edited the two excellent editions of the Haileybury Register, and I can only convey my thanks to the Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton, Headmaster, for placing me in such good hands to obtain my information. I found Mr. Milford was ready and willing to extend a helping hand, and not only did he chat at length upon his

recollections and knowledge of Haileybury, but placed at my disposal all the work from his own pen, which I now have before me.

Haileybury College is situated on Hertford Heath in the parish of Amwell, three and a half miles from Broxbourne, the recognised station, and two and a quarter from the town of Hertford.

I visited the College for the first time shortly before last Christmas holidays. It was a delightfully brisk December day, and I therefore decided to walk over, though at all times ample convenience is provided at the station as regards conveyances.

After passing through the town of Hoddesdon the College soon stands out nobly with its cathedral-like dome rising above the foliage in significant contrast to the few straggling buildings which are here and there dotted over the great span of country before you, while its great line of frontage, with its numerous colossal Ionic columns, presents a picture totally surpassing my expectations.

My first journey was not attended by much work, for I found the College quiet, the boys having that day returned to their homes.



HAILEYBURY, FROM THE MOORHEN POND.

Haileybury does not claim a long heroic past, nor are her walls mellowed by traditions of centuries, for her era has seen barely thirty-two summers, but when supplemented by the days of the old East India Company, whose professors and students occupied the buildings from 1806 until the extinction of the Company, there are, indeed, volumes that could be written of the College on the Heath.

Unfortunately, little is known of Old Haileybury, beyond the fact that many who could might recount amusing incidents, and, at the present time, all are anxiously awaiting Sir Monier Williams' "Memorials of Old Haileybury."

After the Indian Mutiny, it was considered desirable to bring the Government of India more directly under the Crown, and the College was accordingly closed. This was unfortunate for many of the old servants, who had spent their lives at the College, and especially as no assurance could be given as to the ultimate use of the buildings. For a few months Haileybury was used as barracks for the Company's army, till its disbandment, and it was afterwards in contemplation that it should be converted into a County Workhouse.

In August, 1861, the Secretary of State offered Haileybury for sale, and it was knocked down to the British Land Company, who bought it as a speculation for fifteen thousand pounds.

It was fortunate, however, that Hailey-

bury had one good friend in Mr. Stephen Austin, of Hertford, the stationer and printer to the College.

At the dissolution of the old College, the library was entrusted to the care of Mr. Austin, who made frequent visits of inspection; and no doubt pining under the loss of what had been an old friend, he resolved to leave no stone unturned until he interested others to assist him in regaining Haileybury as an educational seat.

He consequently interviewed the Rev. Lowther Barrington at Watton Rectory, in November, 1861, and, without doubt, there and then sowed the seed for the second birth of

Haileybury College. With assistance from Dean Bowers, in the meantime, a meeting was held, March 21st, 1862, in the town house of Mr. Robert Hanbury, when the scheme was finally established, and through the excellent work of the secretaries, who wrote round to friends and strangers for support, the doors of Haileybury College



ENTRANCE TO QUADRANGLE, SHOWING "BIG SCHOOL."

were opened on the 21st of the following September to her first fifty-four boys.

The council were fortunate in being able to secure the services of such a kindly ruler as the Rev. Arthur Gray Butler, M.A., as first master.

Mr. Butler at once surmounted all difficulties, with his untiring energy and wise government; and I am sure I am right in saying that the success which so rapidly attended the new venture was due to the popularity and good work of the Headmaster.

Mr. Milford, in his paper on the school, recounts one or two amusing incidents in connection with the opening days, which must still be green in the memories of those who took a part.

There were only fifty boys, true — but they were of various ages and sizes, and the books not having arrived, great difficulty was experienced in keeping them employed, the only remedy being mathematics. To add to the confusion, the porter, a dear old friend of many generations of Haileyburians, handed all the keys of the boys' portmanteaus to the matron without the names attached.

The buildings would require more space than I can spare to adequately describe them, but I am satisfied our illustrations will more than suffice to give a general idea of the College. The main entrance is reached by two

avenues; and, passing between the two great columns, you enter the vast quadrangle.

Directly opposite you is the Big School, which may be termed the centre of the school life, and the "studies" apportioned to the advanced students each accommodating four boys. On the right, which may be said to form the main building, we have the Headmaster's house, library, chapel, dining-hall and kitchens, and directly opposite these, or to the left, are the dormitories, or Houses in College. The side by which you have entered is almost wholly taken up by form rooms.

In the days of the Old College each student had a single room to live in, with

a bed in the recess; but the new-comers converted three of the four blocks of rooms into long dormitories, A, B and D—C being retained as "studies." Now there are six Houses in College, which received their names in 1868 after distinguished Indian Civil Servants who were educated at Haileybury in the time of the Company, *i.e.*, Lawrence, Bartle-Frere, Trevelyan, Thomason, Colvin and Edmonstone. This is one of the connecting links of Old and New Haileybury, and further, the awkwardness of the boy when speaking of his House having to prefix the "Mr." to his House-master's name is done away with. Another advantage is that the con-



THE REV. THE HON. E. LYTTELTON, M.A.

tinuity of the Houses is thus kept up, no matter how many House-masters there may have been.

There are three other Houses, known as the "New Houses," which stand behind the Big School and overlook the Pavilion ground.

These were opened in 1879; for the limit, three hundred and fifty-five, having been long reached, Dr. Bradby, the second Headmaster, considered it his duty to provide for those clamouring for admittance, and the numbers in 1881 reached the new limit of five hundred, which it has since maintained.

The new Houses were called after the three Principals of the East India College—Batten, Le Bas, and Melvill—still adding another connecting link to the old foundation.

Among the most constant supporters of modern Haileybury, it is also pleasing to record, have been the "Old Boys" of the first Haileybury. Mr. Allen, the College steward, told me he had seen in the quadrangle at one time three generations of Haileyburians.

After Mr. Butler was compelled to retire in 1867, through ill health, to the great regret of Haileyburians, the Rev. E. H. Bradby was appointed his successor.

Mr. Bradby, an Old Rugbeian, came to Haileybury from Harrow with a reputation as a successful teacher. He, however, did not bring with him the pruning-knife to use it, whether wanted or not, but he simply systematised the basis that had been established by his predecessor. He set on foot during his first term, the *Haileyburian*, which has since proved a journal for all school events as well as an outlet for budding authors and the suggestions of reformers.

Since 1881 there has been a "Haileybury Letter" in each number, which records in unconventional language odds and ends about the School, Masters and Old Boys, which are likely to interest Old Haileyburians. More important details are reserved for the "Old Haileyburian" column, which is made as complete as possible.

In the days of the old College, and prior to 1877 of present Haileybury, the



THE CHAPEL AND CLOISTERS, FROM THE QUADRANGLE.

Library, that is now, served as the Chapel, but it had been long felt as inadequate to cope with the rapidly increasing number of pupils, and the present Chapel was therefore consecrated in that year, the first turf having been cut by Mr. Bradby, afterwards sealed and carefully preserved by Mr. Allen.

Mr. (now Sir Arthur) Blomfield designed the building, which is so familiar an object in the landscape, its fine dome breaking the long line of the main building and greatly adding to its dignity.

The interior is strikingly unique in every particular, and beautifully decorated. Tablets of alabaster and opus sectile to the memory of Haileyburians who have passed away, and to several faithful servants of the Old and New College, are gradually covering the walls.

Except on Thursday and Friday mornings, when short prayers are said in the form-rooms before a Scripture lesson, the whole school meets twice a day in chapel, and three times on Sundays. The cloisters, which have been added each side of the chapel, now prevent what was in the olden days, a regular struggle to get in chapel before the time for shutting the door, for after this all were counted out.

Now the race is for the cloisters, inside which boys must be before the clock strikes, for outside, if only by half an inch, they must inscribe their name as late, though they gain admittance.

Dr. Bradby's Headmastership of sixteen

years is indeed an important chapter in the History of Haileybury.

Dr. Bradby found that his health was giving way under the great strain. With the unselfishness so characteristic of the man, he resolved, therefore, to resign at the end of the Christmas term, 1883, saying; "It is time for me to go." It was not the rest he had so well earned that Dr. Bradby sought, for a brief change only gave him further energy, so that he located himself at St. Katherine Dock-house, in the neighbourhood of the Tower of London, and was soon engaged in all kinds of philanthropic work. St. Jude's White-

chapel, Toynbee Hall, the Charity Organization Society, to say nothing of many other institutions, are all mourning his death, which took place on December 1st.

I cannot better express the feelings of the School than by quoting the announcement of the sad news as it appears in the last issue of the *Haileyburian*, with a biographical sketch of his life.

"It is with very deep feelings of sorrow that we announce the death of the Rev. Edward Henry Bradby, D.D., formerly Headmaster of this school. He was busily engaged in the many duties he had



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.



THE LIBRARY.

undertaken in East London to within a few days of his death.

"After ailing for two or three days, he was on Thursday, November 30, operated on by Dr. Cumberbatch for an affection of the ear; an abscess was discovered, but it was considered probable that the inflammation had already spread to the brain, for he scarcely recovered consciousness, and passed away painlessly on the following evening, December 1st."

These words are followed by a very remarkable series of short notices of Dr. Bradby, which are so arranged as to cover his whole career since his Oxford days. Among the contributors are Judge Hughes ("Tom Brown", the Master of Trinity, Rev. A. G. Butler, Mr. Bosworth Smith and Canon Barnett. Their unanimity is wonderful, as they were entirely independent and unedited. It was well also to reprint the letter which Dr. Percival, Headmaster of Rugby, wrote to the *Times*, to emphasize Dr. Bradby's de-

votion in retiring, after thirty years of a school-master's life, to work in the East End. His aim at school was to teach his boys to be manly, simple and thorough, and he showed them the way.

In the library a very successful portrait of Dr. Bradby, by H. Herkomer, R.A., hangs by the side of the portrait of Mr. Arthur Butler, by George Richmond, R.A.

The greatest monument, however, to the memory of the late Headmaster is the

"Bradby Hall," which was built during the headmastership of the Rev. James Robertson, M.A., who succeeded him. Mr. Robertson was previously at Harrow, and though he only held the reins of office for six years, previous to his resignation in the Christmas holidays of 1889-90, he had done good work at the College, and endeared himself to those connected with it. To Mr. Robertson the school owes a great debt for codifying its customs, im-



THE TERRACE, FROM BRADBY HALL.

proving its music, and extending its buildings—such as the fine Bradby Hall already referred to, under and adjoining which are new form-rooms, and the chemical laboratory. These, with the carpenters' shop and gymnasium, which are located at the rear and join Hailey House, form an important group of red-brick buildings at the end of the Terrace.

A fine portrait of Mr. Robertson, by C. W. Furse, an Old Haileyburian, has recently been hung in the library.

The present Headmaster, the Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton, M.A., succeeded Mr. Robertson in April, 1890, and under his rule Haileybury flourishes as hitherto. Mr. Lyttelton is building up a reputation that will, in the future, take a prominent place in Haileybury history.

Throughout the school the hours are so arranged that no boy has a lesson of more than an hour and a half without a quarter's interval to get change of air. All the Sixth Form, except a few who are under sixteen, are Prefects, who, in return for their important duties, have various privileges.

Fagging exists, although moderate in extent and amount.

There are very few shops near the College, and even those are "out of bounds," that is, the boys are prohibited from purchasing there, unless occasionally they obtain permission to go to the town of Hertford.

The School grub-shop is quite an important adjunct; it is managed by a committee of masters and boys, so that the goods sold are of the best quality. All profits are devoted to the benefit of the school games or other school objects.

Very naturally the centre of attraction is the playing-fields, to which one and all make with a rush after school hours.

No school that I have seen is better appointed than Haileybury as regards her playing-fields.

Those who have seen Haileybury must bear me out that the "Pavilion" ground is simply perfection, and presents a lovely sight in the summer at the inter-school or important contests.

Besides this grand field, there are the "Terrace" and "Hailey House Field." The "Twenty Acre" will accommodate seven games of football at once.

Any one may wear a blue flannel coat or white flannel shirt, with white or grey flannel trousers, and may sit down to dinner changed for play.

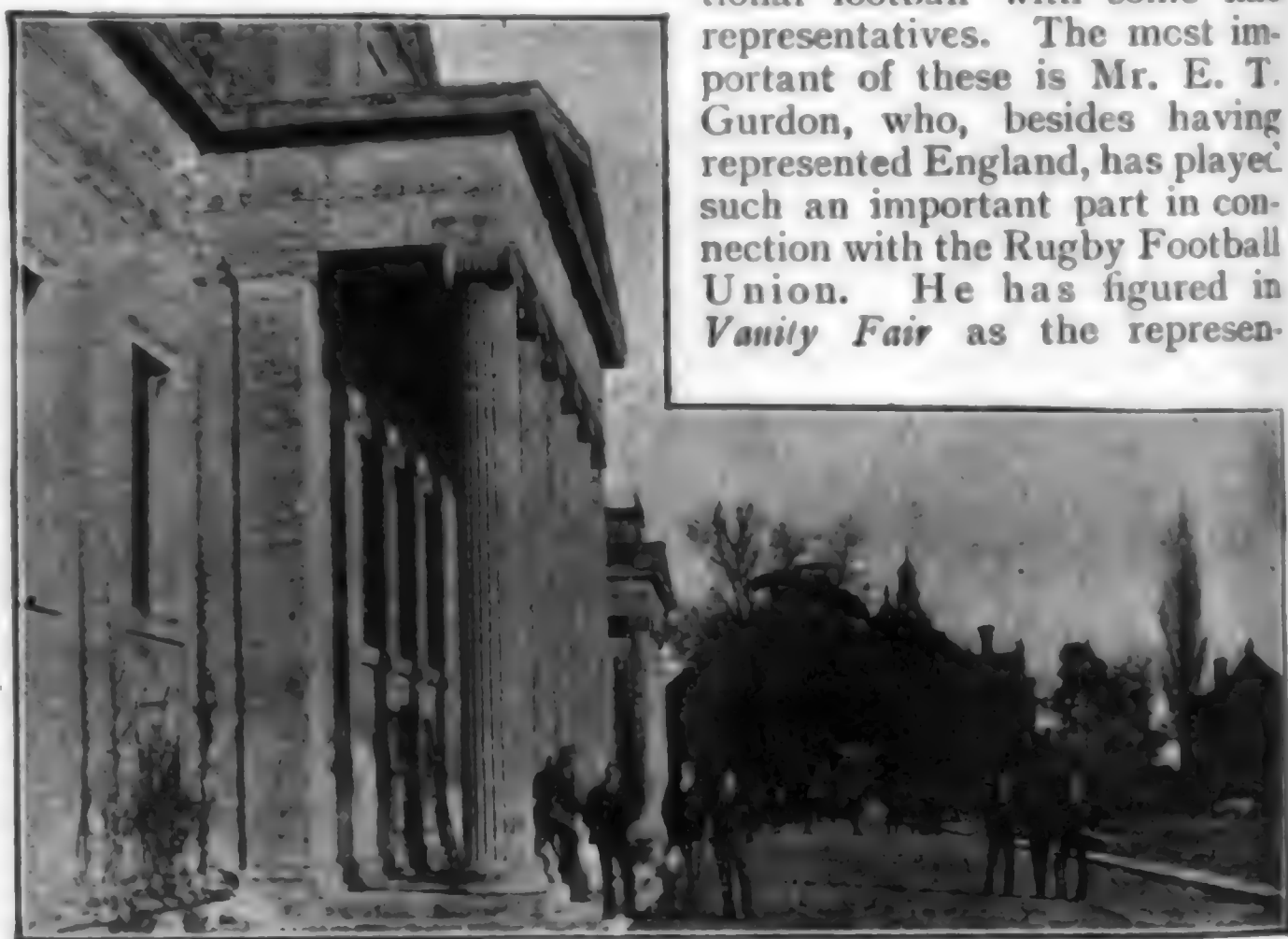
The first and second elevens have a distinctive coat; and the members of each House team wear the House tie.

Uppingham and Wellington are their School rivals for home and home matches, and last year, it will be remembered, they sent to Lord's a good eleven to play Cheltenham. I hope this match will be an annual fixture at our home of Cricket.

Comparatively few Haileyburians have attained 'Varsity or county cricket, less because of their ability, than that time and business have stood in the way of their best exponents. Major Spens, W. S. Gurney, F. L. C. Hamilton and E. B. Raikes are well-known names.

In football, however, which, by the way, is played under Rugby Rules, Haileybury has furnished both 'Varsity and International football with some fine representatives.

The most important of these is Mr. E. T. Gurdon, who, besides having represented England, has played such an important part in connection with the Rugby Football Union. He has figured in *Vanity Fair* as the represen-



THE TERRACE, SHOWING BRADBY HALL AND HAILEY HOUSE.

tative of the Rugby game.

E. C. Cheston, L. Birkett, C. Gurdon and J. M. Batten, are also Haileyburians who have donned the "Rose," while A. K. Stewart has worn the Thistle, and V. C. Le Fanu the Shamrock.

J. M. Batten, E. T. Gurdon and S. R. James were captains of Cambridge in three successive years, and amongst the most

recent Old Haileyburians who have won their University Blue, we may mention A. Trethewy (Caius), W. E. Nelson, (Clare) A. P. Koe (University), E. A. Surtees (Oriol), and P. R. Cadell (Balliol).

Dulwich and Bedford are the Schools played by Haileybury.



THE BRADBY HALL.

Although there is no boating at Haileybury, the School has produced a good many 'Varsity oars. In the famous "Dead Heat" year C. Gurdon and B. G. Hoskyns rowed in the Cambridge, and H. Pelham in the Oxford Boat.

At the Inter-'Varsity sports, Haileybury has been well to the front, with such representatives as W. R. H. Stevenson (New College), who won the three miles three years against Cambridge, E. F. W. Eliot (Trinity College, Cambridge, President C.U.A.C.) and B. C. Allen (C.C.C., Oxford, President O.U.A.C.); S. F. Jackson (St. John's, Oxford), and W. R. Pollock (Trinity College, Cambridge), ran in the hurdles; and J. C. Miller (New College), H. R. S. Webb Ware (St. John's), put the weight for Oxford.

J. S. Whatton is well known as a cyclist of fame. In Ireland, E. Chatterton, A. J. de C. Wilson and B. Hamilton, are names familiar as having been experts at lawn tennis.

The gymnasium is splendidly appointed, and is under the supervision of two capable instructors. The new building was opened in 1888, and has since turned out some thoroughly clever gymnasts.

The Inter-Public Schools Gymnastic Shield was won in 1890 by L. R. Lempriere and W. J. Keen, at Aldershot, who the following year were only narrowly beaten by Cheltenham in the same competition. L. R. Lempriere won the



ENTRANCE TO BRADBY HALL.

silver medal in 1890 and 1891.

In boxing, Haileybury claims first or equal first from 1886 to 1889, and the winners of the fencing 1891 and 1893.

One of the most popular departments of the School Athletics is the Rifle Corps. Thanks to the zeal and skill of the officers and the keenness of the cadets, Haileybury can boast of one of the most efficient corps connected with a public school. It has won the Silver Challenge bugle offered by Lord Wantage for general efficiency for the past three years—in fact, since the institution of the trophy.

The Ashburton Shield has not yet adorned their walls, but the shield represented in our illustration, with the two young marksmen who won it at Bisley last summer, is now hanging in the dining-hall.

Haileybury can boast of good marksmen in the University teams, both before and after the institution of the corps, *e.g.*, J. B. Winter (Trinity College, Cambridge), who ran up to the ninth position in the Queen's Prize competition of 1889, and A. M. King (Trinity), Captain of Cambridge shooting team, 1892.

The houses compete for a silver cricket ball, in cricket, presented by Mr. Reade; and a magnificent silver football, presented by Old Haileyburians, is the trophy gained by the "Cock House" at football.

That Haileyburians are making their mark all over our globe cannot be disputed, although the youth



THE CARPENTERS' SHOP.

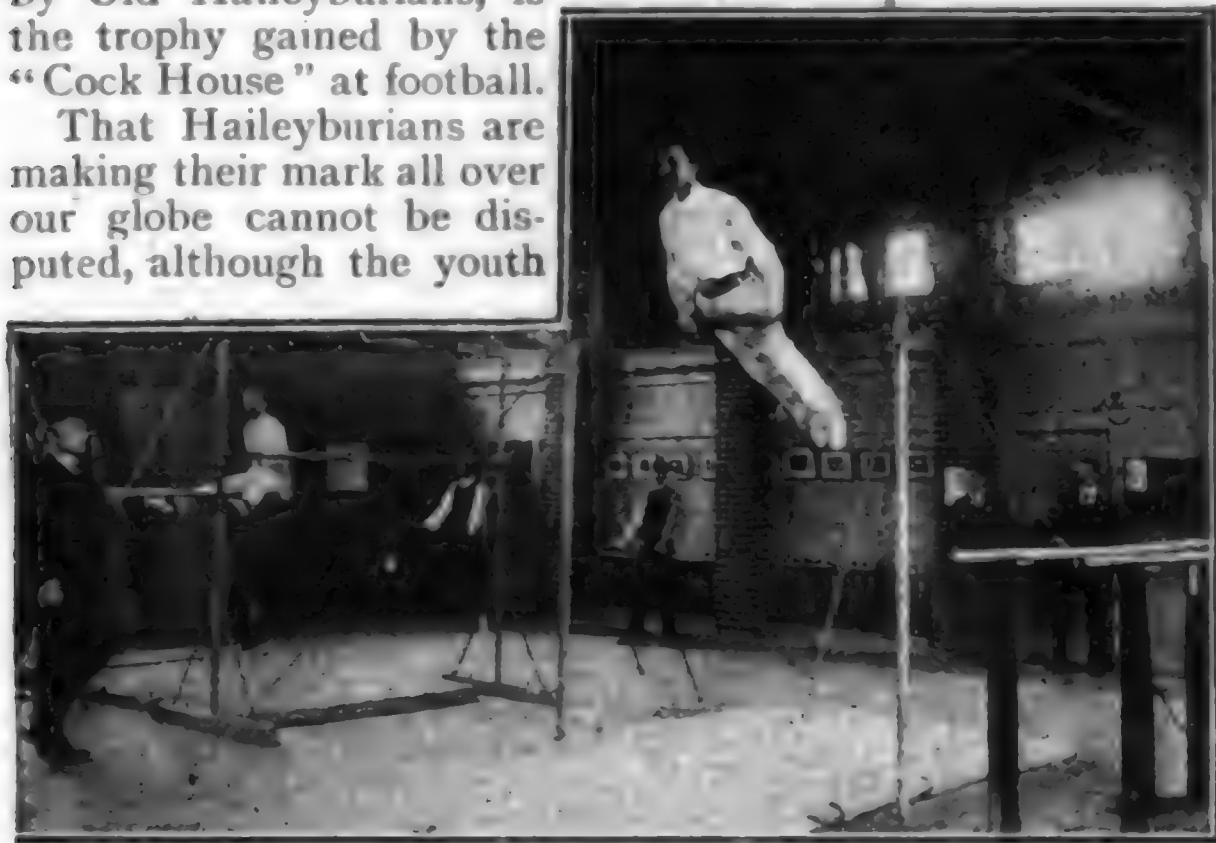
of the school prevents me naming a list of bishops and famous statesmen.

In the Church, however, many high positions are held by old scholars, such as Canon Gibson, late Archdeacon of Kokstad, now Coadjutor-Bishop (designate) of Cape Town, Dean J. R. Vincent, of Bloemfontein, Professor Kirkpatrick, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, and a host of others. It is interesting also to notice that the heads of Christ Church, Oxford, and Caius, and Pembroke, Cambridge, Missions are all Old Haileyburians.

Such names as Rennell Rodd, Reginald Blomfield and C. W. Furse are year by year becoming more prominently before us in Literature and Art.

Sir G. S. Clarke must be placed as the most distinguished officer Haileybury has sent to our Army, although barely one of our regiments is without a representative of the School, especially in India.

Captain E. A. W. Lendy, Inspector-general of police at Sierra Leone, who was recently killed in West Africa, had the hopes and good wishes of his old friends at Haileybury, and no doubt his sad end will be keenly felt by many. Since his death the



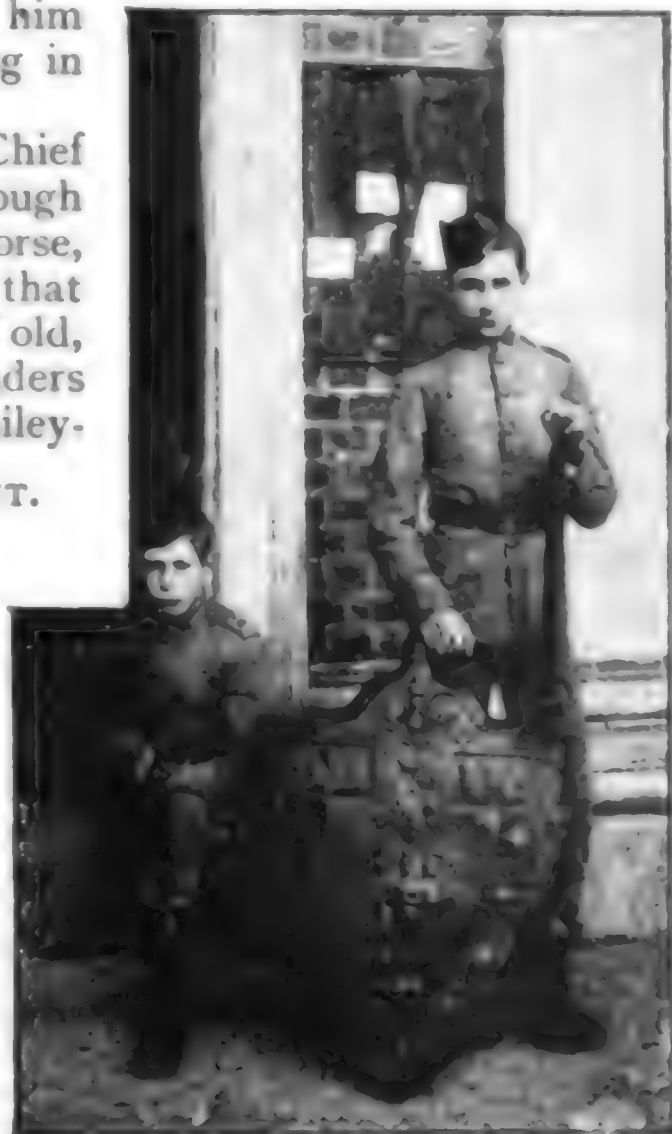
THE GYMNASIUM.

Humane Society have announced that they awarded him the medal for saving a native corporal from drowning in November last.

The sad death of Captain P. H. Fellowes, late Chief Constable of Hampshire, who died at Winchester through injuries caused by endeavouring to catch a runaway horse, will also help to prove that the School is generating that courage in her sons worthy of our famous warriors of old, and, should occasion require, our armies will find leaders worthy of England, amongst whom we shall find Haileyburians well in the front.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

Our Illustrations are from Photographs taken specially for the LUDGATE MAGAZINE by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, London, from whom Photographic Prints of the Originals can be obtained.



J. E. B. HOUSTON AND F. A. U. GREEN,
WINNERS OF BISLEY SHIELD.

The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE:—ETON, HARROW, RUGBY, WINCHESTER, WESTMINSTER, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, DULWICH, ST. PAUL'S, CHARTERHOUSE, WELLINGTON, MERCHANT TAYLORS', MARLBOROUGH, CLIFTON, CHELTENHAM, LEYS COLLEGE AND BEDFORD GRAMMAR, and back numbers can be obtained through all Booksellers, or direct from the Office, 53, Fleet Street, London. Post-free, 8½d. each.

The Blind Sculptor.

By BAYARD GERALD.

“**A**ND is he blind?” The speaker was a dark-eyed, brown-haired girl of about eighteen years of age, with a poetic face.

“Oh, yes, quite blind; I believe he was struck by lightning or something at the age of seven. But he is a perfect bear, and won't receive anybody,” and the speaker shrugged her shoulders and sipped her tea.

“Does he live all by himself in that gloomy old house?”

“Yes; at least, there is a couple of old servants who have been with him since his boyhood; and people say they are as bearish as the master.”

“What a lonely life!” and the dark-eyed girl clasped her hands and looked out of the window across the sunlit lawn to a grey building, almost hidden by trees, which stood some way off.

“That is his own fault,” answered the other girl scornfully. “Why doesn't he receive people when they call? But never mind him, I must tell you about all the other people in the place.”

Madge Doyle tried to look interested while her new acquaintance rattled off a satirical description of everyone worth knowing; but her glance would wander to the little bits of grey masonry that peeped between the thick green foliage. She was a warm-hearted, impetuous Irish girl, who, having lost her father and mother, had come to live with a prim maiden aunt in this little English village; and the sense of restraint and incongruity of her surroundings were sometimes more than she could bear.

That evening, when the lamps were lit and Madge

was supposed to be writing letters in her room, a little figure stole out of a side door, across the lawn, tripping so lightly as hardly to rustle the fallen October leaves; over the low fence that divided the garden from a small park, up through the gloomy-looking trees, and then came to a standstill in front of the grey house. It was a still, soft night; the French windows of some room were open, and a stream of light lay over the grass. A nightingale was singing in a tree close by, and Madge saw someone approach the window and stand in an attitude of rapt attention. Some few minutes after the song had ceased, the someone moved slowly away, as if awakening from a dream; then a weird, wild melody arose—a perfect wail of sadness, and Madge, drawn by she knew not what, crept nearer and nearer, as if under some powerful influence. Now she stood on the wide, low stone steps; nearer and nearer she moved; the strange music thrilled her



THE DARK-EYED GIRL CLASPED HER HANDS.

with a passionate sympathy; it seemed as if some hungry soul cried out for comfort. She had crossed the threshold, and stood within the room. There, under the full glare of a large hanging-lamp, she saw the blind sculptor.

Violin and bow in hand he stood, his face upturned as if the sightless eyes could see beyond the ceiling some bright Paradise he fain would enter, but dare not. Perfectly moulded features, but so pale that the black hair and eyelashes gave him almost a startling appearance.

Madge was now before him, her hands tightly clasped, her lips half parted, as if literally drinking in the notes as they swelled forth from the slim white fingers. The impromptu died slowly away, and Madge drew a long, trembling sigh.

The sharp ears of the blind man caught the sound. "Who's here?" he demanded roughly, after a perceptible start.

"Don't be angry—I heard your music—and—I came," answered Madge softly and pleadingly.

"You must like music if it tempts you to come here uninvited," he said, haughtily.

"Yes, I like music," she said, taking no notice of the last part of his sentence; "but such music as yours is a religion, and I worship it," with an intensity of tone that startled him out of his customary discourtesy.

"Who are you?" he again demanded, this time in a tone devoid of aught save interest.

"My name is Madge, and I want to be your friend—to come and listen to your playing, to read and sing to you while you work"—her voice passion-

ately eager—"to talk to you until you have forgotten what it is to be sad," she ended up with tears in her eyes.

"Thank you," he answered, when he had sufficiently conquered his wonderment. "I am afraid you are entering a long servitude—till I forget what it is to be sad," quoting her words.

"Oh, no; I will be your sight—describe to you the sun-sinking, then the after-glow; now the darkness and shadows creeping over the earth; then the moon peeping between the clouds, as if nervous of showing her full beauty; the sky jewelled with stars; the streams, looking like liquid silver in the moonlight. I will tell you how the leaves turn colour, till the landscape looks like a piece of old tapestry, so beautifully are the colours blended; how different the range of hills is in the morning and evening lights, now shaded green and yellow, then a rich purple; how the country looks in its different mantles of winter, spring, summer and autumn, till you see them and know and love them as I do. Oh, you shall not miss all the lovely things in nature."

The sculptor was strangely moved; her eloquent earnestness seemed to touch some silent chord within his breast. He stretched out both hands and she laid hers in them—such soft, small hands; he held them open and suddenly imprinted a kiss in each palm.

"You are not angry with me now?" she asked.

"Angry with you? Nobody could be," he answered.

"I used to think that when my father and mother were alive, but it is different now. My aunt is often



MADGE DREW A TREMBLING SIGH.



MADGE LAID HER HAND ON HER CONDUCTOR'S ARM.

in the foliage and you can see glimpses of red brick; the moon is shining full on the house at present."

"Thank you," he answered simply.

"Will this window be open to-morrow?" asked Madge hesitatingly.

"Henceforth it shall always be open," he said in a low voice.

"Where is your studio? I suppose you work in the morning?"

"Will you come and look at it," he answered, understanding that she wished to know where to find him on the morrow. He opened a door that led into a long corridor, lit only by the light which came from the room they were leaving. A little way down he opened another door. Involuntarily Madge laid her hand on her conductor's arm.

"It's a queer fad, is it not, carving tombstones?" he said, thinking she felt nervous at the sight of

angry with me; we do not understand each other at all," with a sigh.

"And where does my fairy visitor hail from?" he asked.

"Laurel Villa," she answered. "The garden joins yours—at least, there is only a low fence between."

"Can you see it from this window?"

Madge walked towards the window and looked out. "Yes," she answered; then, taking his face between her hands (she had to stand on tiptoe), she turned it in the direction of her home.

"There are thick green fir-trees in front of us, but here and there are a few breaks

so many monuments. Women were supposed to be sensitive creatures, he told himself.

"Rather a melancholy one, I should imagine," she answered.

"And so it suits my nature," he replied. "How do you like this?" moving rapidly away from her and evidently going up to some piece of work.

For a brief second Madge was silent; how was she to tell him that she could see nothing, that the room was in complete darkness? She felt that a shock such as this to a sensitive nature would be fatal to her mission.

"It is really beautiful." Then she moved slowly and cautiously in the direction of his voice, groping her way past things that felt icy cold to the touch.

"Come," he said, and this time his voice sounded in another direction, "you will see this by daylight, and then it will not look so uncanny."

"Oh, if I should knock over anything!" Madge thought to herself in terror, as with hands outstretched, she tried to quicken her pace.

The sculptor stood at the door waiting for his visitor; suddenly his keen ear caught the sound of a stifled exclamation, accompanied by a dull thud. In a moment he was at her side helping her up.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"No, thank you. There is something on the floor here that I did not see, and so fell over it. I should have been more careful; I hope I have not done any damage."

"Tell me," abruptly and sternly, as a thought struck him; "is there a light in this room?"

"No—o," reluctantly.

"Then you have been wandering among all that stuff in the dark?"

"Yes."

"A nice inducement for you to come and see me again! Ah, no! I have been so long alone I have grown selfish and cannot think for others. Leave me to myself," bitterly, as he led her back to the other room.

"Don't say anything like that," Madge cried passionately, and laid one hand impulsively over his mouth. Then she sat down at an open piano and, striking the introductory chords, she sang "The Message."

"I'd give heaven and earth to see you now," he murmured in a low, longing tone.

Madge finished her song and then asked, "How do you get to know the form of things for your sculpture?"

"I touch them again and again until the shape is engraven on my mind," he answered, not understanding the drift of her question.

"Then touch me," she said, so softly that he only just caught the words.

A strange tremor seized him as he approached the piano, and a wild feeling of intense happiness thrilled through every vein when she lifted his hands and put her face between them. Long he held it so, then took her chin in his left hand

while he passed the tips of his right fingers slowly and lingeringly over every feature, murmuring as he did so, "oval face, curved lips, arched eyebrows, long lashes, round and upturned chin."

"It is all so new and strange to me," he went on, speaking to himself; "this hair, how wondrously soft it is, and the skin feels like the velvet of a rose leaf;" then, as if remembering himself, he continued, "My knowledge of womankind is confined to Bridget and statues; Bridget is about sixty, and her face feels like a piece of leather, and she wears a wig made from an old mat."

"How funny," and Madge laughed joyously; she was but eighteen, and her sense of humour was easily tickled. What rich music it was to the lonely man's ears.

"And statues," he went on, "are cold and hard."

"What colour is your hair?" he asked presently.

"It is a sort of brown."

"Why a sort of brown?" with the first smile she had seen lighting up his face.

"Well," she answered, overjoyed at her success, "it varies with the light: in strong



HE PASSED HIS FINGERS OVER EVERY FEATURE.

sunshine it has a golden shade in it, on a grey day it is quite a dark brown, and by lamplight it has been called chestnut."

"And your eyes?" he questioned.

"There's a difference of opinion over them too," she answered laughingly; "some people call them blue, others grey, and one man declared they were black—but he had only seen them at night; at any rate, I am sure about my eyelashes, they are as black as yours."

"Are mine black?" he asked.

"Yes, and your moustache and your hair—oh, your hair is lovely!" Madge answered enthusiastically. "It is all in great black waves; you look just like those old engravings of poets."

"Are you trying to make me vain?" he asked, with a sad smile.

"No! no! I am only your looking-glass—a truthful, not a flattering one—but I must go—good-bye."

"Must you go? Well, so good-night, not good-bye if you mean to come to-morrow. I feel," he went on, holding her hands tightly clasped in his, "as if I were opening the door of a cage for a pet bird to fly away."

Long after she had left, the sculptor sat and thought; and when he lay down to rest that night, he drew a sigh of contentment and dreamed of strange, sweet things.

Day after day Madge climbed the fence and entered the open window; day after day she sang, read and talked to the sculptor; day after day he held her face in his hands, and touched it tenderly and lovingly with his delicate sensitive fingers.

"May the Lord bless her bonny face," old Bridget had said when she found Madge seated on one of the tombstones, talking to the sculptor at work and laughing joyously. "Faith it's herself can make the master forget his troubles."

The sculptor was hard at work on a statue of his fairy visitor. Madge was struck with admiration at the truthfulness of the likeness.

"It's so like me!" she said wonderingly.

"It ought to be," he answered gravely;

"I know you so well now."

Time went on, the winter had melted into spring, and April's smiles and tears were awakening the flowers as the statue neared completion.

"Such a strange thing happened this morning," Madge said one day; "I find I am possessed of a cousin of whose existence I knew nothing."



THE SCULPTOR SAT AND THOUGHT.

"A girl?" he asked, strangely moved.

"No, a boy; at least," laughingly, "perhaps he would not be flattered at being called a boy, as he owns to twenty-two years of age. He is on his way from America here, and will be with us at the end of the week."

The chisel slipped, and entering the hand of the sculptor, made a deep cut; the red blood rushed out and stained a dark spot right on the bosom of the statue.

"Oh, you are hurt; let me bind it for you," and Madge took the injured hand and gently bound her handkerchief round it.

"It is nothing," he answered, almost brusquely, but finding he could not continue his work he said, "let us go and have some music;" and on reaching the room, he sat down at the piano and sang "Dear Heart."

"So long the day, so dark the way,
Dear heart, before you came,"

till Madge could hardly restrain her tears: how cruelly real those words must be to him—

"For then I stood as in some wood,
And vainly sought for light."

"If you are going to be melancholy, I think it is time I went home," she said, between smiles and tears.

The next few days Madge experienced a sense of restraint in his presence: it was as if something had upset their old relations.

"The cousin has arrived," she announced one day.

"Well?" rather impatiently.

"He is short, fair-haired, has blue eyes and an American twang, 'I guess you oughter see New York,'" mimicking the accent to such perfection that even the sculptor laughed, and, trying to keep relief out of his voice, said:

"That sounds as if you were not especially struck with the new cousin. You are rather hard on him, are you not?"

"Oh dear, no. I like him immensely; he is so entertaining and amusing."

"Ah!"

A long pause, during which Madge watched the sculptor intently. At last she said severely:

"You have a melancholy fit on again to-day. Now, you have had too many lately; it is just as bad for you to indulge in them as it is for an opium-eater to eat opium."

"I am afraid I am as incurable as the opium-eater."

"Oh no, I have great hopes of you yet, and if I could only smuggle in the American cousin your cure would be an accomplished fact."

"I beg you will not smuggle in the American cousin," haughtily.

"Don't be angry; I cannot bear you to be angry with me," seizing his hands and raising a lovely, pleading face to him. "It hurts me when you are sad, and I try to laugh away my pain," with a break in her voice.

"My sunshine! You are indeed the light of my life," he said suddenly, and, taking her face in his hands, kissed it passionately.

Madge started away and made for the window; then turned, and seeing the sculptor standing so dejected, she came back and raising his hands, kissed them, and saying softly, "I am not angry," she ran lightly away.

One morning Madge did not come to the old grey house, and the sculptor wandered aimlessly about unable to concentrate his attention on anything; at length he called Bridget, and leaning on her arm walked into the grounds.

"Ah, shure, and there's Miss Madge," the old woman exclaimed suddenly; "and walkin' wid a small gintleman wid fair hair; she's a darlint, she is, and how purty she looks. Why the gintleman is afther givin' her a ring," continued

Bridget, her curiosity and interest aroused.

"Yes?" queried the sculptor faintly; his heart seemed to stop beating.

"She's puttin' it on her finger. Now they are afther turnin' back and goin' into the house."

"And so will we, Bridget."

As the sculptor entered the window, he shut and fastened it after him, and walking into his studio locked the door; then he sat for some time with his head supported in his hands, thinking. Presently he got up and fingered the finished statue lingeringly; then, taking a soft brush, dusted it tenderly, and took the flowers from a bowl on the table, placed there but yesterday by his little love, and strewed them round about the marble figure.

Meanwhile Madge had arrived, and finding her usual entrance barred, experienced an indefinable fear as she walked along the top of the steps to another French window; it was also shut, and she looked through. The sculptor stood with his arms wound round the statue and his lips pressed to its cold face.

"What did it mean?" she asked her-



RAISING A PLEADING FACE TO HIM.

self, wondering to see the flowers on the ground. But now the sculptor had moved, and she watched him with sickening anxiety approach a wall where hung a variety of arms: he selected a small Corsican stiletto, and felt the edge as he came back to the statue. Something in his face seemed to freeze every vein in Madge's body, every limb was petrified; but when he raised the stiletto suddenly and plunged it into his breast, she gave one great scream of agony, and, rushing against the window, smashed the glass, sprang through the jagged opening and dropped down beside him.

"Oh, my love! Oh, my love! Let me die too!" drawing the stiletto from his breast and burying it deeply into her own.

"The ring," murmured the dying sculptor dreamily.

In a flash Madge understood it all.

That scene in the garden had been witnessed by old Bridget and misconstrued.

"'Twas one of mine: I had it altered for you," she managed to say, each word costing her a painful effort.

"Madge!"—a startling cry. "Madge! —I—see—you!"

It was true! Death, ere he laid his cold hand on his forehead, had lifted the weights that for twenty years had lain on his eyelids, and Madge saw a pair of brown eyes looking into hers.

"This is heaven!" he whispered as Madge put her arms round his neck and laid her lips on his in a kiss that ended only with life.

The warm blood from the two wounds intermingled, and flowed in a crimson stream over the feet of the statue; and when the glow of the sunset had faded into night, the moon rose and bathed the group in a sea of silver.



"OH, MY LOVE! LET ME DIE TOO!"



T shall not go on much longer; that I vow.

"If she is not to be seen within the next moon, the palace doors shall be broken into and the Emperor robbed," and the speaker emphatically stamped his foot.

"Everything that can be done has been. We have prayed to the gods until we are hoarse; our most lordly possessions have been showered upon them; but they are silent, and will open their mouths only when—" and the speaker paused and looked round—"when the Yellow River shall be clear," he said with a sarcastic laugh; "but the joss-houses shall receive my offerings no more." With this threat, the speaker, bowing low, left his companion, and, turning down a side street, was soon out of sight; the first speaker also left the highway, and, entering the shop of a lantern merchant, started with his new listener the same topic.

"Ho! so Hal-Kuan vows to rob the palace and desert the joss-houses," laughed the merchant: "the first is easier said than done; the second is better said to oneself. For myself I care not. Three wives are enough for any one man to manage; but with you others I truly agree—she ought to be brought to light," and he painted assiduously on.

After a while, Tai-horo left the merchant's and strolled among his numerous titled acquaintances, and all agreed with him that something must be done, and at once.

Here was the Emperor, possessed of a most beautiful daughter, needing a husband; and here were all the would-be husbands refused even a sight of the lady's beauty, so closely confined was she kept from all outside eyes.

Only was it through the eyes and tongues of her maids that the outside world heard of her glorious, celestial beauty and her cruel captivity.

The Emperor, hearing of the turmoil in his kingdom, was nearly driven mad with fear. His daughter's close imprisonment was forced upon him; though none knew save Kang-ho, the mandarin; for, at her birth the beautiful Mai-nan had been terribly deformed, and it had only been through numerous visits to far distant joss-houses that the gods had promised coming beauty, on the one condition, that they alone should feast upon her loveliness and that no man save the Emperor and his chief mandarin—from whom there was little to fear, owing to his great age and ugliness—should instruct Mai-nan in the Chinese language.

Thus, what was to outer China a great marvel was to the Emperor and the princess an intense torture. From her very babyhood she had been closely watched and guarded; in childhood this had been tolerable; she knew nothing better; but, as she attained more years, the days dragged slowly by in their endless sameness, and Mai-nan, though very lovely, grew sullen and silent, and puffed her dainty pipe in quiet anger at her enforced solitude.

Four times in a year only was her loneliness broken in upon, and this interruption Mai-nan hated like poison. Punctually at the same hour of the day, every quarter of a year, was she closely muffled up, safely confined in the Imperial carriage and driven she knew not whither.

The ending was always the same. She was unveiled, only to find herself in a magnificently pagoda'd temple and in the company of three hideous gods—squat,

yellow and blear-eyed—who bestowed on her jewels of great beauty, which she spurned with her tiny foot, praised her loveliness, and, after an hour's conversation and cross-questioning, permitted her to return to the carriage once more.

Tiny scraps of news reached her at times through her maids, and lately she had heard, with intense delight, the outside world's comments on her father's conduct.

But, up to the present, it had only made his treatment of her the harsher, his visits the rarer, and her seclusion the more severe.

At last, one morning, a strange order came; she was to appear before her father in the audience hall. Tremblingly she dressed herself in all her finery, her hair only remaining unadorned, she being unmarried; wondering what could have caused the royal command, never before received. At the stated time she appeared before him, and even he—the Emperor

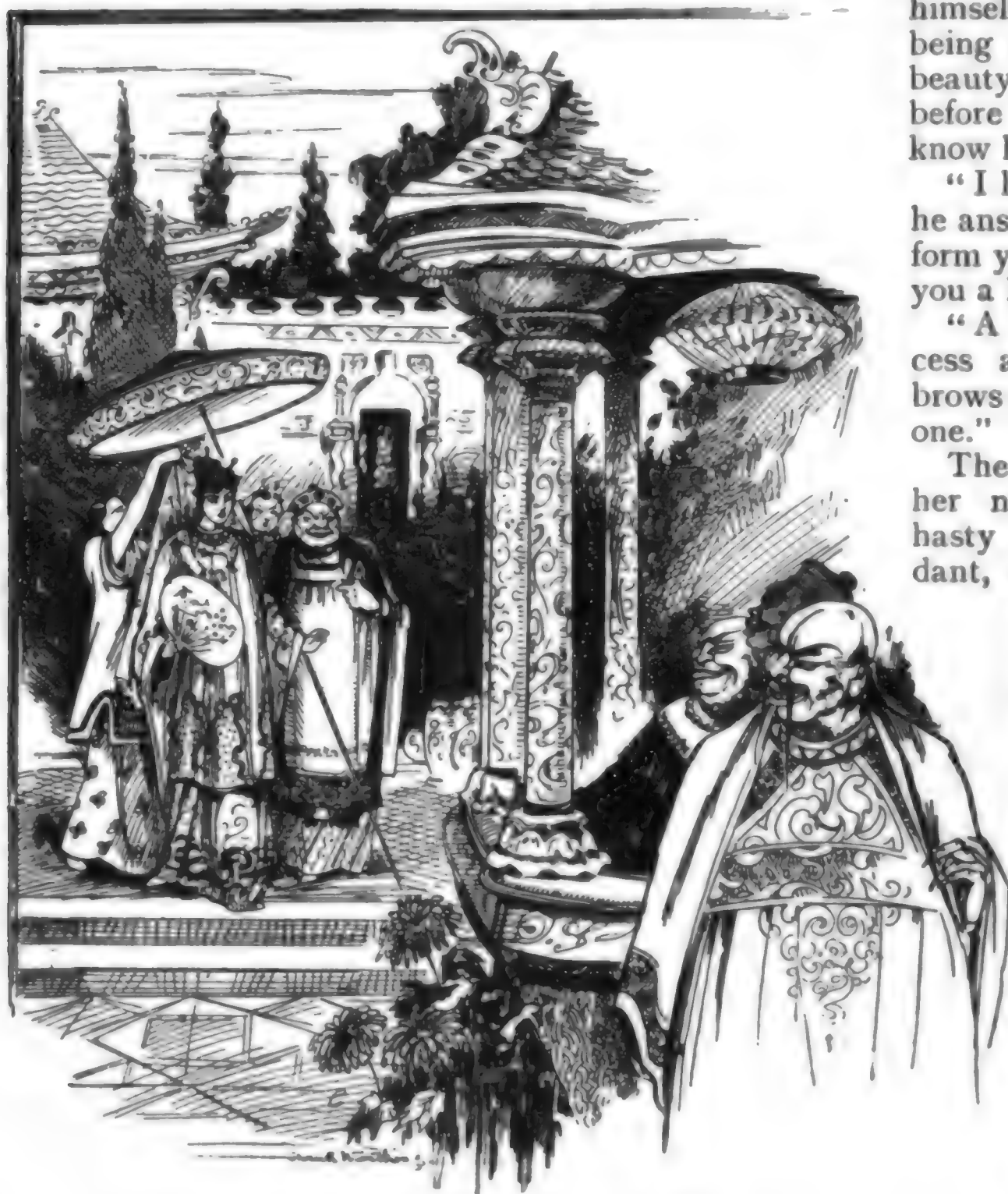
himself—could not help being struck with her great beauty, as, humbly kneeling before him, she begged to know his commands.

"I have summoned you," he answered gruffly, "to inform you that I have chosen you a husband."

"A husband!" the princess arched her pencilled brows; "but I don't want one."

The Emperor answered her not, but spoke some hasty words to an attendant, who at once left the hall, and returned a few moments later, followed by someone whom she had seen only too often, and one whom she regarded with an intense hatred, Kang-ho, the mandarin.

The new-comer, who was bent and wizened beyond description, but who nevertheless was sumptuously attired, bowed low at the feet of his lord, and advancing to the side of Mai-nan,



THE ENDING WAS ALWAYS THE SAME.

lifted her tiny fingers to his lips.

"Your husband," said the Emperor, with a lofty wave of his hand. For he had solved the difficult problem thus:

As China clamoured for a spouse for his daughter, and the gods forbade such a thing, there was a middle step to take: she might, at least, wed her tutor, the hideous Kang-ho, and so quiet the longings of younger and handsomer men and soothe the jealousy of the three deities.

Mai-nan started back in a fright. This creature! this old, feeble being, who could not surely live many more moons!

"*This* my husband!" she screamed, stamping her foot, "I will never marry him, never," and casting a shower of angry glances at the astonished mandarin, she rushed from the apartment. As she ran hastily towards her own room, her hand was gently and firmly clasped, and, turning round, she beheld at her feet an extremely handsome young man, who, as he smothered both her hands with kisses, said:

"Do not fear, Mai-nan; he shall not wed you. Watch to-night from your window."

As the last words left his lips she sped away, only just in time to escape the eyes of her angry father.

Reaching her apartment, she hastily locked the doors, and casting herself upon her mat, lay there trembling with excitement.

What did it mean? Would she, indeed, be saved from her lonely position—not by the wizened Kang-ho, but by the handsome stranger?



SHE STOOD AS ONE TRANSFIXED.

So light became her heart at the prospect, that her father, pausing outside her door on his way from quieting the disappointed mandarin in the Imperial hall, was astonished to hear, instead of the moaning and sobbing he was listening for, gay snatches of song, sweet as a bird's, filling the chamber. Even the itinerant barbers and cat merchants beneath her window, listening to her song, were amazed, and said:

"The princess is gay; she has a husband."

As night drew on, and her attendants left her one by one, Mai-nan grew silent and trembled in every limb, her chief thought was that the window must be watched. Softly she drew near, and crouching beneath its sill, gazed steadfastly out on the glorious Chinese night, that grand bright blue darkness of sky that baffles all description, on the moon shining calmly down on the rushing Yellow River, tipping with

snowy fingers, the distant Seven Star Mountains, and casting into deepest darkness the far-away Vale of Tombs.

Suddenly she started, and, peering out with anxious eyes, beheld a tightly closed sedan chair, carried by two muffled men. The foremost one perceiving her, raised his covering and disclosed to her eyes her comforter of the morning.

Without thought of fear, she lightly dropped from the window, and entering the chair, the palace was soon left behind.

The swift feet of her carriers seemed unflagging, and it was with a feeling of intense satisfaction that Mai-nan watched the day breaking over the hills from a tiny opening in her chair and knew she must be already many miles from home.

At last she felt her bearers stop, and as the carriage rested, she sprang eagerly to the ground, only to be received in the

love-like embrace of the handsome Tew-pei.

She struggled from his arms and turned with delight to view a scene altogether new to her. She stood as one transfixed, eagerly drinking in the sweet scented morning air, blowing softly through the banyan trees above her head; but turned at the sound of her protector's voice.

"We cannot stay here," he said anxiously; "it is but a momentary resting-place,

and fear not; I am Tew-pei," he added proudly, "grandson to a god, and the great Vale of Tombs holds no terrors for me; it is there we must hide and seek aid, for alone we can never safely fly from before the face of the Emperor."

Mai-nan does not fear; unused to the outer world, the Vale of Tomb holds not the dread over her that it does for all China; and she readily assents to her lover's plans."

Before departing for the distant gloom,

Tew-pei's companion bade them adieu, not, however, before he had, with the other's aid, carefully hidden amongst the undergrowth the now useless chair. The fugitives rested only till he was out of sight and then started once more on their flight.

Five hours later they entered the dreary waste of the Vale of Tombs. They paused, hand in hand, at its entrance, struck with an icy chill at its solemn silence. Around them was a massive gloom of pine and willows; at their feet crumbled the ancient coffins and urns of those whom the soothsayers, not finding (or rather not caring to find) on their sticks of fate the appointed place for their interment, had suffered to lie there unburied. The crumbling walls were covered with strange devices, praises to the gods, and legends of bygone families; very little light forced its way between the overhanging boughs, and the earth beneath their feet was damp and rank. But Tew-pei would not suffer the Emperor's daughter to stop, but pushed on with all speed, only waiting now and then to raise from their path a

fallen bough or a too loathsome skeleton.

They paused at length before a group of magnificent pines, closer, darker and more ancient than any of the rest.

"What are you stopping for?" Mai-nan asked in wonder.

"It is our resting-place, the centre of our hopes, the temple of Heen-tsae-foh."

"What!" Mai-nan cried; "the evil one of the gods?"

"Even so," Tew-pei answered, and, thrusting his way before, between the



"WHAT DO YOU SEEK?"

already the Emperor will be aroused. Can you trust all to me?" and he raised two honest eyes to the girl's face.

"To the end."

Tew-pei's companion discreetly turned away his head, and there was a moment's silence before the ardent wooer spoke again.

"I am taking you to a place of dread," he said, the Vale of Tombs, "the haunt of the witches, demons, evil spirits and soothsayers, but it is our one chance;

massive trunks, they came at length upon a small open space, in the centre of which stood a crumbling, deserted joss-house, long since forsaken by Chinese worshippers as being the haunt of an evil and malicious deity.

Together they entered and, after one hurried glance around, fell prostrate before the mouldering, filthy altar, still covered with fantastic figures and fate sticks, surrounding a wooden deity with a grinning yellow face and vacant stare.

"It is Heen-tsae-foh," Tew-pei whispered, awe-struck, as he kissed the ground, while Mai-nan followed suit, and there and then he began a long, melodious chanting, setting forth in flowery sentences the numerous virtues of the staring god, begging him, for the sake of some bygone relationship, to take pity on them and show some new sign of his past glory.

Scarcely had he made an end of his prayer than an icy chill filled the place, the walls shook at the mercy of a wild, thundering wind, fierce flashes of lightning almost blinded the eyes of the joss-house occupants and, while they trembled and shook in nameless dread, the eyes of Heen-tsae-foh rolled in their sockets, his mouth twitched and, with a low, mumbling and groaning, he stepped from his wooden platform to the ground.

"What do you seek? Why disturb my sleep of centuries?"

"It is your mighty aid we crave. Oh! Heen-tsae-foh, do not forsake us."

The god shook his head and seemed inclined to step back again to his wooden platform, and was only stopped by the hand of Tew-pei, who poured out this time, with eloquent tongue, the tale of their woes. The god appeared unmoved at this pathetic story till Tew-pei mentioned the names of the three deities who had commanded the confinement of Mai-nan. Then his hitherto vacant countenance lit up with a diabolical grin as he stamped his stumpy feet and cried:

"What! the gods who have banished my worshippers and spread evil fame around my dwelling. I will, indeed, help you and punish them for ever; but it will be my last effort, and made at the cost of my own power. Afterwards, the deity of Heen-tsae-foh will be, indeed, but painted wood; then—hark!" he cried, and to the affrighted ears of Mai-nan and her lover came the sound of distant shouting and trampling of feet.

"They will find us," the girl cried, and threw herself at the feet of the god. For answer, he stretched out his hands with the long curling nails, over the heads of the fugitives, and next moment joss-house, crumbling ruins and Vale of Tombs had passed away, and, instead of the darkened pines, there flowed beside them the volume of waters of the great Yellow River, at its meeting with the glorious sea: but Heen-tsae-foh was beside them, and the trampling of feet was nearer than ever.

Next moment the shores of the river were covered by a bustling throng, in the centre of which stamped and foamed the Celestial Emperor and the three enemies of Heen-tsae-foh.

When his imperial highness saw with whom his daughter and her lover were, he haughtily demanded his mighty friends to instantly kill the offending god; for he deemed, since they had caused him all this trouble in the satisfying of their selfish pleasure, the least they could do was to restore the kingdom to peace again. But the gods hesitated: they recognised with startled eyes the hated enemy they had thought exhausted centuries ago, and they felt his time for revenge had come. With a hideous smile of delighted malice, Heen-tsae-foh pointed to the trembling deities, as he turned and faced the Emperor.

"Your Celestial Highness," he said, bowing low, with demoniacal smile, "your daughter has chosen a new protector, and we will see which proves the stronger. Let their three highnesses enter with me"—and he pointed to where on the sparkling river there lay a junk, dazzling in its magnificent splendour of golden ornamentation and silken sails—"this junk; in it we will sail past the Melon Island and the Porcelain Pagoda out to sea.

"If the power of your friends is great, and they turn the course of the vessel back again, let Mai-nan and Tew-pei fall under your just displeasure; but if my power be the greater, and its course be unchanged, then, O Emperor, take the wrongdoers to your heart and proclaim them royal prince and princess."

In vain the gods yelled and protested. The Emperor was firm and fully agreed to the Tomb God's plan. Into the junk they were hustled, followed calmly by Heen-tsae-foh.

Five minutes later the shore was deserted; the people had flown on feet of air towards the Melon Island, there to await

the appearance of the beautiful junk and its mighty occupants.

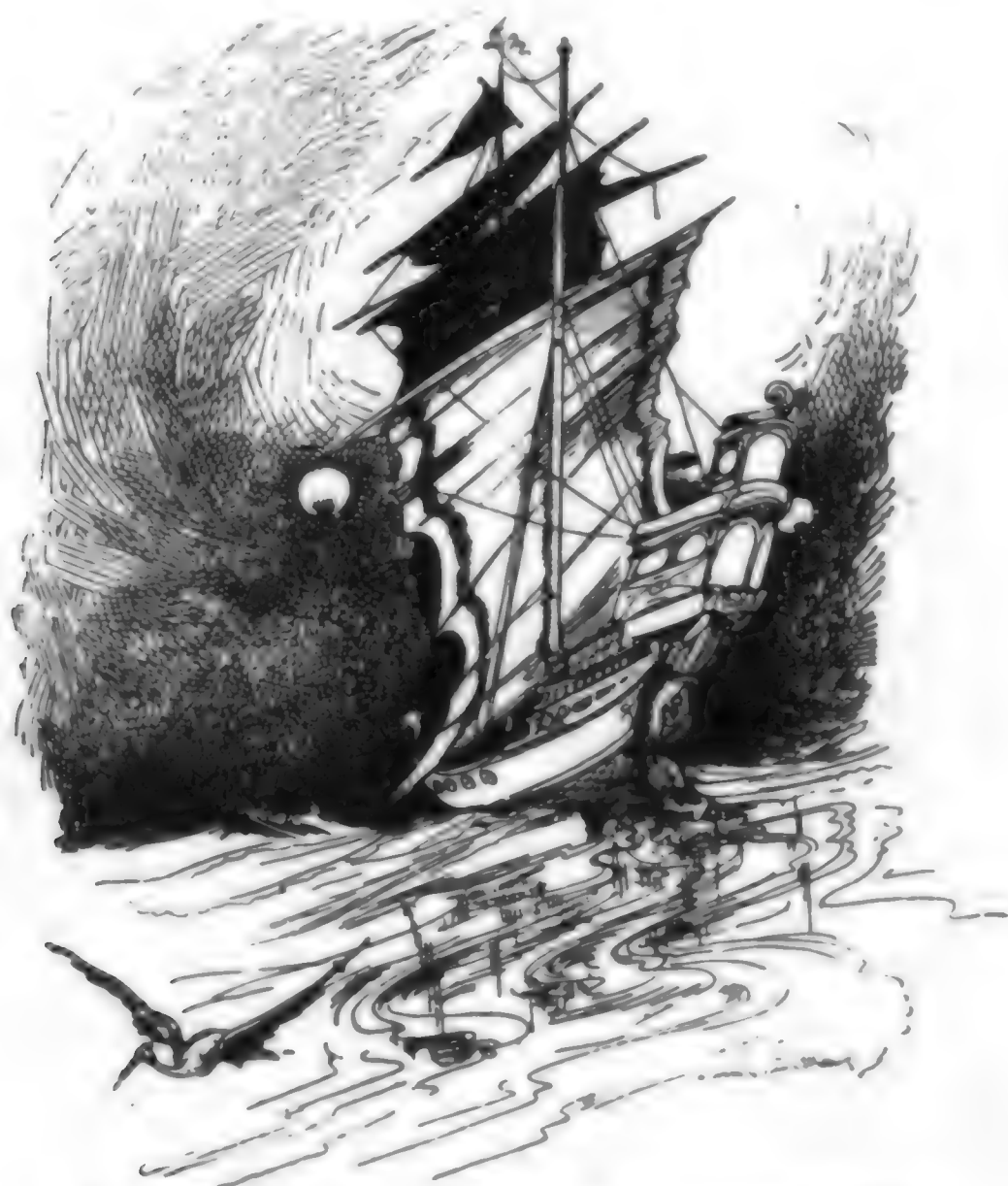
The Emperor was foremost amongst them, turning in his mind, whether to wish his gods to conquer and his daughter's lover to perish, or whether to wish them well rid of, and the kingdom at peace again; and his feelings turned affectionately to the latter hope.

There was a clang of silvery bells, broken by the hideous cries and appeals of agonised beings; and slowly, with unaltered course, past the marvelling eyes of the astounded multitude, the junk spread its silvery sails out to the ocean breeze, sailed grandly past the Melon Island and the Tower of Porcelain, and in spite of the outstretched hands and the heartrending

yells of the three gods, softly dipped its glittering prow into the water as it moved calmly out on the waters of the Yellow River to the vast, mighty expanse of the thundering ocean.

As the last glimpse of the mysterious junk faded away, and the piercing shrieks died on the breeze, the Emperor turned, and clasping Mai-nan in his arms, pressed her hand into that of her lover.

All that day and night the people watched with untiring eyes the waters of the great Yellow River for the returning junk—but it came not, and for ever after the temple of the three gods remained empty, and the barren joss-house in the Vale of Tombs slowly crumbled away, adding its time-worn relics to the mouldering heaps around.



TO THE VAST, MIGHTY EXPANSE OF THE THUNDERING OCEAN.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.



CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

HISTORIC HOMES—CHATSWORTH.

CHATSWORTH, the ancestral home of the Cavendish Family, is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Derwent and amidst some of the most charming scenery in Derbyshire. This stately pile stands in relief against a wooded background, and is composed of four equal sides, surrounding a court, with a fountain in the centre. The somewhat severe Ionic outline is broken by a wing, which was added in 1820. The present mansion, however, was preceded by others, and one of these was for several years the home of the unfortunate Queen Mary of Scotland, when she was the prisoner of her Cousin Elizabeth. In the grounds may still be seen her favourite retreat, "the Queen's Bower," and in the neighbouring churchyard of Edenser, is the grave of a faithful member of her household, John Beton.

The extensive gardens are laid out in the most elaborate manner, and fountains, cascades of water, statuary and magnificent conservatories are important features in the landscape. A glasshouse of enor-

mous dimensions is said to have suggested the idea for the building designed by Sir Joseph Paxton for the exhibition of 1851, and which was afterwards re-erected at Sydenham.

The present house, which is about two hundred years old, was commenced in 1688 by William Cavendish, first Duke of Devonshire, and was completed by the late Duke in 1840. It contains a priceless collection of works of art, and many of the rooms are enriched with the matchless carvings of Grinling Gibbons and his contemporaries. In the Sketch Gallery may be seen a large number by the old masters which were purchased at great cost by the second Duke.

The old state bedroom is also regarded with great interest by visitors. The painted ceiling represents "Aurora chasing away the Night," and the walls are hung with heavily embossed and gilded leather, showing an arabesque pattern. Introduced in the frieze are medallions bearing the bust of one of the Dukes of Devonshire, his crest, coronet and monogram, and over the doors are wood carv-

ings consisting of groups of musical instruments. The mantelpiece is surrounded by delicately wrought cherubs, heads and foliage. A magnificent velvet canopy, bearing the Cavendish arms and other devices, owes its existence to the industry of Christina, Duchess of Devonshire. In this room are preserved the coronation chairs and footstools of George III. and

Queen Charlotte, and of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and a wardrobe which is said to have belonged to Louis XVI. The carved, wainscoted walls of the state drawing-room throw the painted ceiling into prominence. The subject chosen by the artist is the Fates cutting the thread of life, surrounded by other gods and goddesses. This apartment contains many interesting: curiosities among others, the rosary of Henry VIII.; a malachite clock presented by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, marble busts of this monarch and his wife, etc. etc.

The Sabine Room, as its name denotes,

is entirely covered with a continuous painting depicting the Rape of the Sabines, treated in an allegorical manner.

The library has eight windows and between each of these are presses for books; the opposite wall is lined in a similar manner, a gallery giving access to the upper shelves. The ends of this apartment are also lined with countless volumes, and among them are preserved a rich collection of MSS. Particularly interesting to book-lovers, from an artistic and historic point of view, are the Anglo-Saxon MS. of "Caedmon," and the prayer-book of Henry VII. The latter has one

hundred and eighty-six leaves of vellum, on several of which miniatures of exquisite colouring and design are painted. It also has a sentimental value, as it was given by the King to his daughter Margaret, Queen of Scotland, and contains the following touching lines:

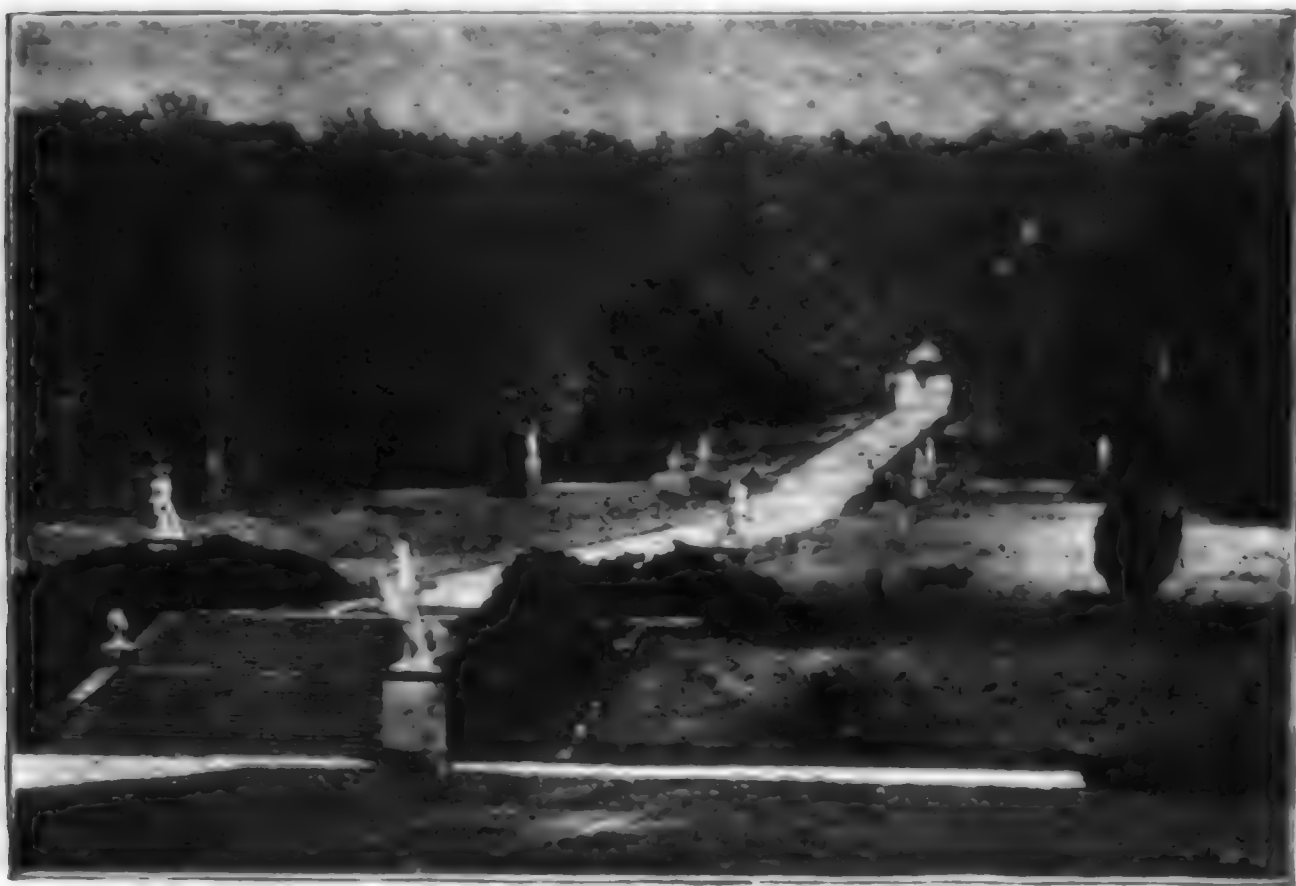
"Remember ye Kynde and loving fader in yor prayers. Henry R.

"Pray for your loving fader that gave you this booke and gave you God's blessing and mine."

A visit to Chatsworth would not be



ENTRANCE GATE, CHATSWORTH.



THE GREAT CASCADE, CHATSWORTH.

complete without viewing the sculpture gallery, with its walls of finely-dressed sandstone and doorcases of Derbyshire marble. A recumbent figure of the sleeping Endymion, guarded by his watchdog; a statue of Madame Mere, the parent of the first Napoleon, and a bust of her famous son, at once arrest attention. Thorwaldsen has executed a charming Venus holding the apple; also a group—Priam petitioning

THE HOME.

It has often occurred to me that our kitchens are capable of possibilities which would render them more comfortable, cleanly and suitable for the work that is carried on therein, if a little more attention were paid to them when they are in the builders' hands.

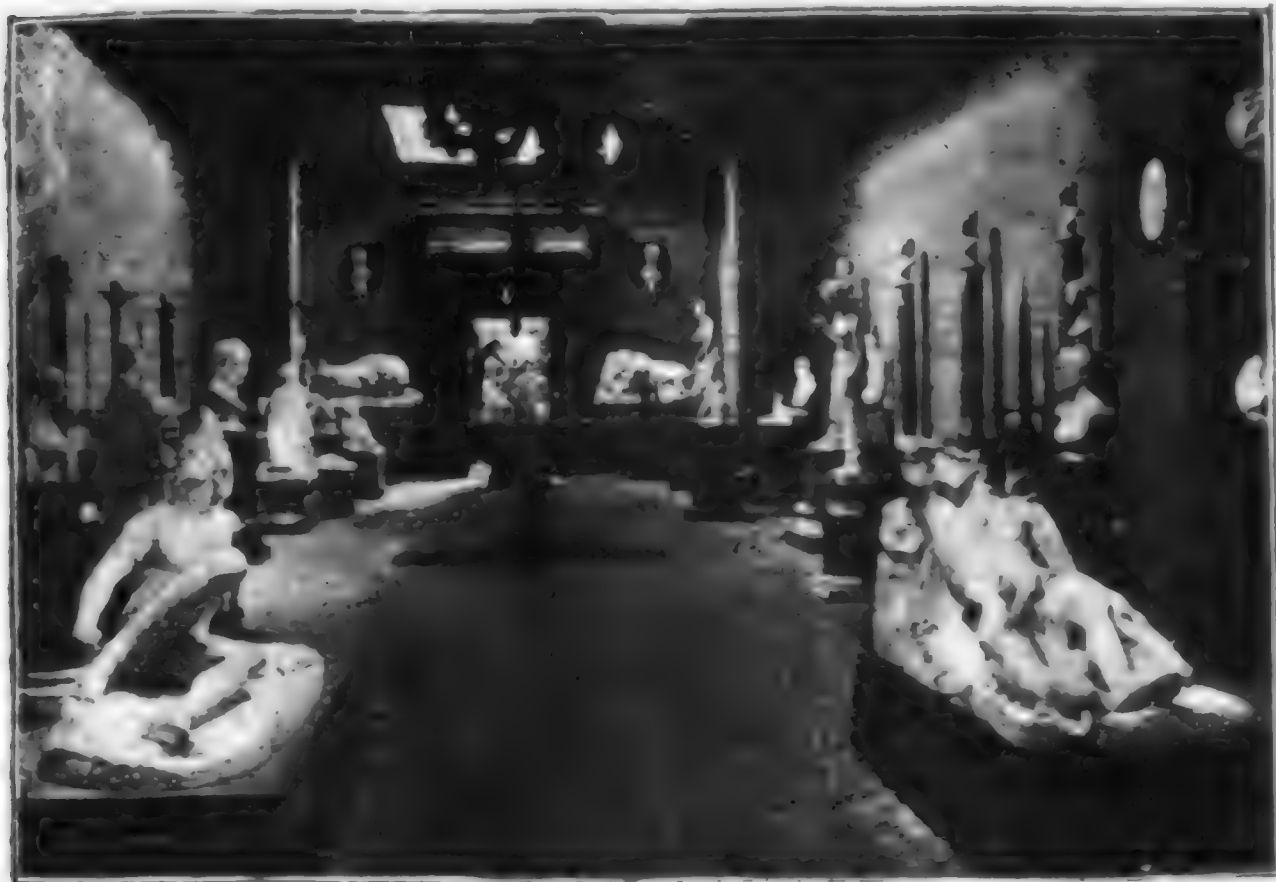
Tiled walls or, failing these, glazed bricks of various colours, form prettier mural decorations, than a wide expanse of oil paint of a nondescript shade, or than the hideous varnished papers supposed to resemble grained wood, but which are only libels upon that material.

A simple stained wooden ceiling could be substituted for lath and plaster at small expense; and lozenge-shaped squares of black and white stone for bricks of a more or less porous character.

Where a wooden

floor is already laid, it should be entirely covered with oilcloth of small design, and not too dark a colour. This forms an insurmountable barrier to cockroaches, crickets and other vermin. Tiles at the back of the stove, and two or three courses above the sink economize labour; and a gas stove, or where this medium is not available, one which will burn oil or methylated spirits, is a source of joy to the cook. However good her intentions may be, she cannot always insure the fire burning up sufficiently to boil the kettle for the early cup that cheers, not to mention shaving water, etc. etc.; and neither mistress nor maid is any the worse for a little well-made tea or cocoa an hour before the usual breakfast hour. I prefer the delicate aroma of Gaskin's Pure Colonial Cocoa, which is unsweetened, and is more easily digested than those which are combined with sugar, starch and similar ingredients, to tea. But this is a personal matter, which no one can decide for another.

The kitchen up-to-date should have good pine furniture, stained and varnished,



THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

Achilles for the dead body of Hector. These, however, are only a few examples of the works of art which have been brought within the limits of the gallery. Many others, whose beauties must be seen to be realised, are placed on pedestals, or overflow to other parts of the house. The charming châtelaine who presides over all these treasures with such charm and grace is Louise Frederica Augusta, Duchess of Devonshire; the daughter of the late Count von Alten and widow of William Drogo Montagu, seventh Duke of Manchester. Her second marriage took place so recently as August, 1892, and, if the voice of rumour is to be believed, a romantic friendship has existed for many years; and the influence of his present wife has played an important part in the Duke's political career.*

* Those who would like to know more of the history of Chatsworth are referred to an interesting book by S. C. Hall and Llewellyn Jewitt, entitled "The Stately Homes of England," to the authors of which the present writer is indebted for many particulars mentioned in this article.

and plenty of roomy cupboards and drawers. A table covered with a thin sheet of tin, takes no harm if a boiling saucepan is placed upon it, and comfortable rush chairs, and a cushioned basket chair for times of leisure, are not expensive items. If punctuality and order are to be observed, there must be a reliable clock in the kitchen. It is absolutely useless to expect regular meals and work, if this detail is disregarded; and an American timepiece, which one day gains, the next loses and the third refuses to go at all, is conducive to squalls in the domestic regions.

If servants are supplied with a reasonable number of labour-saving appliances, have their hours for meals respected, and a fair amount for recreation permitted them, they, in nine cases out of ten, repay these little attentions with true and faithful service.

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

One has only to take a quiet stroll down Oxford and Bond Streets, Piccadilly, the Burlington Arcade and Regent Street, to realise that window-dressing is no longer a branch of a business, performed in a more or less perfunctory manner, but a fine art, only indulged in by those possessing artistic tastes, exceptional skill, and a quick eye for the subtle blending of colours. The principal thoroughfares of our gay Metropolis afford wealthy and poor alike, free gratis and for nothing, an ever-changing exhibition of all that is rich and rare, and one that no other capital in Europe could rival. From the meanest trades to those of the

highest order, minute attention is now paid to detail, and, whatever the wares may be, they are displayed in such a manner that they cannot fail to attract and please the passer-by. Even that *bête noir* of a past generation of Englishwomen, the butcher's shop, is no longer a source of repulsion and disgust. White tiled walls and marble slabs, form an appropriate resting-place for well-dressed meat of every description, and spotless cleanliness prevails. Fish and poultry receive the same tender care, and those colours which contrast to best advantage (as, for example, the silvery scales of the salmon, the rich crimson of the lobster, or delicate pink of the prawn and the neutral tinted shell of the oyster), are invariably placed in juxtaposition. Fennel and heather are also important adjuncts from a decorative point of view. Confectioners and caterers are well to the fore, and tempt the eye as well as the palate, by garnishings of every device and colour. Floral depôts are converted into fairy groves by the aid of virgin cork, looking-glass, miniature icebergs, palms, ferns, and a wealth of blossom; crystal and delicately painted china, have their beauties revealed by cunningly disposed

and carefully shaded electric light. Quaint forms in brass and copper, shine with a ruddy gleam, and gems of dazzling brilliance and silver plate are thrown into relief by backgrounds of faintly-tinted velvet. Household plenishings of every sort and kind appeal to those who look upon their homes as the centre of the universe; and richest fabrics are destined to clothe the human form.



A PRETTY TEA GOWN.



AN EVENING GOWN, RE-MADE.



A NEW VISITING COSTUME.

ELECTRIC-BLUE CLOTH COSTUME FOR CHILD.

EAU DE NIL SATIN EVENING GOWN.

THE LATEST SPRING FASHIONS.

Truly a panorama of Oriental splendour, and oftentimes a stumbling-block to the *fin de siècle* woman.

With the near approach of the London

season it is necessary to take counsel, so that we shall not, like the foolish virgins, be unprepared when the bridegroom cometh; or if he cometh not, avoid

being a source of annoyance and an eyesore to our friends, who regard any lapses in our toilet as a direct and deliberate insult to their dignity. Evening gowns naturally engage a good deal of attention, and the two models given this month cannot fail to satisfy our readers. The first of these lends itself to a variety of fabrics, and its classical outline adapts it to a meubim figure. It would be charming in *crêpe de Nil* satin with passementerie of a deeper shade, and the flounce, under-sleeves and bertha of black Maltese lace. Or the design could be carried out in cream or turquoise *satin duchesse*, with equally good effect. A simple silk dress of any colour could be successfully remodelled on the lines suggested in another sketch, with a few



USEFUL WALKING OR TRAVELLING COSTUME.

yards of velveteen or plush, and would present few difficulties to the amateur modiste. A pretty tea-gown is an indispensable adjunct to every lady's wardrobe, and may be regarded by those in doubt as a distinct economy; for it is quite suitable, if well chosen and tastefully made, for a dinner *en famille*, and takes the place of a more expensive dress, to the obvious advantage of the latter. One composed of dove-coloured Irish poplin, with a drapery of ivory Valenciennes lace, is sure to meet with approval. The waist is confined by a simple satin sash of the darker tint, and bows of the same are used on the bodice. For a smart visiting-dress nothing could be prettier than a simple gown of fawn cloth, outlined with black velvet, and worn over a vest and under-sleeves of cream Liberty silk. A large black velvet hat, with plumes of ostrich feathers and fan-shaped bows of cream silk, completes this stylish costume. Another figure shows a

shrunk navy serge, trimmed with fancy black braid. A habit-bodice is worn beneath the single-breasted coat, or if desired, a waistcoat of serge, drill or other material can be substituted. For hard wear nothing can equal serge, and when tailor-made, it will present a good appearance for an astonishing length of time.

Alpacas, satin cloths, cashmeres and similar fabrics are in great request, and are well adapted for children's frocks where the minimum of cost and the maximum of wear are required. The school dress can be made in any of these materials, and can be trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, or in some cases with black. Our artist has designed a bewitching little costume for a younger child, of electric-blue cloth, the cape and upper-sleeves are edged with velvet, and the soft silk yoke and under-sleeves, with turned-down collar and cuffs, are of soft silk, exactly matching the cloth. A picturesque velvet hat, with ostrich tips, forms a fitting background for the fresh young face beneath.

I wish to bring before the notice of

our country readers, as well as those who live in London, a new departure organised by the London Shoe Company, at their premises, 116 and 117, New Bond Street, W. This enterprising firm, for the benefit of past, present and future customers, have furnished and decorated in the most sumptuous manner, three handsome club-rooms, so that their numerous clients can have a convenient rendezvous in the West End where they can make appointments with friends, spend an hour or two in the intervals of shopping, read the papers, do their correspond-



SCHOOL DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL.

ence or obtain light refreshments at a nominal cost—in fact, enjoy all the advantages of a club without entrance fee

or annual subscription. Tickets will be issued to a limited number of ladies on application to the courteous Manager of the Company, providing two satisfactory references are given. Each member has the privilege of nominating one other. Holders of tickets are entitled to an absolutely free use of the salon, writing-room, boudoir and dressing-room during business hours, and are not expected to make purchases in the warehouse when passing through. The apartments contain two handsome pianos, some fine works of art, and the cosiest and most enticing easy-chairs and lounges, upholstered in strawberry brocade. The drawing-room is divided by Corinthian pillars, and the pale pink draperies harmonise well with the delicate green walls and white enamelled paint. In glass cases in the adjoining warehouse, I noticed the newest designs for evening shoes. The "Hazel-dine" (16s. 9d.), made of softest glacé kid, studded and embroidered with jet and bearing a beaded buckle, obtained the first prize — a magnificent piano — in the recent competition. The "Pansy" is a dainty satin slipper in fifty different shades, with a single flower in place of the usual bow, and which I was astounded to find could be purchased for the exceedingly moderate sum of 5s. 11d. "La Jacqueline" is another prettily embroidered kid or bronze shoe, which may be bought for 15s. 9d. Finest spun silk and lisle open-work hosiery in any colour cost respectively 2s. 11d. and 1s. 7½d. per pair, and the price of the daintiest brocade and satin bags lined with sarcenet, for holding shoes, fan, opera glass, etc., is only half-a-crown.

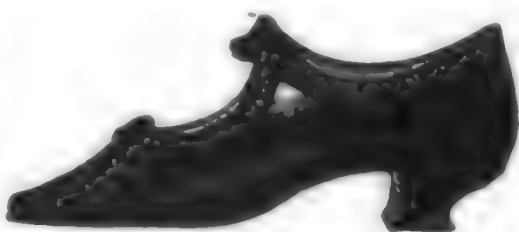
I have quoted prices for the benefit of those who live at a distance, and it should be remembered that country orders are sent, post free, from 116, Bond Street, W., and from 45A, Cheapside, the City warehouse.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness," is a motto which might be inscribed on the National Arms, for the proud inhabitants of Albion are second to none in their sincere affection for soap and water. The majority would as soon think of omitting

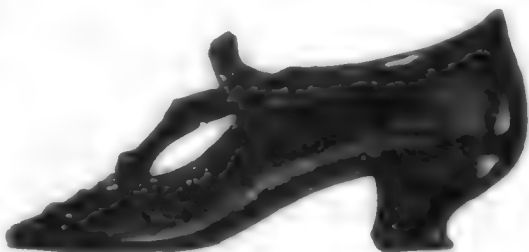
their breakfast as the matutinal tub, and regard with disgust the primitive ablutions of their Continental neighbours. The soap we use is also an important matter, and those which are technically known as super-fatted are to be preferred for delicate skins. So far back as the time of Pliny soap is referred to, and that philosopher remarks that the best then came from Germany. As the price was very high, the Romans sometimes substituted a certain root, found in Africa, which, when boiled, gave forth lather; and fine sand, rubbed in the body with the hand, was used for cleansing purposes by slaves and those of low degree. Among the wonderful discoveries at Pompeii a few years since was a soap-boiler's shop; and the soap, even after an interval of eighteen hundred years, had not lost its virtue.

This necessary of daily life is twice mentioned in the Bible. Jeremiah, who lived 600 B.C., writes:—"Though thou wash thee with water, and take thee much soap, yet thy iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God"; and Malachi, two hundred years later, speaks of "*Fuller's Soap*." Perfumes, too, played an important part in the toilettes of the fair sex in ancient days, particularly among Orientals. They sprinkled their wearing apparel with scented oils or waters, or fumigated them with the incense from odoriferous woods, and wore small bags of fragrant herbs sewn into their clothing. A sweet-smelling earth, called *ares*, found in Palestine, was largely used for scenting the handkerchief; and civet is also a very ancient perfume,

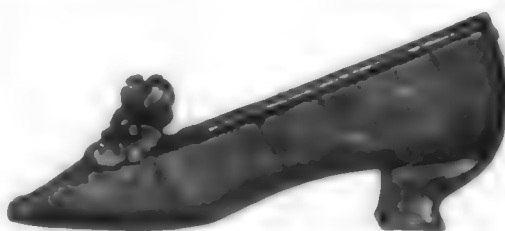
as was spikenard. The latter, perhaps the most costly of ancient perfumes, was brought by overland route from India, where it was grown, to Persia and Syria. Horace bears witness to its great value, and states that a small onyx box of it was equivalent to a large vessel of wine. The Romans gave the name of *nardus* to the plant, and that of *nardum* to its aromatic essence, used apparently as an essential oil, or *attar*, as it is called in the East. Rimmel, in his book of perfumes, gives many interesting particulars on this subject, and, among other things, tells us that saffron was one of the



No. 177. THE HAZELDINE (Prize).



No. 96. LA JACQUELINE.



No. 183. THE PANSY.

favourite scents of the Romans. Their apartments and banqueting halls were strewn with this plant; and extracts flowed in tiny streams, or descended in odorous showers over the guests. For private use, perfumes were generally enclosed in bottles made of alabaster or onyx, and, when required for the bath, were carried in a round box of ivory, called a *narthecium*. The commoner kinds were sold in little gilt shells and vessels of clay. Alcoholic perfumes do not appear to have been known until the fourteenth century, and the earliest of these, "Hungary Water," was so named because it was made in the year 1370, for Queen Elizabeth of Hungary. This lady obtained the recipe from a hermit, and after using it became so lovely that at the mature age of seventy-two, she received an offer of marriage from the King of Poland. This story, taken from a work published in Frankfort, in 1639, is related by Beckman in his History of Inventions, the author of which ungallantly doubts its accuracy—a conclusion for which there is little excuse, as he had no right to question the fascinations and captivating powers of ladies of any age, with or without the aid of Hungary Water.

"But why this dissertation on soaps and perfumes?" I hear my readers asking.

I can only claim their courtesy and reply that the few facts I have given on the subject were suggested by a recent visit to a well known soap and scent factory—that of Messrs. J. Grossmith and Son, 85, Newgate Street, London, the proprietors of which kindly permitted me to examine at leisure the various processes of the perfumer's art. There I found that female labour was by no means despised. Deft-handed lassies were busily employed in bottling, capping and labelling scents of every description, and in packing the most delicately perfumed soaps for the retail trade. Of the virtue of the latter I can speak from personal experience, and can confidently recommend "Hasu no Hana"—in plain English, the "Japanese Lotus Lily," a fragrant soap, which is unrivalled for the complexion and a veritable balm

for an irritable skin. A dentifrice and perfume of the same name, fulfil in the most perfect manner all the requirements of the toilette. Another delightful soap, containing the cream of emollients for the human cuticle, is called "The Hygienic." It lathers well, both in hot and cold water, and exhales a delightful odour. The "Betrothal Bouquet," dedicated by gracious permission to Princess May, has a distinctive floral character, and has been largely patronised by those who are connoisseurs of perfumes. A perfect boon to invalids are the neat little crystal bottles of violet smelling salts, which are most refreshing and invigorating. The goods supplied by this firm are all enclosed in pretty fancy cases, appropriately inscribed, which makes them very suitable for presents.

Gifts to our lady friends, however, are not difficult to choose, it is only when we have to select something for the *genus homo*, that our brains are racked with torture. At one period of my life I settled the matter to my own satisfaction, if not to theirs, when I wanted to be very generous, by presenting a walking-stick to those whom my soul delighted to honour. But even walking-sticks, however handsome, pall after a time, especially when a long row of them meets the eye, each time one enters one's dressing room. So I deemed it wiser to transfer my affection to pipes, for it has not yet been my lot to discover the man whose soul is not stirred with the deepest emotion, when the opportunity is afforded him, of adding one more briar-root or meerschaum to his cherished collection. Buying pipes, however, for the first half-dozen or so, is not all plain sailing, so I confided my difficulties to the most inveterate smoker of my acquaintance, who gave me the address of a really reliable firm, from whom I could make my purchase with perfect confidence. Though I feel I am making an immense sacrifice in divulging the name, selfishness was never my besetting sin, so under the bond of the strictest secrecy, listen while I whisper—Allen and Wright, 217, Piccadilly, London.

INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH

SOCIAL. DRAMATIC. MUSICAL & GOSSIP.



NOTIONS FROM AN EASY CHAIR.

BY JOHN A. STEUART.

"**P**RAY excuse the liberty I am taking," said a mild little man in the mildest of voices the other evening in the train, "but are you interested in prize fights?" I was reading a gushing article in my favourite paper on the happy reconciliation of the Kaiser and Bismarck, and must have looked up with some degree of surprise expressed in my face.

"I know it is an odd question," added the little man, smiling urbanely upon me, "a very odd question indeed to put to a casual fellow-traveller; but I gather that prize fighting is at present a matter of lively concern to Englishmen. Here," and he turned over the pages of a great daily that vaunts itself on its unexceptionable moral tone, "here is a graphic and circumstantial account—I will go further and call it a thrilling account—of the meeting at Jacksonville between an Englishman and an American, representing, as I like to think, the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Now, sir, do you think the press would devote so much space and ability to a subject in which readers were not interested?"

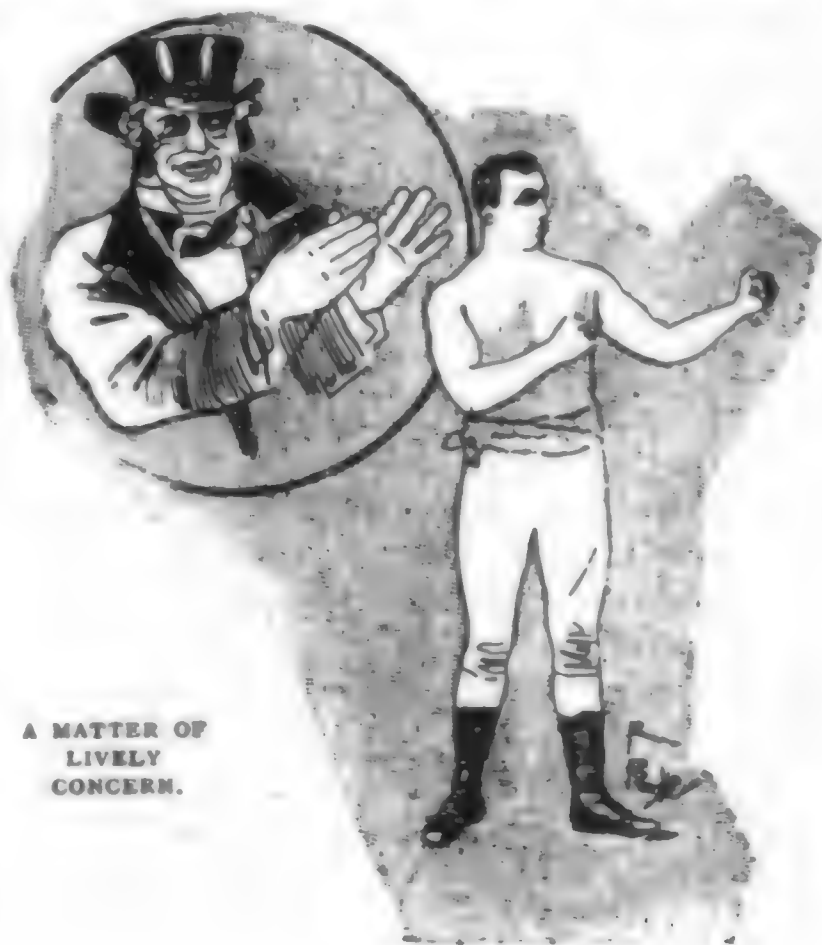
I replied that it was quite unlikely.

"Quite unlikely!" repeated the little man, beaming unctuously. "Quite unlikely! You are perfectly right, sir. The press knows its business—that is beyond question. What the public wants that the press provides, and the public wants to know all about prize fights. An election, or a boat race, or a scandal in high life, or a mysterious murder is good, but nothing stirs people like a rattling description of a prize fight."

"Do you think that is at all to the credit of the people?" demanded a harsh voice. It belonged to a lady in a corner of the compartment. Besides the harsh voice, she had spectacles, a square jaw, a resolute expression, an uncertain complexion and a severely plain dress, dark in colour. Her age was doubtful. I judged she had just come from a women's rights meeting, at which the men got a glorious wiggling.

"That depends, madam," returned the little man mellifluously, with a gallant salaam; "that depends—I must confess to a partiality for a good prize fight."

The lady eyed him steadily and sternly all over. "It is not a taste of which a



A MATTER OF
LIVELY
CONCERN.

lady can be supposed to approve," went on the little man: he would have said more, but he was interrupted.

"You will pardon me, sir, for asking," snapped the lady, jerking her head so violently that the spectacles threatened to fly from her nose, "is it possible for a *gentleman* to have tastes of which a lady cannot approve?"

"That," responded the little man, in the suavest manner imaginable, "would depend very much on the lady—very much indeed. Our grandmothers were not averse to a little manly sport."

"So much the worse for us," answered the lady sharply, sitting up very straight. "Had they done their duty, sir, in the past, the world would not be the chaos of evil and injustice we find it to-day."

"Possibly, possibly," chirruped the little man; "we never know what might be if certain things had been which were not. But I declare to you, madam, that after fifty years' experience of the world—I am no chicken—I find it very much to my taste, very much indeed. Perhaps, madam, you would favour us with your opinion of prize-fighting?"

"It is given in one word," said the lady fiercely—"ABOMINABLE."

The little man laughed quietly, rubbing his hands. "There is nothing like conciseness," he remarked blandly. "I value it very greatly—very greatly indeed. I think I am safe in saying, madam, that if everyone were so concise as you are, there would be fewer misunderstandings in the world. The quality of conciseness must commend itself to all intelligent and right-minded persons. But, as touching prize-fights—and I am sure you will excuse me for being as candid as, to our great delight, you have shown yourself—I cannot help thinking them an extremely manly and agreeable form of recreation. You will not misunderstand me, madam—I mean, of course, the part of looking on."

The lady became stiffer and more austere. "Why, sir," she said, "you would have us turn back the horologe of time a full half century! You would have us return to the savage customs of barbarians. I am glad to say the world is marching—that civilisation is progressing."

"And I assure you, madam, I am unfeignedly pleased to hear it," observed the little man, with an increasing softness of manner.

"There are people," cried the lady, showing symptoms of oratorical eloquence, "who would be glad to see us all savages and apes again—ay, cannibals eating one another."

"I perceive you are acquainted with Darwin," said the little man. "He was a great man, I believe, in spite of his low notion of the origin of the race. Well, well, we are not responsible for the eccentricities of our ancestors; nor need we be altogether ashamed of them. They were picturesque; I think, madam, you will admit that."

But it was hard to guess what madam might admit.

"If it is picturesque to fight like wild beasts, to maltreat women, and live as brutes would not deign to live, then our ancestors were highly picturesque," she replied; "and as to your prize-fighting, I would have all concerned in it, or in any way connected with it, flayed alive."

"It is not my custom to contradict a lady," remarked the little man, without any diminution of affability, "but if anyone else were to tell me that of you, I think I should be tempted to return a flat negative."

The train stopped, the lady rose, and the little man made haste to open the door for her. Passing out as upright as a judge or a grenadier, she shot a glance of rebuke at him. "Before you are much older," she said, "you shall find women administering the law, and then there will be a speedy end to your prize-fighting."

The little man bowed politely with a "God forbid, madam." He watched her until she was lost in the crowd, and then turned to me in a confidential attitude:

"That, sir, I presume, is one of the strong-minded women of whom we read,"



"IT IS GIVEN IN ONE WORD—ABOMINABLE."

he said. "I am a bachelor, and have, therefore, but a superficial knowledge of the sex. I am told a strong-minded woman is the devil in petticoats. The report, however, may be libellous. I dare say there are many charming women with strong minds, though they make the bachelor pause, sir—pause and consider before taking the matrimonial leap, which, I am told, is a leap in the dark. I confess I should look with dismal apprehensions at the prospect of marrying our friend. But there, there, we must not be wanting in chivalry. Why should the good lady not have a husband? But *revenons à nos moutons*

—let us get back to our mutton, as I have heard a droll dog translate it. I have seen all the noted prize-fighters of my day—every one of them, sir—Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken, and the rest—and I can honestly say I never looked on nobler specimens of our race. I can never aspire to do anything in the ring myself; nature has 'curtailed me of my fair proportion.' She does that without compunction—some fault in the ancestors, I suppose, though I do not remember that Mr. Darwin explains the point. I verily believe a bouncing boy of ten could knock me over; and perhaps that is why I admire the savage (the word is the lady's) instinct, which makes a man fight and enjoy his bruises. I am informed, sir, that we are all to be bald shortly; civilisation is to relieve us of our hair. Well, what the gods send we must accept, but I trust we shall not reach that stage of refinement in my time. All the prize-fighters I have ever known have had good heads of hair."

The train was slowing up again. "Unfortunately this is my station," said the little man. "But I should like, sir, to have half an hour's talk with you on the subjects we have broached. Here is my card: if you are ever in my direction, I shall take it as an honour if you will look in upon me. I think, sir, when ladies begin to threaten, it is time men were looking to themselves."

The train stopped, and we parted.

* * *

I stowed the card in my case among other nondescripts, wondering who and



THE LITTLE MAN OPENED THE DOOR.

what the little man could be, and also what prize fights and the rule of women are likely to bring us to. It was a pleasant speculation with me so far as the government of the fair sex is concerned. I have no doubt that when the ladies come to their own, they will make excellent councillors, legislators, judges, coroners, sheriffs, policemen, company directors and naval and military commanders. That will probably be the millennium which has been prophesied when we shall all be subject to the law of love. I am not sure, indeed, that an erring girl would receive much sympathy from a jury of matrons, directed by a lady judge of the stamp that the little man would hesitate to marry. But I am sure that a handsome young man who got into trouble, either through the affairs of the heart or from an excess of animal or other spirits, would be leniently treated, and I feel certain that it would be quite a pleasure to obey the pretty girls who would patrol the streets as police. We have been hearing a good deal lately about "the revolt of the daughters." One would imagine from the excitement that prevails in some quarters, that the young ladies of the nation had entered into a conspiracy to capture the whole herd of men and make them slaves. But the rebellion is merely sportive, and does not indicate any tendency that is likely to disturb the peace of the world. Perhaps it is the mothers, rather than the daughters, who are to blame. Give the young ladies a chance, I will not say of showing their paces, but of indicating their talents. The conventions of society have cribbed,

cabined and confined them too long. Let them strike for freedom, let them grasp power—if they can, in a word, let them have a free hand. If they prove themselves capable governors, wise administrators, upright judges, shrewd merchants and speculators, men will be relieved of much trouble, and can devote themselves to the delights of “minding the baby,” while the wives go bravely forth to battle with the world and earn the household bread. As one who likes his ease in his inn, or anywhere else, I must confess the prospect is by no means unpleasing.

* * *

Regarding prize fights, I am in some doubt. I have never had the felicity of seeing a pitched battle between two prize boxers, and it is questionable whether I should enjoy it if I were accorded the opportunity of witnessing one. One can scarcely imagine that two strong men mauling each other can be an elevating spectacle. Our friend, the little man, thought encounters in the ring a manly kind of sport. The Prince of Wales, and other great personages, are evidently of the same mind. The public, too, agrees with the little man in the opinion that scarce anything is so thrilling as a proper account of a good duel with the fists. I submit the sentiment diffidently, but does not this prove that the old Adam is still strong in the race? The lady with the square jaw and the spectacles seemed to think that civilisation is advancing. Can we be quite certain that the culture and humanity we vaunt are the genuine articles, and not clever counterfeits? Are we sure that



THE LADY POLICEMAN.

our reformers, our educationists, our philosophers, who preach the seductive doctrines of the evolution of man from a lower to a higher condition of being, are not imposing on themselves and on us.

* * *

“Veneering oft outshines the solid wood” says Burns, who assuredly knew something of the frailties and the frauds of his kind. It must be admitted that our barbarous instincts display themselves with marvellous alacrity on the slightest opportunity. Con-

sider 'Arry on Bank-holiday; think of even the discreet and modest 'Arriet on an outing and under the influence of an extra glass of strong ale, and you will see how easily the best of us might lapse into barbarism. Some say that the process of degeneration is going on in spite of our bands of zealous moralists and the culture whereof Oxford undergraduates write with so many superlatives. For this degeneracy different causes are assigned by different



MINDING THE BABY.

authorities. The *National Observer*, for example, believes that not only the ring but the world in general is suffering grievous harm from the craze for advertisement. Formerly men did their business—stripped and fought, or got married, or wrote books and plays, or started companies and bought houses and lands without shouting to their fellows to observe and admire. To-day we court notice and plot for advertisement. It is not enough to do a thing: the universe must be informed with clamorous tooting that it is done, how it was done, and what a majestic figure the blushing hero cut in the doing of it. Vanity is the peculiar characteristic of the age. Shall I say that vanity prompted the revolt of the daughters? That would be unchivalrous, but it may be said, without any breach of the laws of gallantry, that vanity prompts many an absurd action on the part of the sons. The press is a good deal to blame for the itching desire to be making a fuss which tortures so many people. If, in the elegant language of Mr. Micawber, it is the palladium of human liberty, it is also too often a colossal agency for puffery. We who are behind the scenes know how contemptible are the merits of Jones, but when by much scheming he manages to get half a column in the morning paper the outside world concludes he is a great man; and, having succeeded once in advertising himself, he must go on plotting for puffs. There is an insatiable appetite in this era for publicity—publicity, and ever more publicity. In the ring, in art, in literature, in commerce, in law, in medicine, in the Church, in all departments of human activity one discerns the itch for notoriety. I am not sitting in judgment; I am merely stating facts of which the social historian will have to take cognizance. What the abiding results of the craving I have mentioned are, or will be, let that same historian discover. But in the meantime it is the cause of much hasty and scamped work, for men and women are so eager to be praised and written about that they cannot take time or pains to do their best. Is this another of the blessings of civilisation?

Just in the moment we are discussing social difficulties and the "revolt of the

daughters" in England, a letter of vital interest, bearing not remotely on these questions appears in a daily paper. I forget the exact percentage by which women exceed men in this country. I know it is considerable, and I fancy it causes some sore hearts. For, as our law forbids a man to take unto himself more than one wife, it follows that a certain proportion of ladies must inevitably live and die disconsolate old maids. Hitherto that has been the doom which our legislators, in their wisdom, appointed for the superfluous woman. But the letter above referred to, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, must have cheered many who have been hopelessly pining for husbands by the prospects it opens up. A gentleman



CONCLUDES HE IS A GREAT MAN.

in Manitoba, yearning for the tender companionship of a consort, wrote to this country for a wife. The letter was not couched in amatory terms; on the contrary, it was purely commercial, being, indeed, no more than an order for a wife, as it might be an order for a piano, or a kitchen dresser, or any other domestic article. This is not a romantic mode of courtship. Even Barkis would have had a soul above it: but then the Manitoba gentleman evidently means business, and that is much. So many gay Lotharios go a courting in these days with idle intent, that a man who is in earnest may be forgiven for his bluntness. And I have no doubt that the letter, prosaic as it was, roused many pleasing anticipations among the eligible. The requisite qualities in the prospective wife are described minutely

by one who is evidently not given to flights of fancy. Candidates for the Manitoba gentleman's hand and heart must undergo a preliminary examination in certain kinds of knowledge, and produce satisfactory testimonials as to character and temper.

* * *

The literary market, to use a Stock Exchange phrase, has been dull of late. Publishers and booksellers have been complaining of bad times, and certainly the number of good books issued during the last few weeks has been small. The fifth-rate novelist and the minor poet have, of course, been busy; both are as industrious as the ant, and in every way as potent examples to the sluggard. But while their diligence is beyond praise, unhappily its results are not above cavil. I suppose it will always remain one of the profound mysteries of human nature why men and women, endowed with no real faculty for literature, will go on writing. That they do go on is a sad fact, and that they have recently been going on with especial assiduity many disappointed witnesses are ready to prove. Many works of high pretensions in these days go to the buttermilk. Of these we need not take account, because what is still-born can have little interest for, or influence upon the world. Fortunately, a few books stand out from the flood of commonplace. Lewis Carroll, for example, has given us "Sylvie and Bruno, Concluded" (Macmillan and Co.), a delightful medley of nonsense and wisdom. The first is perhaps less conspicuous than in former books from the same pen, and the last rather more. There is nothing in the new volume quite equal in ridiculousness to "The Walrus and the Carpenter," but it contains much that will make people of all ages laugh; and a hearty laugh in this age of grim seriousness is a thing for which all sane folks will be genuinely grateful. Another book, entirely different, but excellent of its kind, is "The Way They Loved at Grimpat," by Mrs. E. Kentoul Esler (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.). It is a collection of short stories, delineating village life, and in charm and quiet power would not be unworthy of Jane Austen. Mrs. Esler has mastered the art of the short story, and I shall look for still better work from her pen. Meantime, I cordially recommend

"The Way They Loved at Grimpat" as an admirable and interesting piece of work. But the best of recent books, at any rate in fiction, is "A Gentleman of France," by Stanley J. Weyman (Longmans). For some years Mr. Weyman has been making his way quietly as a writer of historical romance of rare quality. His first tale, "The House of the Wolf," was capital. "The Story of Francis Cludde" was still better; but better than either is "A Gentleman of France." It is in the manner of Dumas, but with a strong and distinctive fascination of its own. The style is first-rate—supple, easy, graceful, yet forcible and expressive; the character drawing is often exquisite, and the adventures are such as will carry the most hardened novel-reader triumphantly from start to finish. Its weakness is a defect, or rather, a lack of humour; and yet the heroic narrator is not without his touches of pleasantry. He has not much time or opportunity for fun, and on the whole it would, perhaps, be incongruous, considering his character and environment. "A Gentleman of France" is the best story we have had for many a day.

J. A. S.



DRAMATIC NOTES.

By FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

Since writing my last notes for this magazine, several pieces have been produced, but one, particularly, has caused a considerable stir among both actors and critics: "An Old Jew," has come and gone at the Garrick. I may mention, *en passant*, that one of the chief reasons of its withdrawal has been the unsatisfactory state of health of Mr. Hare.

It will be admitted by all, I think, that the production and mounting of the play was everything that could be desired. To my mind, the acting, also, left but little room for fault-finding, and at this late hour of the day I am not going to say much, if anything, about the actors or their performances.

Mr. Sydney Grundy has undoubtedly, or perhaps I may say had, a bee in his bonnet, and when writing this play he let his zeal outrun his discretion, yet I see no reason for some of the scathing criticisms "An Old Jew" called forth. The *Daily Telegraph* ruthlessly tore the piece to shreds, and described it as "a picture

of an ideal old man placed against a background of unnatural moonlight." It goes on to call the Moonlight Club "a grotesque caricature." The Bertie Burnsides and James Brewsters and Willie Wandles do not exist, says the critic of the *Telegraph*. Would it be surprising to hear that they do, and that many of his confrères, be they ever so insignificant, know they do? Can we not all place each one distinctly and clearly? Is Slater not in existence? True he is not much to the front just now, yet don't we all know the Slater of the *Vulture*? The names are easily substituted for the man and the paper. Has the critic of the *Telegraph* never heard of such, or is it that he is wilfully blind? I know dozens of other pressmen who have and who can, one and all, unanimously point out Slater.

It seems to me to be the fashion somewhat of late to have a "Pope of Criticism," and what he decrees to be right or wrong, every one else agrees and says such is the case. Now I, for one, refuse to pay homage at this shrine. I take it—I may be wrong, and I am open to correction—I take it, it is our bounden duty to record facts with our humble opinions thereon, and that we should in no wise allow our personal feelings, our likes or dislikes, to, in any way, bias our writings. Yet what takes place often? Do we not read some fulsome, gushing notice or some maliciously-worded paragraph, and at once see the hand of friend or foe in it? Again, who has not met Bertie Burnside? He is what some people would call a smart, up-to-date journalist, but what I would style a mischief-making, scandal-mongering cad. His motto: "First invent your news and then bring it to pass" is very true. I could quote case after case of it, but two will suffice; and where could I better turn than to this very notice in the *Telegraph*.

After going on to say that "the nervous force of Mr. Abingdon, the histrionic skill of Mr. William Day, the daring caricature of Mr. Scott Buist, the curiously observant powers of Mr. Gilbert Farquhar and Mr. De Lange might be better employed than personating men who, if they ever lived, are nowadays as extinct as the dodo," he picks out two actors, who, having a fair chance, distinguished themselves. Now, undoubtedly, the first of this brilliant pair did; he is acknowledged to be a sterling actor; he was given an

opportunity, and he scored, and scored heavily.

But of the second of these gentlemen I cannot say so much. I do not want to say one word against this second exception; he may be, he possibly is, a most competent actor and a very good fellow. I personally do not know him, and therefore cannot be accused of private feeling. The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"In the luckless, unhappy and discordant scene there came to the front a young actor of evident observation, who, with a very few words, showed that he has probably found his vocation, and that this is only an earnest of better things to come." Now, I defy anyone, even Mr. Irving himself, to make anything out of the part which brought this young actor to the front—it does not consist of half-a-dozen lines altogether. I believe he says once, in repetition of an order given him, "Brandy and curaçoa?" and again he exchanges a word or two with Slater. Hence, I ask: Are there no Bertie Burnsides now? Are they as extinct as the dodo? "First invent your news, and then bring it to pass." First tell the public so-and-so is a talented actor, and then try and make him so.

The other day one of our evening papers gave forth an important item of political news, as a fact, only to have it promptly contradicted by every other paper next day. "First invent your news, and then bring it to pass."

Again, is the character of James Brewster, of the financial organ, the *Tape Worm*, as extinct as the dodo? Was there not a case, but a short time since, which received much publicity in the police courts, where a myrmidon of a financial paper called on the promoter of a company and, placing two notices of the company on the table—one a good one and one the reverse—coolly placed his hand on the bad one and said, "This one is five hundred pounds if you do not wish it to appear"? Are there no such people in the world now as fraudulent trustees and robbers of the widow and orphan? Are *they* as extinct as the dodo? Would they were! If Mr. Grundy, by his ruthless exposure of these moonlight clubbers, has done anything to scotch those parasites that suck the blood of the Press and breed in its dark places, those scandal-mongers who are ever prowling about, ferreting out tit-bits of scandal, the publication of which does no earthly good,

his play has not been written in vain. We all know that these sharks are gliding about, and that not unfrequently they "show their dorsal fins in the back-water of journalism." All honour, then, say I, to Mr. Grundy for his spirited protest. Mr. Buchanan also, from a letter he wrote to one of our dailies, evidently has experienced some of the personal feelings of critics in another line of art.

I think Mr. Grundy, in attacking this class of scribbler, forgets there are still left some sympathetic critics who try conscientiously to enter into the author's thoughts, to picture his characters as he would have them portrayed, and while gently, yet fearlessly, pointing out what they consider blemishes or defects, yet give their meed of praise with no unstinted hand

* * *

A new manageress has come to the front in the person of Miss Olga Nethersole, and a few weeks ago she entered into possession of the Court Theatre and produced "The Transgressor," a new piece by a new author—Mr. A. W. Gattie. Though Mr. Gattie is an unknown author, he has shown he has some good in him. It would be cruel to find too much fault with the play. It may be crude in parts, but it is pathetic, and, what is more, it is a new idea unconventionally worked out.

The plot is brief and simple: Eric Langley has, for twenty years, been separated from his wife, she being an inmate of a lunatic asylum. He eventually falls in love with Sylvia, the niece and ward of Colonel Foster. Langley has given out he is a widower, and has been believed to be such for many years, and he eventually secretly goes through the marriage ceremony with Sylvia. Complications, however, arise. Dr. Hurst, an eminent specialist, is in love and engaged to

Langley's only daughter, Constance, and, as luck would have it, he is summoned in consultation to the bedside of Langley's insane wife. Here he meets Langley. On his return to Langley Hall, Langley explains matters to Dr. Hurst, and all would have been well, had it not been that their conversation is overheard by the Rev. Henry Meredith, who is in love with Sylvia. He makes a pretence of his duty as a parson, and declares he will disclose all to Sylvia. Needless to say the cloven foot shows through the clerical garb. Can he but persuade Sylvia that Langley has duped her, he may gain her love for himself. There is an old adage, "All's fair in love or war," possibly Mr. Meredith thinks, and acts on it, for, to the ordinary mind, it looks as if he has more motive than conviction in his action. He tells Sylvia, and though he offers her marriage himself, though her uncle and aunt remonstrate with her, she throws convention to the winds, snaps her fingers in Mrs. Grundy's face, and declares to stand by Langley. In the sight of God and man, she is his wife; there may be a law that says she is not, but she is above such dictation, she is a law unto herself, and she determines to brave all and stand by Langley, the man she has promised in all solemnness to love;

and in this condition the play closes. Of course, no doubt, many would like to see the telegraph boy arrive at the last minute with a wire to say the first wife was dead and the barrier removed.

The men are wrongly cast. Mr. Arthur Elwood, who has a difficult part to play as Eric Langley, is unsympathetic and harsh; Mr. Fernandez, as the Colonel, fails to make the part stand out; while Mr. Brookfield, as Sir Thomas Horncliffe, the local squire and magistrate, gives one a poor impression of the dignity and



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

ease commonly associated with such an important personage. Mr. Seymour Hicks gives a careful and well thought-out character study of Dr. Hurst, and Mr. Bucklaw succeeds in doing well with the repulsive part of the sneaking clergyman. Miss Fanny Coleman, as Mrs. Woodville, is very amusing as the hypochondriacal old lady, and Miss Bessie Hatton is sweet and pretty as Constance, the young fiancée of Dr. Gerald Hurst. If, however, "The Transgressor" has done nothing else, it has enabled us all to see what a charming and forcible actress Miss Olga Nethersole is. Miss Nethersole simply electrified her audience and bodily carried the whole piece through on her frail shoulders. I have always thought Miss Nethersole to be one of our coming actresses, but her performance of Sylvia was a revelation: her voice so beautifully regulated, now in soft and musical cadence, now harsh and angry, now pathetic and pleading, now haughty and dignified, carried with it an indescribable charm.

"Under the Clock" is also in the bill, and Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Nainby, and Miss Lottie Venne continue to carry everything before them in their inimitable representations of the leading actors and actresses in the principal pieces of the day.

"Constantinople, or the Revels of the East," a grand terpsichorean, romantic and lyric spectacle and aquatic pageant, in two acts and six tableaux, by Bolossy Kiralfy, as now being given twice daily at Olympia, is truly one of the, if not *the*, most marvellous and stupendous productions London has ever seen. The directors originally stated that they were fired by the laudable ambition to produce an entertainment that should surpass any previous effort in the annals of amusement. That they have succeeded in this object is at once admitted both by press and public. The press have been universal in their praise of it; the public have shown, and are showing, their appreciation of it by daily and nightly packing the place. The scene opens in Old England, and we are treated to much rejoicing and happiness, a grand floral ballet, with may-pole dances, being given. Then, in a moment, we are transported to Spain, where we see picadors, banderilleros, chulos, matadors, gipsies, horses, mules, donkeys, etc., in full procession. Each scene has its proper surroundings, and



here we are given a special original dance by a troupe of Spanish dancers from Seville.

Scene one of Act second finds us in Roumelia, still *en route* for our destination, Constantinople, where we are favoured with a Roumelian dance. Here the Princess is captured by the brigands. Scene two, the Slave Market, is but to show us how the princess is sold into captivity. Eventually, in the next tableau, we arrive in Constantinople. Naturally the management have kept their best for this, and our senses are regaled and feasted with procession after procession. In this scene are introduced some genuine Arab acrobats, whose performance beggars description; certainly, nothing like it has ever been seen before. The whole of these revelries are brought to a close by a superb aquatic pageant, representing the splendours of Oriental history. Such floating tableaux as "Solomon receiving the Queen of Sheba," "Cleopatra and Antony," "The Knights Templars," etc., being enacted. Though this is but a meagre account of what takes place on the central stage, it by no means ends the description of the beauties to be seen there. Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy is entirely responsible for this, the finest and most marvellous stage production ever seen. Drury Lane pantomimes, masterpieces in their way; Barnum's shows, Venice in

London, both wonderful and beautiful, sink into insignificance before the array of splendour, the beautiful blending of colours, the graceful gyrations and the tuneful music of this colossal show. Words fail to adequately describe it: it has to be seen, not once, but over and over again.

In the promenades and upstairs, sights innumerable are to be seen. Here is the Stamboul bridge, overlooking Constantinople, there one sees the Golden Horn, or further on, one can enter and ascend the Galata Tower, truly a wonderful if deceptive arrangement. Do you wish to see a Turkish harem? It is there. Turkish cigarettes rolled by fair hours of the East, or Turkish coffee served by fair maids from the Occident are easily obtained. Knick-knacks, articles of vertu and otherwise, carpets woven on the premises, jewellery, olive-wood ornaments, all and everything from Constantinople to



A DANCING CLOWN.

hair also. It merely is equivalent to "Good morning," but it sounds better. Undoubtedly Mr. Hart and Mr. Lyons and the other directors have succeeded in placing a most interesting, instructive and pleasant entertainment before the public, and for this they deserve everybody's thanks. The catering is all that can be desired. Prices are fixed to suit all classes: those with slender purses can have their wants reasonably and suitably supplied; while the Restaurant Pera provides most excellent table d'hôte or à la carte dinners. The cooking is excellent, and the service prompt and good. Wines and spirits of the best qualities are obtained at moderate prices, that is, in no way in excess of restaurant charges outside.

John Robertson and Sons, of Dundee, supply all the mountain dew of Scotland, a sufficient guarantee of its excellence and purity. All this being so, is it any wonder that the public are showing their appreciation by flocking in their thousands to witness the revels of the East as held twice daily at Constantinople at Olympia.

This notice would be incomplete with-



MR. J. LYONS.

Birmingham can be purchased. Naturally every visitor takes the caique and visits the hall of a thousand and one pillars, and is charmed with his visit to these caverns. Should any reader wish to be polite and appear to know something, he has only to say *Sabah sherifiniz*



CIGARETTE GIRLS.



MR. G. S. EDWARDS.

out a word of praise to Mr. G. Spencer Edwards, the genial press superintendent, who is ever willing to place his services and knowledge at the service of the most humble scribbler on the most unknown paper. My

advice to those who have not yet visited Olympia is to do so at once, and to those who have, to do so again; they will not regret it.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the April number will appear the

first part of a powerful and original series, by PAUL SETON, entitled:

THE MEMOIRS OF DOCTOR FRANCIS WISEMAN,

Being compiled from Private Papers by his friend, the Rev. David Spencer; to which are added certain Critical Observations and Elucidations by Professor Otto Schultz, the distinguished Oriental scholar. The whole now published for the first time, and forming an astounding present-day narrative of the invisible and supernatural.

This story deals, in a masterly way, with the ever-present and all-absorbing question of man's ability to place himself in communication with the Unseen World, and pierce the mysteries of its surroundings. It may be confidently asserted that these memoirs will present a narrative of deep and sustained interest, the profoundly exciting nature of which will increase month by month until the startling climax is reached.

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His little brother, aged four months, also has it, and, though by no means strong at his birth, is now thriving and in excellent condition.

I have recommended it to several friends, who have met with equally good results.

Yours truly,

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99. The following letters form a well-known proverb :—
a ee gg h i ll m nnn oooo rr ssss tt.

100. A Cryptogram.

Lzw wvalgj ak nwjq hdwskwv lg ksq lzsl lzw Hmrrdwvge
ugehwlgjk xgj Xwtjmsjq fmetwjk lzw dsjywkl qwl jwuwanwv.

101. A Charade.

You'll find my first a wild, shrill cry;
My whole is often called a hue;
My last is never loud nor high,
And yet it is to bellow too.

Conundrums.

- 102. Where can happiness always be found?
- 103. How can a tall man be made short?
- 104. Why is a poker like an angry word?
- 105. What thing is that which is lower with a head on it than without?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th March. Competitions should be addressed "March Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, 53, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 92. <i>Thou art the star that guides me along life's troubled sea;
Whatever fate betides me, this heart still turns to thee.</i> | |
| 93. Orange, Pear, Date, Banana, Peach,
Plum, Lime, Lemon, Mango,
Apple. | 95. A tare. |
| 94. England. | 96. His daughter. |
| | 97. Herein. |
| | 98. Because both are numbered. |

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our January Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent :—
L. Fraser, 1, Norfolk Terrace, Mortlake; Miss Alice Gilbert, Longfleet, Poole, Dorset; Miss Heron, High School, Bath; Miss E. Read, 1, Avenue Road, Scarborough; H. W. Wood, 31, Agate Road, Hammersmith.